





EMERALD

1

1810-11

051

E53





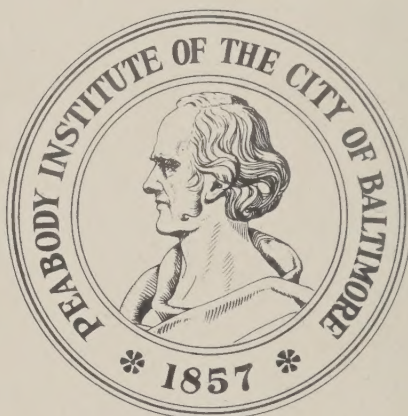




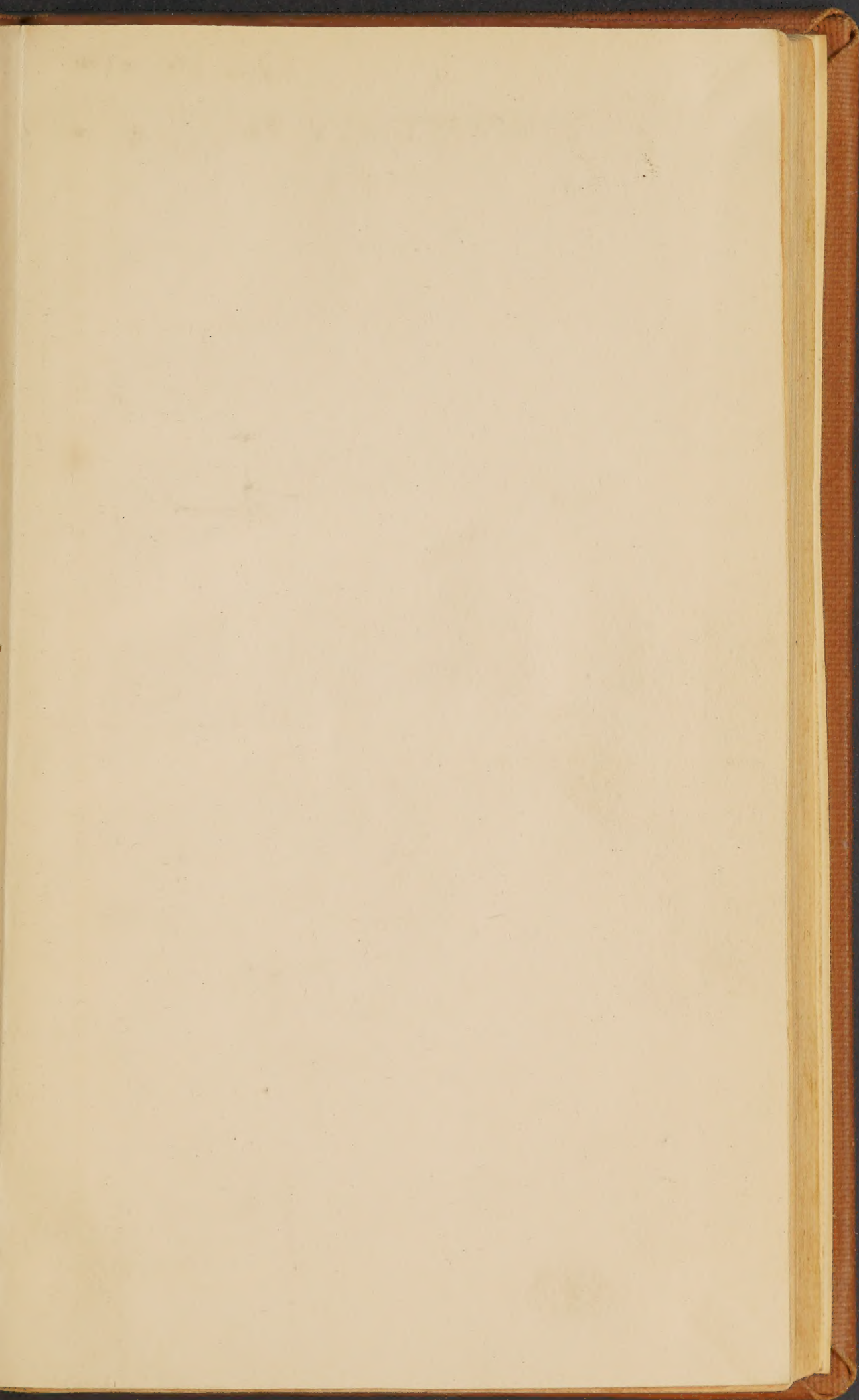


051  
E53  
R.B-4

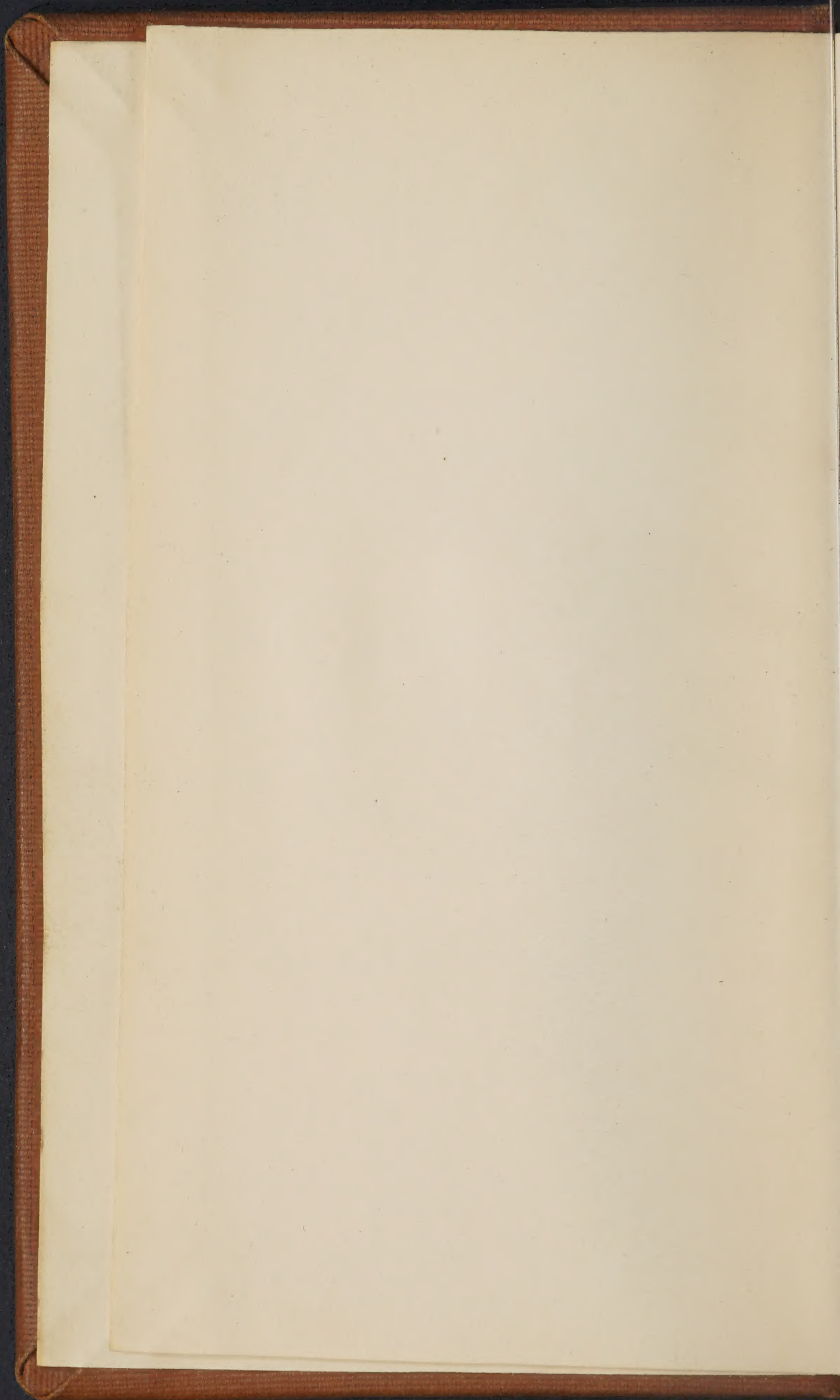
PEABODY INSTITUTE  
· LIBRARY ·  
BALTIMORE



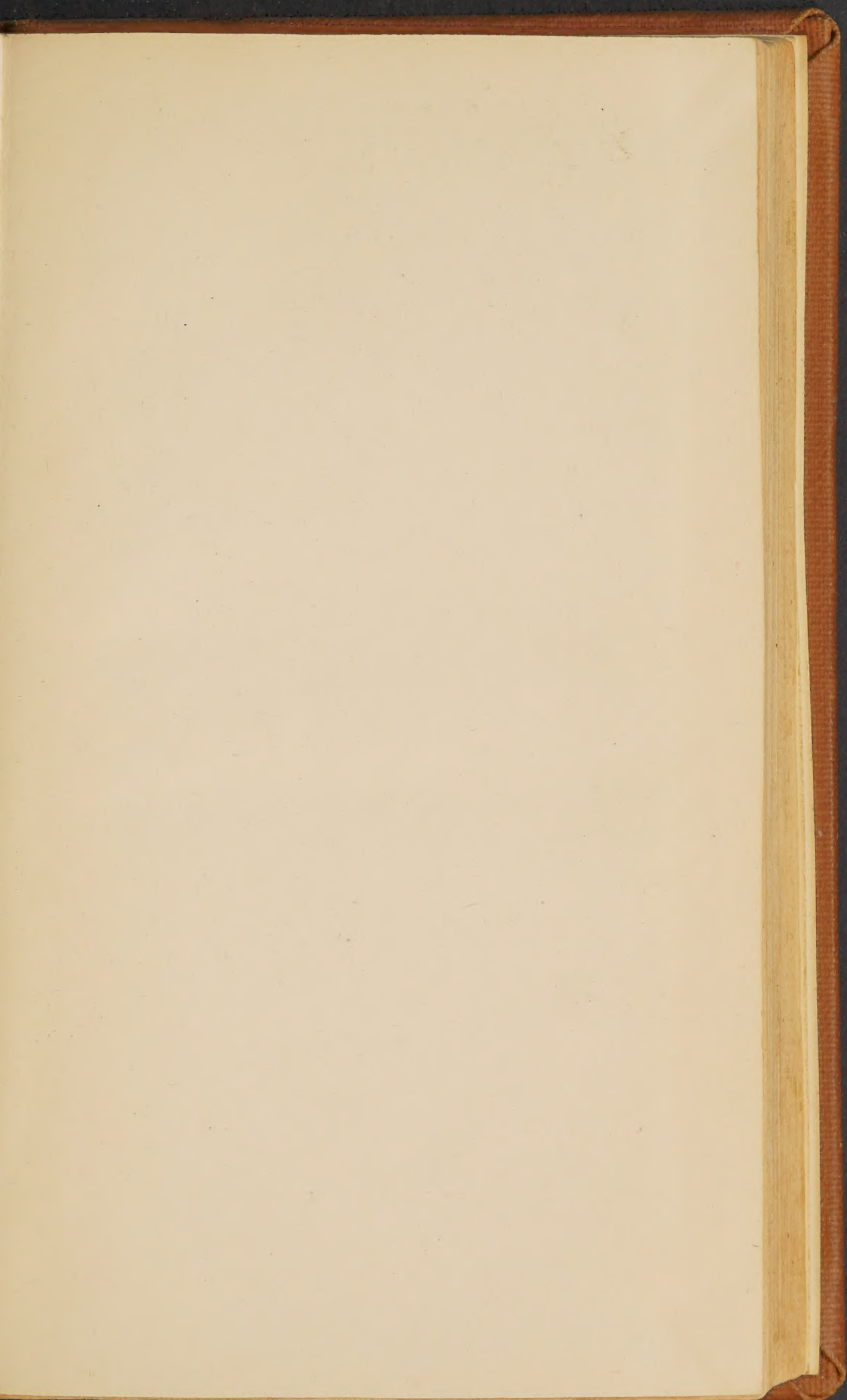


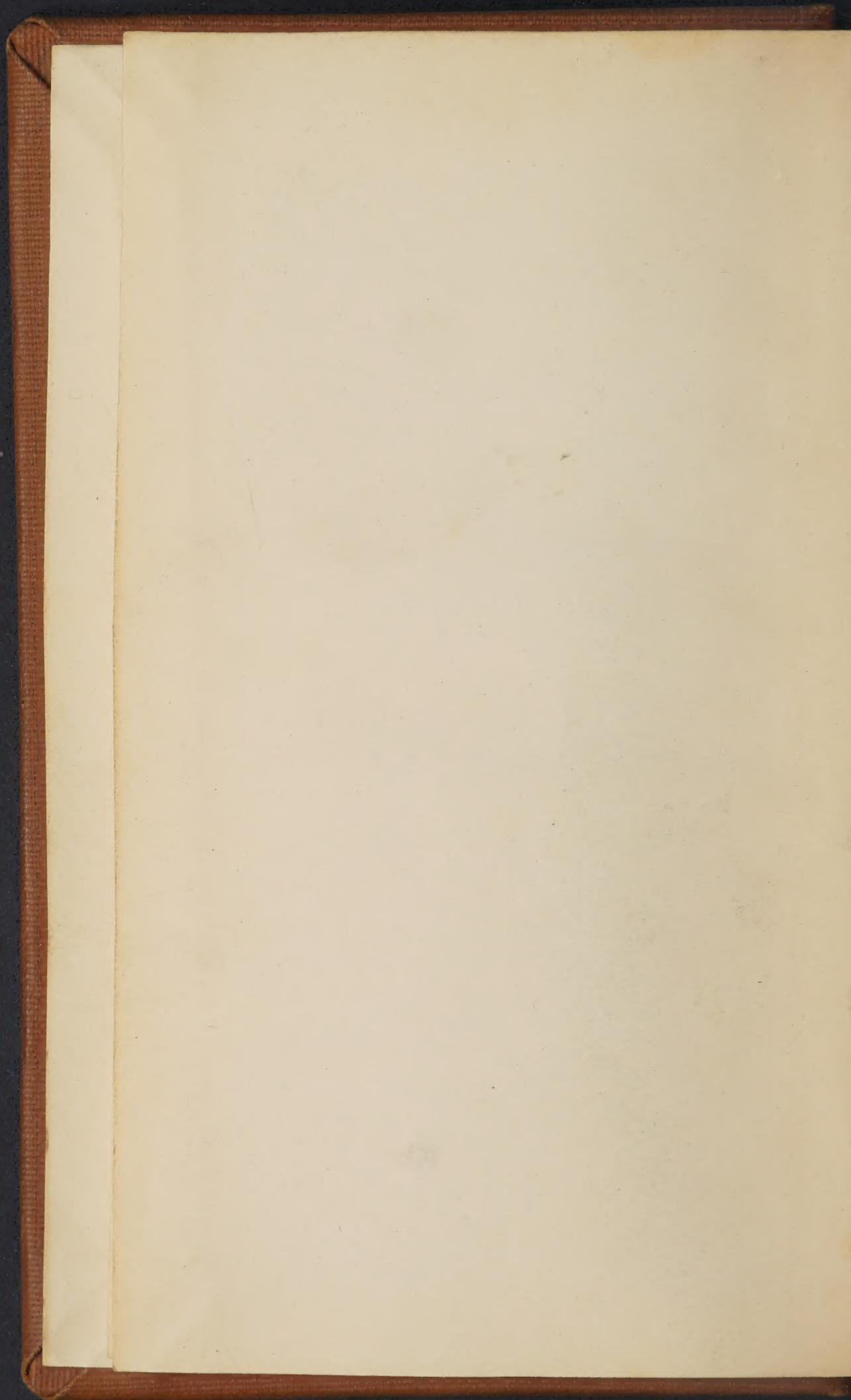














Christian W.

1811

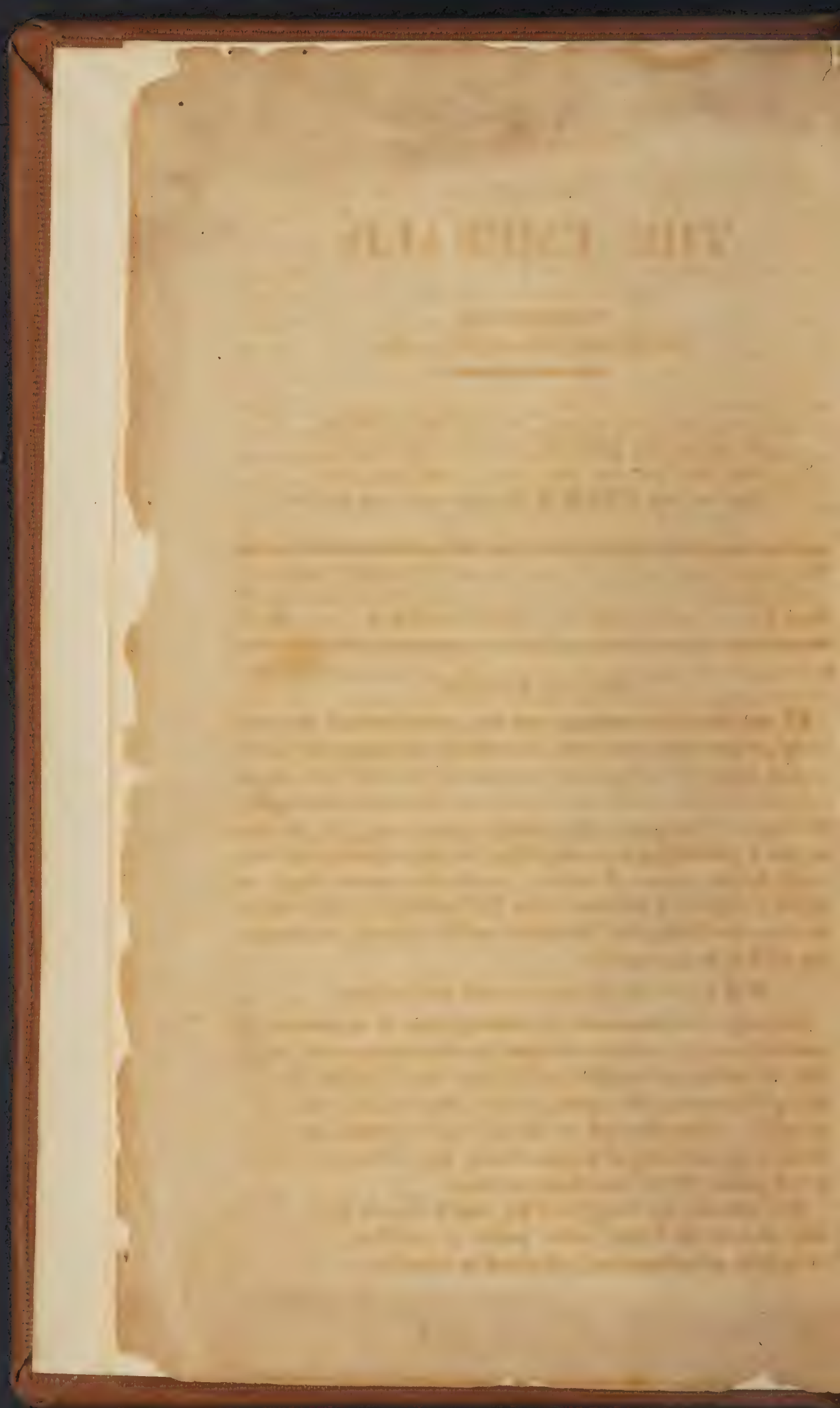
1859) . . . . . Hannover St.)

1811

1811

1811

1811





# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

*Baltimore, published by B. Edes, corner of Market & South st's.*

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3. No. 1.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

IT was but a few evenings past that, seated around the social hearth, when every pulse beat in responsive harmony to the feelings of hearts vibrating with the pleasures of social intercourse ; the conversation turned upon the scarcity of literary amusements. Our friend Christopher, who, though a queer dog, is by the bye, as pure a philanthropist as ever forgot his own sufferings to heave a sigh for the sorrows of another ; was at that moment deeply engaged in cogitating schemes to put his landlady in good humour, for since the hardness of the times and the scarcity of mammon, the old lady had learned to

*"Wag her tongue in noise too rude against him."*

Interrupted in his reveries by hearing some of us mention the want of a weekly vehicle calculated for the amusement of the ladies, he rose up and standing on his short leg whilst the other was engaged in uniting the expiring embers, observed that such a thing properly conducted would not fail meeting with liberal encouragement, and, mustering all his persevering spirit to his face, he proposed putting it into immediate execution.

It is a shame, my friend, said he, that Baltimore should be the only place in the Union, either unable or unwilling to patronize so laudable an undertaking, calculated to stimulate the refined feel-

ings of its fair inhabitants. To cherish their taste for the effusions of genius, their regard for the moral pleasures of social and domestic life ; and to hand them the weekly occurrences of this busy world, unalloyed by the intrusion of political debates, and unembittered by the asperities of party rancour.

Uncle Timid, who listened attentively to this harangue, approved of the sentiments, but observed at the same time, that it was not certain to succeed.

Fudge, replied Christopher, nothing is certain on earth ; but for that reason must nothing be undertaken ?—Where would be the credit of enterprize if success were always certain ? Achilles in his combat with the Trojan prince loses his claim to courage on the very ground of knowing himself invulnerable. Our ladies have taste, sentiment, wit, liveliness, and even a little curiosity ; they are generous and patronizing ; these are the prospects held out to us, and though we are not certain of success, we are nevertheless conscious that perseverance has often effected what timidity had already deemed impossible, besides, have we not men of genius and talents who will generously contribute the effusions of their leisure moments to encourage our efforts ? Does not M. write beautiful moral essays ? will not W. furnish us with interesting historical sketches ? cannot the vivacity of the facetious G. supply us with many a well seasoned joke to set the parlour in a roar.

*“ And, why should such within themselves (he cried)  
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside.”*

And have we not the richest resort for elegant selection ? Away then, with “ chimeras dire,” it must, it will succeed.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

THE cultivation of the female mind is a sacred duty ; it is the solid foundation on which the happiness of man is permanently established ; external charms may make a transitory glitter in the eye, but it is the magnet of mental worth alone, which attracts and secures respect and veneration. Without this gem, the basis is weak, and the lovely fabric totters, even at the breath of flattery. Vanity is the predominant trait in the female character, which passion, instead of being kept under necessary restraint, is too often



fed to excess ; and those who would otherwise prove ornaments to society, are frequently intoxicated with the fulsome adulation of every brainless coxcomb ; puffed up with a prodigious conceit of themselves, they turn disgusted with every thing but the food that poisons them, and when this is the case with any one, farewell to all hopes of improvement : and a conceited fool, generally follows.

The mind of a female is as susceptible of the embellishments of science as that of the other sex, and nothing prevents the gem from receiving its polish, but the neglect of the proper lapidary. If females devoted those hours which are now *fashionably* occupied at the *toilette*...in the details of scandal, or in the pursuit of ideal pleasure, to the more substantial pursuits of literature, they would at least equal the opposite sex in the nobler walks of science.

Mind is the nobler part of the human species, and its proper polish ought to command our particular attention. The man of science is prone to pity the weakness of his neighbour's intellectual faculties ; and pity, too often, is the precursor of contempt.

A thousand things may be said against the present mode of female education, and of the manner in which they are trained to the consumptive pleasures of fashionable life. Too often the morning sun blushes on the fair voluptuary, who has squandered her wealth, and lost the roses of her cheeks at the midnight card table, and rises enervated from her pillow, only to go again the giddy round of yesterday.

That female who twirls a distaff, and understands and practises domestic economy, whose education has been chaste ; and who has been taught the outlines of general science, is infinitely more valuable than some of our *city belles* who spurn and condemn the more valuable duties of life. Not inflated with the consequence of her ideal charms, she despises the vain compliments of the coxcomb, and sets at nought the snares of the voluptuary to which females of weak minds and full of self-sufficiency are too often exposed, and to which they sometimes fall a prey.

Let the fair pardon us if we speak too harshly, fond to commend, we find it hard to *censure*...but prefer it, rather than the want of beacons against the hidden snares of dissipation shall make us the sad historians of untimely exits.

VIATOR.

## BIOGRAPHY.

.....

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

*John Hanbury Dwyer; Comedian.*

MR. DWYER is descended in the direct line from the Milesian family of O'Dwyer, and was born at Tipperary, in the kingdom of Ireland, whence he was removed at an early age to Dublin, for the advantages of education. His father had been a lieutenant in the Irish brigades, under the late unfortunate Louis XVI, and at the revolution in which that monarch lost his life, he returned to the bosom of his family in his native land. He was acknowledged to be the best fencer of the age, and particularly distinguished himself by an *assault* with the celebrated Reddau, who challenged any man in Europe, for any sum; but who was publicly beaten by Mr. Dwyer, with the greatest ease.

Mr. J. H. Dwyer was intended by his father for the law; but scribbling on parchment not proving to him so alluring as the perusal of Shakspear and visiting the theatre, he eloped from the precincts of the bar, and, in spite of the efforts of his friends to the contrary, made his *debut* at the age of seventeen, for the benefit of Miss Champion (afterwards Mrs. Pope) on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. His reception at that time seemed to warrant his continuance on the stage, and he employed all his energies to obtain that knowledge of his profession without which the richest gifts of nature are frequently unavailing.

With a degree of success never contemplated even by himself, Mr. Dwyer played in many of the principal provincial theatres of England until the year 1802, when, on the first of May, 1802, he appeared in the character of Belcour (West Indian) at Drury Lane. Nothing could be more brilliant than his reception, and no performer ever received so unequivocally the full meed of applause. For several nights together he repeated the same character, and each night added fresh laurels to his fame. The elegance of his person, the fascination of his deportment, and that perfect knowledge of stage-business which never suffers the slightest embarrassment to appear, confirmed him in the public mind as the best comedian that had appeared since the time of Garrick. It is related that the mere manner of drawing his sword elicited several rounds of applause from one of the most crowded houses ever witnessed within the immense walls of the theatre.

For three seasons Mr. Dwyer held that distinguished rank in the theatre to which his pre-eminent talents so fully entitled him. Ranger, Archer, Charles Surface, and other characters of this cast were never represented with greater effect than by him; and it is a well-known fact, that for some time after Mr. Dwyer quitted the Drury-Lane boards, the treasury experienced most wofully the effects of his absence.



Mr. Dwyer's reasons for leaving Drury-Lane have been variously reported ; but the following may be relied on as the true ones.

A Mr. Graham had been introduced to the theatre as manager, owing to the embarrassed state of Mr. Sheridan's affairs ; and Mr. Graham having a particular friendship for Mr. Elliston, of the Bath Theatre, engaged him at a high salary, and sometimes cast him into Mr. Dwyer's characters. This indelicate and injurious conduct was resented by Mr. D. ; who threw up a three years' engagement in disgust, and preferred his honour and independence to the first situation, and the enjoyment of the best salary on the London boards.

After playing for a few nights at great prices, in most of the cities and towns of Great-Britain, Mr. Dwyer determined on a trip across the Atlantic ; and arrived in New-York in the spring of 1810. In spite of that opposition which never fails to attend the progress of merit, Mr. Dwyer was at once acknowledged by judges as the first comedian of his time ; and his profits, it is said, have been commensurate with his fame. Since the expiration of his engagement at New-York, Mr. D. has performed at Philadelphia and Boston with astonishing success.

(*Mirror of Taste.*)

#### WONDERFUL ANIMAL.

IN the work, entitled, "A Key to the Phenomena of Nature," a French writer, Cheyrel Dessandrais, assures us, that for six thousand years mankind have been crawling about, without knowing it, on the back of an animal which lives, eats, drinks and digests ; which thinks, walks and transpires ; which has members and organs of speech : this wonderful animal is—the earth ! Thus, and thus only, can hurricanes, tempests, the irruptions of volcanoes, &c. be accounted for. If any one doubt it, let him read the work of this new naturalist. "If every thing upon the earth is animated (he argues) why should not the earth itself likewise be so ? the earth to which we are indebted for our support. If life be necessary for the growth of hair in man, how can the earth, without the same faculty, produce grass in the fields, and trees in the forests ? the process with hair and with grass is the same. The former are rooted in our skin, and the latter in the skin of the animal earth, *humus*. The nurse takes food, which she gives back liquified to the child. Does not the earth do the same, in order to furnish the nurse with vegetables, which she converts into milk ? does it not imbibe particles of air and water, which it appropriates to the plant ? As life is absolutely necessary for these functions, the earth, which fulfils them, must of necessity be alive and organized in the same manner as animals. Are not corresponding phenomena, results and objects, proof of the same nature, organs and properties ? The earth must, however, be provided with much stronger organs than a woman, her procedure through the same, being on a much more extensive scale." [*Lon. paper.*]

## THE MONITRESS.

.....

CALLING upon a young friend a few days since, I found her bathed in tears over a small volume, which she held open before her. Why, Harriet, I exclaimed, what is the matter? What disaster has befallen you? "I feel ashamed," she answered, laying her book down, "but I have cried my eyes out over the sorrows of Werter. I know you will blame me; but the story, dear Madam, is founded on fact." And what do you cry for, Harriet? Is it for grief that a woman should be so weak, and a man so ridiculous? Or do you weep for their merited sufferings? "Merited," exclaimed Harriet—"is not Charlotte the most excellent of women, and Werter the noblest and most amiable of men?" My young friend, said I, seriously, let us analyze their characters, and not be imposed upon by sentimental harangue. You know I am neither a cynic nor a stoic. Love and friendship are the choicest blessings of life, and I glory in the capacity I feel of exercising both. But, my dear, we should carefully distinguish between those ennobling principles and that fever of the brain, that blind infatuation, which is dignified by their names.

We will pass over the ball scene, censurable as it was, and begin after Charlotte became the wife of Albert. You will readily allow, Harriet, that after a woman is lawfully united to a man, who was her own free choice, whose character is unexceptionable, and whose attachment has been long and steady, she ought faithfully to perform her marriage vows. What excuse then do you make for Charlotte? You will say, perhaps, in the true sentimental jargon, "*That love is blind—that we cannot resist the impulse of the feelings—that our affections are not in our own power,*" &c. Mere words, my dear, love is not blind (asking pardon of the poets;) we *can* resist the impulse of feelings; our affections *are* in our own power. Charlotte, and all, I presume to say, who like her have suffered affection to stray from a *deserving* object, were actuated by vanity and self-love. The sentimental rapture of Werter was soothing to her pride. Albert's love had subsided from the tumult, natural when the new-born passion first animates the soul, to that calm, deep-rooted, settled attachment which would have *lasted*, would even have *increased*, when Charlotte's every external charm had faded. Werter met her with expressions of ecstasy; and the weak, unfaithful wife believed, that he only could inspire her with love. Instead of spurning him from her with disdain, instead of calling upon him to conduct with honour to himself and Albert, she allows a private visit, suffers him first to read a romantic love story, which fires his inflammable brain, then weeps at his self-created suffering; permits him to clasp her in his arms, to declare an attachment that it was profanation for a wife to hear; and not until the dread of her husband's return roused her to a sense of danger, could she, with the "determined voice



of virtue," oblige him to leave her. Positively, my young friend, my cheeks glow with indignation, when I think of this pernicious book. I feel no pity for any character but the worthy and injured Albert. Had not Charlotte indulged a weakness of mind that would have disgraced a boarding school miss of fourteen, she might have cured Werter of his ill-placed passion. Had she uniformly met it with the disdain it deserved, or forbade with the determined voice above alluded to, from the first, his visits, and refused every offered attention, pride would have aided the restoration of his reason; but when he found that she listened to his rhapsodies, responding sigh for sigh, dropped tear for tear, pronounced *Klopstock* with wonderful pathos, and even outdid himself in sentimental cant, who can wonder that the poor deluded wretch should indulge the unlawful flame that consumed him? Do not, however, think I lay *all* the blame on Charlotte; far from it. I hardly know which ought to be the most thoroughly despised, a married woman, who will listen a moment to declarations of love, or the unmarried man, who basely undermines the peace of a whole family by making such a declaration. But our sex are called upon by custom, at least, to resist improper overtures; and it is ridiculous to talk of the virtue of a woman, who, like Charlotte, would voluntarily indulge a prepossession in favour of an enthusiastic stranger, when she was the wife of an excellent and long beloved man. To say *she could not help it* is still more ridiculous. Every human being is liable through ignorance to do essentially wrong: but when we knowingly offend against the law of man, of conscience and of God, we grossly violate the truth to say *we cannot help it*. Ask your own heart, Harriet, and listen to its unsophisticated answer. It will tell you, you never knowingly committed a fault that you could not have avoided, had you not preferred the indulgence of appetite, or gratification of some ignoble propensity, to the exertion of the ample power you possess to resist temptation. If this be not true, how ridiculous to talk of punishment here or hereafter. Why do we hang the murderer, if he had not power to resist the cries of avarice, malice or revenge, which urged him to the deed for which he dies?

Mankind, my dear Harriet, are astonishingly imposed upon by words: and the writer of this little volume knew the fascinating style in which he told his pretty love story, would ensure a rapid false for his work. He did not, we may charitably hope, *intend* that it should plunge hundreds of the families into the deepest misery; though that has doubtless been its effect. Within the narrow circle of my own acquaintance, I have known two young men, who rushed unbidden into eternity, deluded by the sophistical arguments of Werter in *favour* or in *vindication* of suicide. The bodies of each were found with the book carefully confined next the heart; as if the self-deceived victims imagined it would serve as their excuse at the awful bar of eternal justice. These young men both killed themselves for *love*, as it is called. Like Werter, each had seen a pretty girl, and decorated his goddess

with a thousand imaginary charms, vowing, perhaps, from the first captivated glance, to be hers, or die. Difficulties arise, their hopes are defeated; so taking a draught of Lethe from the sentimental stream of nonsense we have been viewing, they believed it no hazard to rush into the presence of the Judge of quick and dead. How could they answer to a probable question, "Why hast thou quitted life unbidden, thy duties unperformed, thy sins unrepented of? The idea is too shocking! we turn from it with horror!"

You may think me uncharitably severe upon the failings of my fellow creatures; but I make it a point of duty, and it is natural to my feelings, freely to "forgive those who trespass against me;" and revenge is as foreign to my principles as my disposition. Let us carefully distinguish, however, between errors that occasion a temporary inconvenience to an individual, and crimes which destroy society, and ruin the immortal soul. Marriage is the sacred bond of social order, the only basis of domestic bliss, the grand preserver of religious discipline. Books like this, over which you *imagined* you shed tears of sensibility, are calculated to excite an unjustifiable pity for those who weaken or break its sacred obligations. Divest the character of Charlotte and Werter of the adventitious prettiness the writer of the story has given them, and *she* appears a weak, deceiving, unfaithful wife; *he* a romantic, selfish, base destroyer of the peace and honour of a once happy and virtuous family.

REGISTER.

---

## MARY, A TRUE STORY.

FROM LE BEAU MONDE.

MARY was the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune, who dwelt on the borders of Cumberland; she was his favourite child, and he took a pride in bestowing on her every advantage of education. Alas! how often does it happen that an unjust partiality is punished by the disgrace of the beloved object! so it was with the old man. His darling Mary was no longer innocent!

She had been seduced by a neighbouring nobleman, and then abandoned to shame and infamy. The wretched girl languished, without daring to reveal the occasion of her misery. In vain did her father implore her to confide her sorrow to him, no intreaties could prevail on her to declare it. The occasion of her grief must ere long have betrayed itself to her unfortunate parent had she not requested permission to go to the house of her aunt, who lived at some miles distance. Her affectionate father, thinking that a change of scene would perhaps restore her wonted spirits, readily consented, and Mary set off. In a short time the old man received intelligence from his sister, that Mary had been delivered of a female infant; but no sooner did he learn this, than all his former



love was converted into hatred, and he denounced curses on himself if he ever forgave her.

Thus shut out from her home, and finding her aunt unable or unwilling to support her, the wretched Mary was obliged to wander forth, destitute of money, and without a place in which to lay her head. Thus she went on for several days, sometimes obtaining a meal from the charity of the cottages whose little dwellings she past, and frequently obliged to linger through the day without one, till she reached a large farm house, the inhabitants of which, observing her distress, entreated her to enter with her poor baby. She accepted their hospitality; and, after a little rest, informed them of her desolate condition, and begged them to put her in some way of earning a subsistence. Her kind hosts entreated her to remain in their house as long as it should be convenient to her, and she with gratitude accepted the offer, hoping that she should find some means to repay them by assisting in their domestic cares. Here she remained till she had by working at her needle, and by what she earned from her kind entertainers, collected money sufficient to pay for the first year's rent of a small cottage at some distance. Thither she went with her child, and by constant and unremitting labour, contrived to gain a subsistence, and to pay her rent, till her little Elleanor grew old enough to assist her. All her cares were then lightened by the tender affection of her daughter, though she could never be restored to cheerfulness from the recollection of her guilt.

[*To be continued.*]

.....

## THE MUSICIAN AND NIGHTINGALE.

AN EXTRACT.

ALREADY the sun had performed half its course, and shed upon our globe the lessening ardour of its rays, when upon the banks of the Tyber, a celebrated musician came to enjoy the calm pleasures of evening beneath the shade of an ancient, overshadowing oak, and to charm with his lyre the cares of an agitated soul. The muse of the place, the syren, the innocent syren of the neighbouring forest, a nightingale, heard, approached, hid itself beneath the umbrageous foliage, received the sounds, collected, studied, and repeated them.

Our Orpheus, who perceived the emulation of the bird, to engage it further in the contest, ran more lightly over the chords of his lyre, but his fingers were less quick than the throat of his little rival.

Surprized at the prodigy, he tried modulations more complicated and more rapid, the nightingale performed them—art answers to art—victory remains undecided.

The musician now essays new difficulties, varies his tones—blends—increases them. Sometimes are heard the soft and mellifluous breathings of the flute—sometimes the clangor of the

warlike trumpet ;——the winged chorister, animated by obstacles, seizes every note, and renders it with aptness and celerity. His voice is raised and depressed, swelled or contracted, the sweetest or the harshest sounds, and courageously opposing his powers to the instrument of the musician.

“ Little songster of the woods,” cried the musician, reddening with anger——“ Once again ! I vanquish you, or break my lyre !”

He now developes all the secrets of his art, his fingers fly——he doubles——trebles his sounds——he imitates the rushing of a torrent——the tinkling of a resounding metal——he surpasses himself, and then stops in a proud triumph, expecting to be answered.

The ambitious bird, although fatigued, almost exhausted by the efforts he had made, essays again, collects all his powers. But, alas ! he sinks, his voice fails——expires——he only forms at intervals faint sounds, that announce his weakness and inability, and declare his defeat. Unequal to the bold enterprize, above all unequal to the endurance of grief, shame and disappointment, he falls breathless on the victorious lyre, and there finds a tomb worthy of him.

---

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE hour was past, in which departing night  
Salutes the coming morn ; and infant day  
Peep'd thro' his shady eyelids as to view  
The wild commotion of the warring main,  
Which urg'd its waters on yon further shore ;  
Where, at what time, the rosy spring appears,  
Full many a wild flow'r's fragrance loads the gale.  
When pensive Edmund (mark'd by friendship's eye)  
Over the wide expanse, a mournful look  
Cast hopeless ; saying seemingly, what pity  
That what but yesterday appear'd so smooth,  
And calm and placid as Religion's breast,  
Should, by the angry chiding of the wind,  
Be cloath'd with so much horror.——

Say, shall the muse a mournful picture make  
Of Edmund's sufferings ? No——suffice to say  
That he was not of fortune's favour'd band.



On liquid mountain was the sea bird seen  
 Fearless ; and distant far away two barks  
 Were struggling with the surly waves that dash'd  
 Tumultuous ; whilst the lusty seaman's voice  
 Was borne upon the pinions of the gale.  
 It was a scene that made poor Edmund weep.  
 He saw the big round wave come rolling on,  
 And his swoln heart responsive to the call  
 Bursting its bounds, came glittering to his eye  
 And aw'd the billow back.——

Alas, I said, why should misfortune chase  
 With rage relentless what the tempests spare ?  
 Why torture Edmund ? he whose honest heart  
 Ne'er felt a throb, and never form'd a wish  
 That would make discord in an angel's breast.  
 Why should pale penury, with her skinny hand,  
 Fix frozen fetters which uncomely hang  
 Like blasting agues on each hinge of life  
 And beckon to despair ; whilst every tie  
 That binds existence, and makes friendship dear,  
 Sunder apart, and fades away to ruin.

"The ways of Providence," a voice replied,  
 "Are dark and intricate," to doubt them right  
 Is impious censure ; cruel blasphemy,  
 Mercy is all his work ; and when he wounds  
 "He wounds for mercy's sake." This was the strain  
 Which angel's breathed upon MONTGOMERY's lyre.

Soon from yon azure throne, where seraph's dwell,  
 Shall mercy come abroad ; then suff'ring worth  
 Shall find a recompence and be convinc'd  
 'Twas well to suffer : And when vice, dismay'd  
 By the keen glance of strictest scrutiny,  
 Must stand abash'd, worth shall stand forth  
 And find a time to smile in ; peace and love  
 And harmony ; forming a trinity  
 Approv'd by gracious heav'n shall bind a wreath  
 Of never failing laurels round its brow.

H.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

*THE AUTUMNAL MONITOR..... SONNET.*

'T WAS in that season when the gelid breath  
 Of blasting Autumn chill'd the dreary heath,  
 Cheerless I wander'd ; and from yonder tree  
 The child of Ruin and unpitying Time  
 Fell in my bosom ; a poor faded leaf

Claim'd from the general waste protection there.  
 Methought, it came a monitor from Heaven  
 And whisper'd thus; behold thy certain fate;  
 And, Oh! improve the lesson whilst you can.  
 Thy Spring has past, thy Summer fades apace,  
 Devouring Autumn comes with rapid strides  
 Threat'ning destruction; ere it be too late  
 Steer for the bosom of that pitying friend  
 Whose power can save thee from the wreck of Time.

H.

.....

## TO LAURA.

MY lovely girl, you've often said  
 And swore that you would die a maid;  
 Listen not then to vows, my dear,  
 Fond Strephon breathes for you to hear;  
 Lest in some sanguine moment he  
 May find a way to perjure thee.

=====

## SCRAPS.

.....

SAID PAT to TEAGUE, 'midst wond'rous roar,  
 You always were *behind before*—  
 You better in the sequel;  
 O yes, said TEAGUE, but that is past,  
 And here I am the *first at last*;  
 And so the *odds are equal*!

.....

A gentleman of this city who was travelling for his health, met with an amiable lady, to whom he paid his addresses, and was afterwards married. Shortly after, he addressed his father in a letter, informing him, that travelling certainly agreed with him, "as he had already picked up a little *flesh*."

.....

A Frenchman called in a tavern for *Jacob*—"There is no such person," said the landlord—"It is not any person I want, sare, but de beer, make warm wid de poker"—"That is flip;" "oh, yes, sare, you are in de right, I mean *Philip*."

....

An Irishman passing *eighteen* Taylors, who were holding a caucus in the street, and taking the truth of the proverb for granted, that *nine* made a man, saluted them with, arrah! dear honey: good morning to you *both*, gentlemen.



## TO READERS.

In our prospectus we have already solicited the aid of genius ; those ladies or gentlemen who favour us with their communications, will please to be as early as possible in sending them. Several interesting articles are on file for our second number.

As there are many Ladies who are not personally acquainted with the editors, but whose taste and talents are calculated to add brilliancy to the *Emerald*, and as it is intended for them as well as gentlemen, their communications will be thankfully received through the medium of the letter-box, affixed to the door of the Printing office.

A subscription paper for *The Emerald* will be sent immediately around ; those who may not be disposed to patronize it, by becoming subscribers, are respectfully requested to preserve this Number, and deliver it to the person who calls.

~~87~~ Mr. DWYER, the gentleman of whom we have in this number given a biographical sketch, is now performing in this city. The friends of the Drama will, no doubt, be gratified by the perusal.

.. .. .

## NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.—In England, Mr. JOHN ROSE to Miss MERCY BOWER.

Oft to the BOWER shall John repair,  
And, on a bed of *Roses* there,  
Shall vows of love and friendship make,  
And prostrate bend for MERCY's sake.

...  
In this city, T. F. DOUGHERTY, Esq. to Miss H. YOUNG.—  
Mr. THOMAS WARNER, to Mrs. MARY ANN HELMS.

At Whitely Hall, near Philadelphia, Doctor GUSTAVUS WARFIELD, to Miss MARY THOMAS.

.....

## OBITUARY.

*" Together down they sink in social sleep."*

DIED—At Belfast, the seat of Major Waddell, the Hon, ALFRED MOORE, Esq. aged 55, late an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the U. States

In this city, lately, Mr. JOHN SKELTON, a young man much regretted by all who knew him.

On the 27th inst. Mr. JOHN BANTZ, aged 50, an old and respectable citizen.

# BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Executed with Neatness, Accuracy & Dispatch,

BY BENJAMIN EDES,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE EMERALD,

CORNER OF MARKET AND SOUTH-STREETS, BALTIMORE.

---

## BONNETS, &c.

.....

MRS. EDES,

Informs her friends and the Ladies of Baltimore, that she  
carries on the

## MILLINERY BUSINESS,

AT NO. 225, MARKET-STREET, BALTIMORE,  
*Between Liberty and Howard streets.*

AND HAS ON HAND,

*A general assortment of articles in her line, such as*  
BONNETS, MILLINERY OF ALL KINDS, &c.

Plain and Fancy BONNETS made to any pattern.

Straw BONNETS altered, whitened, and repaired.

Plain and Fancy Dresses, Pelisses,  
CAPS and CLOAKS, made with neatness, at the shortest  
notice.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... " WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year...payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10. No. 2.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....  
*Messrs. Pleasant, & Co.*

I BEG leave to submit the following plan of education to your consideration, well aware, however, that the prejudice in favour of what is called a classical education, will operate strongly against it ; yet, such as it is, if you deem it worthy a place in The Emerald, it is at your service.

A. B. C. DARIAN.

IN a country like America, where every man is destined to be the architect of his fortune, and whose eminence in life, or independence in age, must entirely rest upon his own exertion, not a moment of our time can be dispensed with ; every instant is invaluable. The Mechanic, the Merchant, the Divine, the Lawyer, the Physician—all of them require a series of years to become acquainted with their professions, and the greatest assiduity to render themselves masters of their mysteries. How indispensably, therefore, is a plan of education requisite, which, by abridging the time necessary for its completion, may enable a youth, before the years of manhood, to become acquainted with an honourable and a lucrative employment.

The age of our country has not as yet authorized its inhabitants to bequeath large inheritances, or to bestow those immense fortunes on their offspring, which, in older countries, dispense in a measure with the value of time, and enable their youth to devote their best years to the pursuit of studies, which, if not indispensably necessary, are at least highly useful and ornamental—they meliorate the heart, they humanize the mind, they give a proper direction to our employments, and impart dignity to leisure.

A plan therefore, as much as possible compatible with those two ends, should be the consideration of every parent; a plan, which by confining itself solely to the real advantages of a liberal education, may reject its superfluities, and considerably curtail the time spent in acquiring them.

With this view, therefore, and as I have long considered the time spent in the acquisition of the learned languages, as taught in schools, as so much lost, I have endeavoured to digest a plan, in which, excepting only the phraseology of these languages, I flatter myself every other benefit to be derived from their study, will be more easily and expeditiously attained.

For this end, and as I am sensible of the value to be derived, not from the mere idiomatical knowledge of these languages, but from the collateral advantages rather, accruing from an acquaintance with their history, policy, morality, civil and religious institutions, I propose making use of the classics for the attainment of the modern languages, (in their best versions), that are used for the acquisition of the Greek and Latin: So that philology merely, being no longer the principal aim of either the teacher or the student, their historians will be read, not to find out the meaning of words, but for the facts, reasoning and images they convey; and their poets admired and studied, not as mere models of versification, to learn the art of scanning, to be able to distinguish whether a verse be written in Choriæic or Asclepiadeic measure, or to point out the difference between an Iambus, a Trochæus or Spondee—but with a view rather to their general harmony, to the beauty and sublimity of their style, their pathos, morality and exhibition of human nature. The classics, in fine, no longer considered as the *ne plus ultra* of learning, will be looked upon only as a mean to literature.

At the first view of this prospectus, the whole extent of the advantages emanating from such a plan of instruction must evi-



dently appear. The veil which has, for so long a period, under the name of Latin and Greek, shadowed the temple of science is withdrawn, and the avenues to Learning, formerly so intricate and difficult, will henceforward be rendered easy and pleasurable of access.

(*To be continued.*)

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

*"The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd ;  
"Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."*

OF all the delights which actuate the mind of man and vibrate in his heart, friendship is the dearest and most rational; it rolls in a kindred stream of melody through every sensation. To say that this passion is never found on earth is but the frigid reasoning of the unfeeling misanthrope, or the hasty ejaculation of the disappointed moralist;—

*"And what is friendship but a name !".....*

Far more; it is a spark emanating from Divinity, pure and durable, warm, invigorating, HOLY—It is a solid rock; the darts of slander fall harmless around it; the weapons of envy are impotent, they cannot hurt it—

*My friend will hate the man who injures me.*

True friendship is not that momentary passion, whose basis is rottenness, and whose cords are interest; but it is the spontaneous offspring of a good and honest heart; it reigns not in the same abode with avarice, or envy: the sordid passions are as thistles growing to choak it—

*And this makes friends such miracles on earth!*

Hail Holy Power! celestial forerunner of immortal pleasures, visit here; shed thine influence on my heart; plant thy dictates in my bosom; soothe me through the toils of this painful pilgrimage; in my hours of recreation, be at my side; and may thy generous image give sweetness to my slumbers: share with me in all my joys; and when I have terminated my earthly career, let thy sigh be my epitaph; and thy smile my reward in Heaven.

FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Pleasant, & Co:*

I am an old man—I have already numbered my twelfth *lustrum* and have seen the youthful hearts that panted from the goal with me, long cease to beat. I stand as it were isolate on the globe—the companions of my youth are gone, and I soon expect to be numbered with my fathers.—Yet I must own my health is good, my old age is green.—I have children growing up in virtue and goodness, and my wife still looks up to the smiles of her old man with an eye yet sparkling with the remains of beauty.—Yet still my friends, I am anxious to hear the many enviable pleasures of old age. You promised to listen to garrulity—to recall our minds to the days that were past, and to convince us of our comforts.—Now, sirs, if not presuming too much, may I request you to comply in some degree with your promise.

SENEX.

The request of "Senex" came to hand so late in the week, that an answer to it must be deferred till our next number, when we flatter ourselves we shall be able to meet his wishes. ED.

.....

## CONJUGAL CELIBACY.

MUCH has been, and much will hereafter be said, both for and against the eligibility of the married state; and different people will of course, always be disposed to consider it in a different point of view, so much so, indeed, that I am inclined to think they will never entirely agree on this subject. The topic has been so frequently discussed, that but little remains to be urged in addition on either side; and the opinion of an *Old Bachelor* will, I am aware, from people in general, have to encounter strong prejudices and a determined opposition. To avoid all such animadversions, therefore, I shall in the first place solemnly disavow any wish or intention of biassing the opinions of my readers. I do not desire any man to pin his faith on my sleeve; but on the contrary, I think on so important an occasion, every person should judge for himself according to the influence of existing circumstances. I shall therefore only relate, without comment, a few simple facts which have lately come under my observation.

Ned Franklin and I were educated in the same university, and from a similarity in our manners and habits, we became greatly attached to each other. On our entering upon a more active scene of life, different engagements broke off the intimacy, and we had not seen each other for a number of years, till I met with him accidentally in a coffee-house a short time since. He ex-



pressed much pleasure at seeing me, and I was no less glad to meet with him ; and as our long suspended intercourse had removed all opportunity of knowing our several pursuits, we soon began to enquire into the present condition of each other.

‘I,’ said he, ‘am married, and if perfect happiness can exist in this life, I am possessed of it in my wife, who is a pattern of conjugal affection, and whose study is to give me pleasure.’ “Although,” returned I, “I still remain a bachelor, I think I have also some share of comfort.” “Nay,” said he hastily, “If you are happy, you can be only negatively so ; but come and visit me, and see how I live, and if you are not induced to alter your condition, I shall look upon you as a stoic, incapable of appreciating the affection of a wife, and the comforts which are consequently attendant on matrimony.”

As the invitation seemed to be given in the rude spirit of friendship, I accepted it ; and lest I should not be able to form an accurate judgment immediately, I resolved to stay one night with him, during which time, *I saw how he lived*, and I am——still an Old Bachelor. But as I have declared that I will not trust my own judgment on so important a matter, I submit the manner in which he lives, to the consideration of the public.

Ned’s residence is situated a few miles from town ; and as I was rather hurried by business on the day which had been fixed for my visit, it was considerably past the hour appointed for dining when I reached my destination ; but as I well knew that he was not one of those who suffer ceremony to destroy friendship, I entertained no doubt of meeting with a pleasant reception. On my being announced, Frank rose to welcome me with great eagerness, exclaiming at the same time, “I told you, Mrs. Franklin, that my friend would be sure to come ; and now you have ordered the dinner away, and he must eat it cold. The lady, who could be said scarcely to bend at my entrance, replied with some asperity, “The dinner hour was fixed by yourself, Mr. Franklin, and you well know that my weak constitution will not permit me to fast a longer time ; but *my* wishes are never consulted, and my health will soon fall a victim to *my easy* temper ; however, if you will ring the bell the cloth may be relaid, and I dare say the mutton is not quite cold, and that some of the game is left.” Perceiving that the lady’s temper was a little ruffled, I advanced to apologize for my inattention to the hour, assuring her at the same time, that my haste had got me so good an appetite, that I should fare very sumptuously on what might remain of the dinner. Mrs. Franklin received my excuses with some degree of politeness, and Ned shook me heartily by the hand, declaring that I was a good fellow to be so easily satisfied, and that he would take care I should come in for the first cut the next dinner I eat at his house. Down therefore, I sat, with great apparent satisfaction, to the lukewarm mutton, not without wishing secretly at the same time that I could have been conveyed into one of those snug inns in the city, where

I might have spared my compliments, and dined on hot mutton.—Hunger, however, gave the meal a tolerable relish, and the sight of a cheerful fire and a bottle of wine, inspired me with hopes of a pleasant afternoon. Mrs. Franklin also seemed to have recovered her good humour, and the conversation passed on pleasantly enough for about half an hour, during which time he and I had emptied about half the bottle.—“Let us drink success to the Patriots of South America,” said Ned. “With all my heart”—returned I, “it is a cause to which every one must wish well.” “My love,” said the lady, as he was preparing to fill the glasses, “I desire that you will not take any more wine this afternoon; I know very well that it will only make you noisy, and in the present weak state of my nerves it is more than I can bear; your friend will not I dare say tax your politeness so far as to oblige you to drink with him any longer than is proper for you.” “Well my dear,” returned he, “only the toast and I have done”—“The toast is nothing to you that I know of,” replied the lady “and I am determined that you shall not disturb me this evening with your nonsense, therefore I shall take the only effectual method to prevent it.” With these words she seized the decanter, which he as firmly endeavoured to retain, but the lady’s strength, (*notwithstanding the weak state of her nerves*) prevailing, the decanter was borne away in triumph to my no small mortification, nor did the lady think it necessary to make any apology for the sudden removal. “You see, I am finally managed” said Ned, winking, “but it all arises from my wife’s love for me; therefore I cannot but be obliged to her for her care.” Although I did not feel inclined to participate in his satisfaction, I put the best face on the matter, and consoled myself with the idea that I should have some enjoyment at tea time. With the tea equipage, however, Ned ordered his two pointers to be brought in, which occasioned another altercation between the husband and wife; but Ned persisted, and the dogs made their appearance to my infinite regret, as one of them immediately leaped on me with dirty feet, and soiled my clothes, which, to an Old Bachelor is a matter of no small consequence.

Ned laughed heartily at my embarrassment, as he called it, and enticed the dogs from me with some muffin, which they devoured so eagerly that the plate was cleared before any person had tasted a bit. “What, my love,” exclaimed the lady, who had been engaged at the tea-table, “is it possible that you can have been feeding the dogs with the muffin?” “Why, my dear,” said he, “they seemed to like it so well, that I confess, I gave them more of it than I at first intended.” “And did you suppose,” rejoined the lady, “that I sent for muffins to feed the dogs with?—However, as you have chosen to give them away in that manner, you must now be contented with bread and butter, for I shall not order any more muffins to be brought in.” Ned grumbled, but complied; and though I am particularly fond of muffins, I also was obliged to acquiesce. Soon after tea a friend called in, and Ned proposed



a rubber at whist, adding that he should stake his wife against us, as they always played together. I was by no means disposed to find fault with the arrangement, and as my partner seemed to be an agreeable man, I seated myself at the card-table with great satisfaction. Scarcely however, had a deal gone round, before Mr. Franklin discovered a fault in his wife's play. "My love, how could you think of playing that card?" "Why, my dear, was I to suppose that you would lead from such a suit; if you are so singular, it is impossible to understand your play...we shall now lose two." My partner smiled, and I wished secretly that the party had been composed of Old Bachelors. Fortune, however, favoured us, and we won the rubber, and this so encreased the acrimony both of the husband and wife, that I began to despair of their tranquillity being ever restored; but the game being put an end to the supper was soon afterwards brought in, and some smoking hashed mutton put me in good spirits once more. The calm was of short duration, for Ned happening to observe that he should have liked it better broiled. Mrs. Franklin's anger was again excited, "My love, you are never contented," said she; "if it is broiled, you want it hashed, and if hashed, it ought to have been broiled: you put one in mind of the husband who called for a fool's head, and his wife brought him his own picture;—aye, don't wink at me, my dear, this is my house, and I will say what I like in it, let who will be here." The altercation continued till the mutton was cold, and my appetite gone; and very soon after I pleaded fatigue as an excuse for retiring; but judge my surprise when I was conducted to a little room, where there was a bed without hangings, a door that would not shut close, and a window with a broken pane of glass. "I am sorry the apartment is not better," said Ned, who accompanied me, "and I wished that you should have slept in the best bed; but Mrs. Franklin would not permit it." Although I shivered at the sight, I assured him of my perfect satisfaction; and having passed a sleepless night, I set off early in the morning, leaving a note, pleading urgent business as an excuse for my abrupt departure, as I had seen enough of *how he lived*, to wish myself reinstated in the few comforts which I possessed in the capacity of

## AN OLD BACHELOR.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

## THE MONITOR, No. I.....ON SEDUCTION.

PERHAPS, no subject has oftener employed the pen of the Moralist, than that of Seduction; none, indeed, has a prior claim to his warning voice. When we look back, and reflect on the numbers who have fallen before it, and consider, how many more, in despite of the sad example, turn greedy ears and "devour up the discourse" of flattery, the heart heaves with

pity and indignation ; with pity at the too easy conquest gained over unsuspecting credulity ; and with indignation against the spoilers of unsuspecting innocence ; the murderers of fame, of peace, of love ; the assassins of purity and domestic happiness.

The character portrayed by the eloquent Curran of his countrymen, is appropriate to the sex : The heart of a female is "tender, and she loves ; it is generous, and she confides" ; it is affectionate—and he who would wrong it is more than brutish. Females often fall victims to their own too great goodness of heart—undermined by mischievous flattery, reason becomes an easy captive. And then,

*" The passions—a relentless train,  
 " To tear the victim run ;  
 " She seeks the paths of peace, in vain,  
 " Is conquer'd and undone."*

To show forcibly the sorrows of seduction ; to array it in its guiltiest colours, we would draw back the covering of the grave ; call forth the pallid forms of ruined innocence, and bid *them* tell their sufferings : But to view the light in which Heaven considers the seducer, we must rend the mystic veil that hides futurity ; glance into the caverns of perdition, and behold the punishment which there awaits him. Then, how would the thoughtless fair one be on her guard against the guileful tongue of adulation ; and how would the libertine tremble at the retrospect of his actions ! But, we fear, too many are still destined to destruction, regardless of the monitorial lessons, and hurried away by the impetuosity of their passions. Beware, ye seducers of innocence ; give not the reins to your infatuated understandings, lest sorrowful experience convinces you, too late, that their goal is destruction.

..... *"And you ye fair !  
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts ;  
 Dare not the infectious sigh, the pleading look,  
 Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,  
 But full of guile ;...Let not the fervent tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth  
 Gain on your purpos'd will ; nor in the bower  
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch ;  
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man."*



## MARY ; A TRUE STORY.

*[Continued from page 11.]*

Thus passed the time, labour sweetened by affection, till Eleanor attained her seventeenth year. Then it was that her young heart first felt what it was to love, when she beheld Edward, the son of Mr. O——. Elegant in person, engaging in manners, and virtuous in disposition, he deserved the love of a heart such as Eleanor's. In vain did his father endeavour to counteract his passion, by representing to him the impropriety of his union with a peasant. On this subject alone, Edward was not to be moved by the entreaties of his father.

It was on a very stormy night that Mary was surprised by the sound of coach-wheels near her humble dwelling. Presently she heard a loud crash, and then a violent shriek. All was again silent, and Mary ran out to discover the occasion of the sounds. She did not go far on the heath, before she came where a gentleman was lying senseless on the ground, surrounded by some of his attendants, who were vainly endeavouring to restore him to animation, while others tried to raise a carriage that lay overturned on a high bank. Mary desired the servants to lift him carefully, and bring him into her cottage, which was the only dwelling within some distance. While they were removing him he became sensible of his condition, and complained greatly of pain, that he felt in his arm. As soon as they had laid him on a bed, one of his attendants set off for the nearest town to bring him some assistance. Mary was then informed, that in crossing the heath, one of their wheels had come off, the carriage had been consequently overturned, and the servants had just extricated their lord as she arrived. In about two hours the servant returned, bringing with him a surgeon, who, on examining the gentleman's arm, said, it was dislocated. He replaced the bone, and said that if he remained perfectly quiet, he would probably be able to depart on the following day. Mary assured him that all possible care should be taken of his patient, and with this assurance the surgeon withdrew. The next morning Mary's guest finding himself tolerably well, told her that he would no longer intrude on her, but that she might be assured her kindness would never be forgotten by lord C——. At this name Mary fixed her eyes earnestly on the stranger. 'Tis he, she exclaimed, and fainted away.

It was some time before she could be restored to sense, and even then she appeared so enfeebled by the shock, that all around her were greatly alarmed for her life. As soon as she gained strength to speak, she raised her eyes to lord C——'s face, and faintly articulated, "Have you forgotten Mary?"——"Mary!" repeated he. "Is it possible that I have again found my beloved, my injured Mary?" He would have proceeded, but his attendants entreated him to defer for the present any further explanation, judging from her exhausted look, and from his agitated appearance.

that a conversation, which seemed likely to be so interesting, would be more than either could bear. Mary was put to bed, and in a short time became dangerously ill. Lord C——, would no longer be detained from her. He sat down by her bed-side, and began in a voice broken by grief and shame, to relate to her the incidents of his life. He said that after he had deserted her he married a lady of large fortune, in whose society he had hoped to drown his remorse for his cruel conduct to herself. Greatly and bitterly had he been deceived; her unfeeling disposition had only given additional force to his regrets. After about fifteen years she died without having brought him any children, since which period he had been entirely, and till that time, fruitlessly employed in endeavouring to gain some tidings of her and her child. He had found her, and she was now in danger of being once more torn from him—and torn from him to be found no more!

*To be continued.*

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

SWEET when bending o'er her boy,  
Is the kiss the mother takes ;  
Smiling, as her blooming joy,  
With the "breathing incense" wakes.  
Who a mother's bliss can tell,  
What delight her bosom knows ;  
Watching all she loves so well,  
With Heaven, and love, and joy, she glows,  
Lovely pledge of fond affection,  
Plant of Hope and bud of Joy,  
Tender source of retrospection,  
Fond Remembrance ; wake my boy.

Sweet the kiss of parting lovers,  
Tho' it pains the heart a while ;  
For angelic hope still hovers,  
Hovering hope will still beguile.  
The tender sigh, "forget me not,"  
Recollect the bower, the grot ;  
Recollect your vows of love ;  
Recollect the *Powers above*.  
Dearest tenant of my heart,  
Promis'd sharer of my lot ;  
Though we're doom'd awhile to part,  
"Forget me not, forget me not."



Sweet returning from afar,  
Is the welcome lover's kiss ;  
Seen only by some fav'rite star,  
Winking at the hidden bliss.

Do I clasp thee once again,  
Sweet reward for all my pain ;  
Welcome to my longing heart,  
Let us never, never part.

Dear my love and early treasure,  
Only joy and sole desire ;  
All my hope of future pleasure,  
All on earth that I admire.

Sweet the kiss a mother takes,  
As her blooming infant wakes.  
Sweet the kiss when lovers part,  
Hov'ring Hope sustains the heart ;  
But the great bliss we earthly mortals prove,  
Is the *returning* kiss of mutual love.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD,

SONNET.....TO POVERTY.

—  
ALL hail companion true ! hail meagre maid,  
Amongst whose sullen throng so many an ill  
Stalks gaunt and latent ; here, I feel thy power ;  
Here,—at my heart—with all thy sickly train.  
Thou keep'st imagination still awake,  
And tortur'st nature when she seeks repose.  
Around the couch of him thou lov'st to haunt,  
Hover strange phantasies and dire conceits—  
Pale images of want—And apparitions  
Of Duns vociferous, and Bills unpaid,  
That fright away the peaceful form of sleep ;  
Make inundations of the heart, and roll  
Its floods of sorrow to the anguish'd eye,  
Shedding on sombre night a deadlier gloom.

H.

.....

PARADOXICAL.

'Tis *morning* at *midnight*—a watchman loud cries,  
His brethren who hear him—re-echo his *lies* :  
Thus, from *midnight* till *morning*, they bellow, forsooth,  
But when *day-light* appears, they sneak off from the *truth*.

P.

## SCRAPS.

*Somebody says*—A seat near the lady you love, is a bit of heaven.

A fine mouth—An exquisite bit of nature's cunning.

A pair of hands—bunches of radishes.

Decency—A devil of a bar to a couple of fond lovers.

When we hear men in easy circumstances pleading poverty and whining about the hardness of the times, when thousands around them are wanting the common necessities of life, we may set them down for *sordid ingrates*.

.....

## EPIGRAM.....SELECTED.

Written at *Passaic Falls*, at the Rock where the spray fell.

To view *Passaic Falls*, one day

A *Priest* and *Taylor* took their way :

"Thy wonders, Lord," the *Parson* cries,

"Amaze our souls—delight our eyes."

The *Taylor* only made this note—

"Lord, what a place—to sponge a coat !"

.....

*To Readers and Correspondents.*

§ Grateful for the liberal encouragement already bestowed on *The Emerald*, the editors present their unfeigned thanks to those ladies and gentlemen, who have evinced by their signatures, a desire to support it : and, as our subscription-list abounds with so many respectable names, we are encouraged to issue the second number a week sooner than we had intended. No pains shall be spared to render *The Emerald* instructing and amusing.

.....

MARRIED—On Thursday evening last, Mr. *Thomas Cornthwait*, to Miss *Eliza Tharp*, both of *Fells Point*.

—At *Fredericktown*, Mr. *Terrence M'Gowan*, merchant, of this city, to Miss *Margaret Baltzell*, of the former place.

—In one of the Northern States, Capt. *Thomas Lee*, to Miss *Wilhelmina Helm*.

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars

Shone on the rippling sea ;

No duty call'd the jovial tars—

The HELM was lash'd a-LEE.

.. .. .

☞ A Letter-Box is affixed to the door of B. Edes' printing-office, corner of Market and South-streets, second door from the corner on the west side, where communications and subscriptions will be thankfully received. Subscriptions will be also received at the principal bookstores in the city.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1810. No. 3.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

Messrs. Editors,

I WAS truly amused by perusing in your last Emerald, the musty effusions of some conceited old fellow who, rejecting happiness himself, would fain persuade others to adopt his whims and stalk through life alone and unheeded—by insinuating there can be superior pleasure in an unconnected state. He patches up a long story of some insipid pair, who have neither sense nor feeling to enable them properly to appreciate the joys of wedlock, and appear only calculated to worry each other and render their society disgusting, and brings it as a solitary proof of the accuracy of his own foolish opinion.

Permit me to draw an opposite picture.—I have been married and have known the bliss of conjugal affection ; blest with a rising and a virtuous family, I have known more delight in one hour's domestic happiness, than twenty old Batchelors might conceive in years of celibacy.—It was extatic bliss, Messrs. Editors, when seated at my evening fire side to chat away the time with her I loved, whilst infant pledges of affection played around us ;

Oh, I have drank more intoxicating joy from the endearing glance of affection, than single souls may dream of.—But

“ *Of joys departed never to return,*

“ *How painful the remembrance.*”

She whom I loved—who loved me—lived but a few short years to bless me with her smiles, and like an angel wing’d her way to heaven. I, however, have the consolation of having a son and a daughter, both married, and know them to be happy. Their children are blessings to my old days. As they frolic around their parents they remind me of former joys; a pleasing regret succeeds, smooths into resignation, and opens Heaven.

I cannot conclude this epistle better to confute the Old Batchelor, than by quoting the following beautiful passage from Milton,

“ Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adult’rous love was driv’n from men  
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother first were known.  
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounc’d,  
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us’d.  
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels.”

.....

*Found in our Letter-Box.*

.....

### A LADY IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

...

*Messrs. Editors,*

I AM at this moment labouring under a most whimsical species of distress. I am young, and without vanity, pretty; *at least every body says so*. I have had a good education, and am possessed of a moderate fortune, and yet, Messrs. Editors, would you believe it, *I have no lover*. I wouldn’t care a fig about the matter, only you know one feels of so little consequence; and when I see my female acquaintance, whose pretensions are not a bit higher than my own, flattered and admired, it really puts me *out of temper*.



I can't think what the deuce possesses the men, for my part ; I am sure I have been quite a female Proteus to please them. The first at whose heart I levelled my battery with a serious design of making him my captive, was Mr. *Newslove* : this gentleman was a politician, and though I never had any more taste for politics than for the study of Hebrew, I affected a violent love for my country, and constantly read the papers, and from them and a few political pamphlets, I acquired a set of phrases which I used on all occasions, and by so doing I gained the reputation of *great sagacity* : I lamented very loudly, if not very learnedly, the *miserable* state of *our* affairs, both at home and abroad ; I entered most heartily into all Mr. *Newslove's* plans (*and they were numerous enough, Heaven knows*) for restoring our country to that state of prosperity which she enjoyed before the *embargo* ; and from the manner in which I was told Mr. *Newslove* spoke of me, I thought I had fairly *politicised* (if I may use such a phrase) myself into his good graces ; but what was my astonishment to find that the grave, sensible Mr. *Newslove*, of whose heart I thought myself so secure, was paying his addresses to Miss *Blandish*, a little trifling creature who had no pretensions to beauty ; and was scarcely a remove from an idiot : her fortune could not be his inducement, for *it* was smaller than my own ; and besides, to do him justice, he was not mercenary ; *he* had allowed me to be handsome, and had always spoke in the highest terms of my *understanding* ; what could be the reason then of his preference of such a being as Miss *Blandish* ? In speaking of his approaching nuptials to a sensible old lady, a particular friend of mine, I expressed my surprise at his choice.

"My dear child," said Mrs. *Penetrate*, "there is nothing surprising in it ; men rarely give preference to sensible women for wives—they are afraid of them : such an animal as Miss *Blandish* they conceive likely to obey their high and mighty commands, because they fancy she would not have brains enough to dispute the propriety of them ; but in this respect they are often the dupes of their own policy ; for, of all creatures, *a fool is the hardest to manage* ; but a man will never believe that to be the case till convinced of it by experience."

"Well," thought I, "this lesson shan't be thrown away," and I directly became the most simpering, passive, mincing thing you ever saw in all your life ; in short, quite a *becky*. "Now," said I, to myself, "I shall have admirers plenty, for I'm sure nobody can find fault with me on the score of having too much sense ;" but alas ! the *foolish* scheme did not do at all, and I have still reason to sing.....

"Nobody coming to marry me."——

I don't know how long I might have persevered in my *beckyism* had I not been induced to throw it off by a wish to attract the notice of a Mr. *Brilliant*. Bob *Brilliant* is universally reckoned one

of the smartest men of the present day ; to be sure, his conversation would make no great figure upon paper ; but he has fine *black eyes*, very *white teeth*, and such an *arch* manner of speaking, that if your memory is not good enough to retain his *bon mots*, you will give him credit for some portion of *wit*. A happy retort made me a decided favourite of Mr *Brilliant's* : he declared in all companies, that I was *amazingly clever* ; and I did not fail to return the compliment by protesting that he was, a *wonderful genius* ; as I had been tired of playing the fool, I felt an odd kind of gratitude to him for releasing me from so disagreeable a task, and nothing could exceed the attention he paid me ; 'tis true indeed, he did not make any formal declaration of love ; but I every day expected that he would offer me his hand. He went to *York Springs* for a short time, and I wondered that he did not solicit permission to write to me, but I thought, as his return would be speedy, that his proposal would be made as soon as he came back. In a week after his departure, I received a letter from Miss *Telltruth*, a particular friend of mine who was on a visit at the same place, informing me that, "*Robert Brilliant*, esq. was married last evening to Miss *Autumna Wrinkle*, a lady who is said to possess a fortune of *fifty thousand dollars*."

You may conceive my mortification, for Miss *Wrinkle* was upwards of fifty, and had she not been related to the family of the *Evergreens*, she would have been thought a perfect fright. I had however the consolation to think, that her money only could have induced him to marry her, and I made myself as easy as I could by hoping that they would be *perfectly miserable*.

Mr. *Orthodox*, a young clergyman of the most amiable manners, came at this time on a visit to an intimate friend of mine, and as I had daily opportunities of seeing him, I really began to like him ; in my two former affairs I was influenced merely by the love of conquest ; but Mr. *Orthodox* did touch my heart a *little*. I had no reason to suppose myself agreeable to him, nor should I ever have thought so, but that he unfortunately took it into his head to set about reforming me ; he painted in such strong colours the ill effects of levity, that I grew quite ashamed of my own giddiness, and I became sedate and rational. The change in my disposition appeared to give Mr. *Orthodox* the greatest pleasure ; and he congratulated me upon it, with the affection of a brother. I allowed him to visit me—not as a lover ; for he made no professions of that sort, but as a friend. Well, gentlemen, for a whole year, I deceived myself into a belief, that I possessed his affections, since every moment that he could with decency, he devoted to me, and so marked were his attentions, so tender his manner, that I should have thought it *sacrilege* to doubt of his love.

My guardian however, with whom I resided, grew tired of Mr. *Orthodox's* perpetual visits, and determined to know his intentions without saying any thing to me ; he enquired what they were, and my *clerical* lover, with the greatest appearance of surprize,



declared that "he had the highest respect in the world for me—that he did not believe there was a more *amiable young lady* existing; but that his circumstances were by no means such as to allow him to think of *matrimony*, and that in fact he had never given me a hint that he meant any thing of the kind."

My guardian, without any *ceremony*, desired him to leave the house, and never to enter it again; and the conduct of Mr. *Orthodox* for some time, put me out of humour with his whole sex.

But I don't know how it is, *Messrs. Editors*, we women, if we would only be honest enough to own it, all like to be *flattered* and *admired*; and at *twenty* not to have a single lover in one's train!—why, if I was a perfect *Job* in petticoats, I could not patiently submit to such a mortification.

Now, my dear *Messrs. Editors*, the favour I have to beg of you is through the channel of your entertaining *Magazine*, to give me a chance of obtaining a *husband*; I don't mean one of your every-day animals, but a *pleasant*, good-natured, sensible man: he must have had a liberal education, and be possessed of good-humour enough to bear with my little foibles; his fortune must be nearly on an equality with my own; as to his person, provided he is a good figure, and *looks like a gentleman*, that is all that I insist upon; *wit* is at best, a dangerous qualification, and therefore I shall not quarrel with him for being without it. You must own, *Messrs. Editors*, that I am very reasonable in my demands, and if any of your readers of the description I have mentioned wants a wife, possessed of youth, health and spirits, a tolerable person and a decent fortune, he may probably find a help-mate meet for him, in your humble servant,

FELICIA FRANKHEART.

## COMPARATIVE HAPPINESS.

.....

*Which period of Human Life is most favourable to Happiness,  
YOUTH, MANHOOD, OR AGE?*

THE season of youth finds many advocates. It is the season, in most cases, of health, of pleasure, and of hope. It has been admonished by philosophy, and embellished by poetry; and it is still the admiration of age itself. Shenstone does not over-value the gratifications of youth, when, in one of his elegies, he thus apostrophises it:

*O youth! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd!  
Bliss, even obtrusive, courts thy frolic mind:  
Of health, neglectful...yet by health caress'd;  
Careless of favour...yet secure to find.*

All this is as actually true as it is poetically fascinating. The vigour, during youth, of the animal spirits; the opening scenes

of expectation ; the novelty of the appearances of the world ; the strength and glow of the imagination ; the fresh, unsophisticated, generous impulses of the breast, in their several operations, supply to youth an ardent and continual source of gratulation. If felicity be even sensual, this is its chosen crisis, its festival of rapture : if it be intellectual, now the stupendous and interminable prospects of science break vividly upon the ardent, expanding, and deeply delighted mind : if it be moral, when do the pulses of virtue beat more purely, more freely, than in their innocence and incorruption ? The projectors of ecstasy and beauty in imaginary perfection, the poet and the painter, represent them at this period flourishing in their pride.

If youth have its rapturous advocates, the partisans of manhood will be no less confident. The maturity of the powers of mind and body, give that completeness of satisfaction to this state which is unexperienced in earlier and cruder faculties. The full conceptions, the thorough information, the settled authority, the pride of strength, the recent escape from the subjection of tutelage, and the assumption of command and name, conspire to felicitate this stage of life. The new acquirements of domestic joy, the tender solitudes of family affection, and the pleasure of juvenile instructions : cares not yet raised to anxiety by the independence of the offspring, whom the parent beholds with equal concern though with less control, acting self-directed in the most perilous passages of human life, impelled by the various gusts of passion, without the government of discretion.

But who will plead the cause of declining years, recommend decrepitude, applaud dotage, or extol the immediate breakings up of dissolution ? He who, though he may acknowledge in the evening of life, infirmity impairs not only the corporal structure but often also the mental, will yet bestow his homage, as nature urges, upon the grey hairs of experience, will feel sensible that at this period the mind may look back with continued satisfaction upon the regular fulfilment of past duties, upon distant exertions and surmounted difficulties, and may now consciously rejoice on the safe arrival at the goal of life, and the fair and just prospect of continual improvement in a second existence. The fullness of years may enjoy the veneration which is owed and paid to it, may glow with kindly affection in surveying a surrounding progeny of risen and rising successors, possessing and communicating the fruits of former prudence and labour. It is the favourite theory of some philosophers that the happiness of the virtuous man swells and extends progressively as life advances.

PHILEUTYCHY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

#### ON AVARICE.

OF all the feelings which degrade the heart of man ; render his life a scene of misery and his mind a hell, avarice is the worst



Hungry as the grave, it swallows up friendship and breaks the bonds of affection: it disperses the social feelings; poisons the growing virtues; taints the pure stream of nature, and sheds a sullen gloom over all the heart. The man who is possessed of it has no friends:—*Wealth commands flattery; but friendship is the price of friendship.*—Flatterers and sycophants may surround him, but honest indignation will spurn him from her. He whose mind is sordid, who knows and feels no wish but for the *plenty of his coffers*, must indeed, be miserable; yea, more to be pitied than the harmless ox, whose labours and whose life are subservient to a rigid and tyrannical master.

That there are many beings of this description is true—"and pity 'tis, 'tis true;" but it is impossible for a *human* being to be naturally so: to suppose such a thing would be to accuse Heaven of injustice and partiality.—In every heart which beats in the human breast, the seeds of virtue and generosity are implanted; they are the first donations of Heaven, and it is the ungrateful individual man—*MAN* himself, who roots them out, and in their stead implants the seeds of that

*Sordid passion which still thirsts for gain,*

which shoots in ugliness, and lives in infamy.—In how despicable a light appears the history of *a miser*! what genius can sufficiently embellish it to render it interesting? The eye turns disgusted from the page whereon it is recorded.—Mark the progress of the son of avarice—see how the social feelings fall extinct before him—behold the bended wretch on knees of infamy, worshipping an *iron chest*, and starving before it, in supplication for more.

His journey through life is finished—he has sunk unpitied; and others enjoy the *unholy* fruits of all his cares and vexation.—Read his epitaph:

*"Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,  
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)  
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer:  
Eas'd of a tax, it irk'd the wretch to pay  
To his own carcase: now lies cheaply lodged,  
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,  
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.  
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?"*

*Aye! now you've made the rich man poor indeed.  
 Robb'd of his god, what has he left behind?  
 Oh! cursed lust of gold; when, for thy sake  
 The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds:  
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come."*

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

*Thy flame, O Charity, from Heav'n proceeds,  
 And men and angels both record thy deeds.*

*Messrs. Pleasant & Co.*

I BEG leave, through the medium of *The Emerald*, to offer a little tribute of praise where it is justly merited

The "*Female Impartial Society*" of this city, founded on motives of benevolence, and supported by a number of respectable females, is dedicated to the wants of needy and indigent sufferers; to the aid of the widow and the orphan; to the encouragement of female industry; to Humanity. At the warehouse of this society every sort of clothing may be obtained at the most moderate price; females who are in want of occupation will there find employment, their industry encouraged, their labours purchased; and the profits which are derived from the sales of the *institution*, are, and will be faithfully appropriated for the relief and benefit of such as sickness or age incapacitates from supporting themselves.

The scanty profits which females derive from the common vocations of life, are but barely sufficient to procure them bread; and their utmost efforts can scarcely shield them from the winter's wind. How hard must it be for those who have large families to maintain, and are scarcely ever six cents before hand!

*"Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,  
 How many feel—this very moment—want,  
 And all the sad variety of pain!"*

The generous intention of this institution will greatly contribute to obviate the effects of poverty. Misery will be sought out and its woes alleviated—the lacerated heart will forget its troubles,

*And fill'd with gratitude, be taught to smile.*

Indeed, the ladies who have united for those benevolent purposes



merit the highest encomiums; the meed of praise is theirs, and angels, in recording their deeds, will say,

.....“ *Many daughters have done virtuously;  
But ye have excelled them all.*”

.....

### MARY ; A TRUE STORY.

[*Concluded from page 23.*]

But alas! notwithstanding the affectionate cares of Eleanor and lord C——, Mary, whose frame, already weak, had been overpowered by the shock, grew daily worse, and after lingering a few days, expired in the arms of her daughter. Oh, who can tell the agonies of their grief! Lord C——, felt all his remorse revive, when he beheld before him the breathless body of his once lovely Mary, and Eleanor seemed to lose every thing with her who had been so affectionate a parent, and so tender a friend to her. After the first transports of their grief were subsided, lord C——’s heart turned to his daughter, from whom his more immediate attention had been diverted, first by his anxiety for the life of her mother, and afterwards by his grief for her loss. He resolved to be parted no more from all that remained of his Mary, and therefore asked Eleanor whether she could determine to leave the abode of her youth, and accompany her unhappy father.—Eleanor, though she thought with regret of quitting the peaceful home where she had hitherto resided, and where she had spent so many happy hours with her beloved Edward, yet could not resolve to abandon a father so lately recovered; and acquiescing in his desire, quitted forever the humble abode of her childhood: but vain were all her pious endeavours to soothe the sorrows of her father, which time seemed rather to increase than diminish.

Meantime Edward having heard of his Eleanor’s exaltation, and being no longer opposed by his father, hastened to entreat her hand of lord C——, who joyfully gave his consent to the happiness of his daughter; she accepted the hand of her beloved Edward, on condition that they should reside with her father, and endeavour to soothe his grief. Nor long was this necessary, for very soon after he had seen his Eleanor united to Edward, he fell an exemplary victim to sorrow and remorse. The kind inhabitants of the farm-house were not forgotten by Edward and Eleanor, who long continued to enjoy that happiness which had been so early forfeited, so late recovered, and so quickly lost by their erring and unfortunate parents.

.....

During the retreat of the British army in Holland, while the soldiers were flouncing through the mud, the commanding officer ordered them to form *two deep*. “By J—s,” says Pat, “I am *too deep* already—I am up to my neck.”

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO MARY.

Who is she with auburn hair,  
Mild blue eyes and forehead fair;  
Ivory teeth, and dimpled chin,  
Bosom bland, and pure within:  
Mouth that well becomes a smile,  
Lips that never utter'd guile;  
And many a charm that lurks unseen,  
Veil'd in a virgin's modest mien?

'Tis MARY has the charms you tell,  
For in *her* breast does Heav'n dwell;  
Her lips have never utter'd guile,  
Sweetly her mouth becomes a smile;  
Her teeth with polish'd iv'ry vies,  
And mild and blue are *Mary's* eyes:  
Around her waste is Dian's zone,  
And modesty is all her own.

H.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

*Sonnet to a Chimney Sweeper.*

POOR shiv'ring wight in tatter'd garb array'd  
How much I pity thee; for, by my soul  
Misfortune hangs around thy sooty form  
As if she claim'd a kindred title there.  
Cold is the morning air; and tho' thy song  
May seem in others' ears as sounds of mirth,  
Methinks there's more of sadness in the strain  
And my heart grieves for thee. Now tell me boy,  
How far must morning go ere thou receive  
Thy scanty meal, hard earn'd, and hardly given?  
Nature has not been bounteous to thy years,  
And fate has thrown thee in some sullen hour  
Upon a world where thou perforce must weep;  
Where few but villains find a heart to smile.

H.

.....

EPIGRAM.

Jack says that females all are fill'd  
With vanity and vain desire;  
Jack never told the truth but once,  
And then he own'd himself a *liar*.

Q.



*To Readers and Correspondents.*

Simon's essay won't do——The French, (though we do not wish to be considered as under French influence in any other particular,) say,

“Faire des rimes sans un grain de raison  
Peut être chose jolie ;  
Mais écrire, sans rime ni raison,  
C'est une étrange folie.”

Which, according to the English, may mean,  
*In rhymes where reason don't abound,  
Still something pleasing may be found ;  
But writing without rhyme or reason,  
Is worse than frost in summer season.*

“G.” we refer to our notice of “Simon's” essay ; and “M.” were he to try again, might lubricate his *lucubration*.

“Anna Maria,” your song of “Go lovely Rose,” should have been inserted, had you not attempted to *impose* it upon us as *original*. Waller has long since anticipated every idea of your prolific muse.—“Go, lovely Rose.”

The continuation of “ABCDarian's” essay on Education, is requested,

Correspondents who may be desirous of inserting *marriages* in *The Emerald*, must leave their address, to avoid imposition, which too frequently occurs.

.....

## SCRAPS.

## THE INQUISITIVE PASSENGER.

“Pray, tell me, Captain,” said a *Dame* at sea,  
“What sort of *fish* those monstrous great ones be?”  
The Captain told their names, and told her too  
“They liv'd on little ones”—and so they do—  
“Oh cruel *beasts*,” the lady cried, “Oh la !  
Now, tell me, Captain—*Do they eat 'em raw?*”

.....

Four things, which we should never let flatter us.—*Familiarity* with *princes*—*The caresses of women*—*The smiles of our enemies*, and a *warm day in winter* : For those things are of short duration.

.....

## CROSS READING.

Doctor M—. cures corns, *gratis*. N. B. Ladies patent shoes and slippers for sale or freight.

Found last evening returning from the theatre—fifteen thousand killed and wounded.

This is to give notice that—Whereas my wife *Nancy*, had on a pair of striped kersey trousers—an end to submission.—Non-intercourse off.

Wanted 15,000 dollars, upset in a gale of wind, on a reasonable credit.

A Merino ram—buys all kinds of old clothing. N. B. Shock'd oysters till midnight.

Broke the bounds last week at Georgetown—The chain bridge on the Potomac in a torrent of rage.

.....  
**THE KNOT.**

*"Hymen gay—trips away,  
Happy at a wedding-day."*

**MARRIED**—In Washington City, on Thursday last, *Thomas H. Blount*, esq. of North Carolina, to *Miss Eleanor Margaret Brown*, of Charles county, Maryland.

— In this town last evening, *Mr. John C. Richards*, to *Miss Mary Thomas*.

— On Friday evening last, *Mr. John Green*, to *Miss Rebecca Sinners*.

*Some sinners see how lone the path they came,  
And turn with pleasure from a Sinners name;  
Whilst others pleas'd, pursue their wonted ways,  
And vow to stick to Sinners all their days.*

.....

**THE KNELL.**

*"String after string is sever'd from the heart,  
As those we love decay, we die in part."*

Departed this life on the 19th ult. after a short illness, *William Hollins*, esq. in the 55th year of his age; and on the 8th instant, his consort, *Mrs. Mary Hollins*—leaving a disconsolate family to mourn their loss.

— On Sunday last, *Mr. David Armour*, long a respectable inhabitant of this city.

— On Thursday morning, *Miss Susan Frey*, in the sixteenth year of her age, daughter of *Mr. Samuel Frey*, of this city.

---

**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE EMERALD OFFICE.

Corner of Market and South-streets.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1810. No. 4.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Pleasant & Co.*

IN your third number of The Emerald I perceive a lady has advertised for a husband ; and, has partly described the sort of being she would have him, viz. " A pleasant, good natured, sensible man—not one of your every day animals." By the latter, I understand she wants one as fickle as herself—to vary with her own whim-whams and follies. To what species of the animal creation does she belong, we would fain know ? If she be a portion of the part rational, (which portion, we doubt, is very small,) we shall condescend to notice her petition, and as she further explains herself, reject or recommend her. But, having passed through so many scenes of life, we judge she has to peep at the d——l from behind the curtain of *Old Maidism*. Heaven pity her ! (if cruel man will not,) and help her to partake of the stream of *Lethe*, as other *old things* do. She has a stout heart, having gone through so many hopeful disappointments, and yet expects to cheat some poor soul out of its existence—bravo ! She wants a fortune equal to her own ; but hark ! she has not told us the length and breadth of that. By stating that fortune must be on an equality, she re-

solves that her partner, *should she ever get one*, shall have none of hers. For what then will he marry her, I ask? She tells us she *has had* beauty; or flattery tells her so—she has understanding, too? I doubt she has a *plentiful lack* of wit, as well as other endearing qualities.

Now, in despite of all these things, if she can prove herself rational, give the amount of her fortune, her shape and size, without any *borrowed embellishments*—I say—and if—and if—(conditionally, I mean,) they answer the hobbyhorsical ideas of an old bachelor, we will try to bring Miss “*Frankheart*” in union with

FRANK BOTTOM.

.....

*Selected for the Emerald.*

## THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

AN ATTEMPT AT AN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

CHEERFUL were the steps of the traveller over the heath, though the wind of the storm whistled in his lofty plumes, and the red lightning played on his bossy shield. He hummed the song of the deeds of the days that were passed, as he shook the cold rain from his hair. Many were the years that had rolled away on the rapid course of time, since the traveller had seen the walls of Selma, and his heart bounded as he drew near them—but his steps echo lonely and hollow in the halls of Fingal, and the heart of the traveller saddens at the sound, as the clouds of the shower darken the bright face of the sun of the spring.

*Traveller.*—Where dwell the mighty now? Why am I here alone? When last I trod thy courts, oh, Selma! Fingal the renowned (Fingal, who was to the foes of his people, like the rushing of a hundred streams; but when the day of strife was over, was mild as the tear of pity, which trembles in the eye of beauty;) spread the generous feast, and his race flourished around him like the youthful oaks around the monarch of the wood. Thou wast here Ossian, chief of a thousand bards, and friend of my soul; and Oscar, hero of youth, whose eager glance sought the downcast eyes of Malvina, soft beam of beauty; and the heroes of Fingal shone near her, like the green sparkling stars, round the queen of night. The bards raised the joy of grief, or sent back the soul to the deeds of other times. Sweet was their song, but thine, oh! Ossian! excelled them all. You sang the deeds of heroes, the strife of glory. The glow of valour flushed the cheeks of the heroes, their hands sought their swords, and half drew them from their sides—they arose from their seats, and reached towards their bossy shields. But then thy song was of love; of a star of beau-

*Jane*  
*Jane*



ty which had shone, but some storm had darkened its bright face ; tears filled our eyes, and their flowing extinguished the flame of glory. Then you sang the joys of love, of two young hearts, burning with one pure flame. The eyes of Oscar and Malvina met, and spoke : the lovers sighed, soft as the gale of the evening of summer, when sweets load its breath. Thy voice trembled, oh, Ossian ! as you sang, for your thoughts were of Everallin. The son of Marni arose troubled from his seat, and sighing, deeply as the wind in the cave of the rock, he left the hall, for his memory returned to the form of the lovely, to the faded blossom of Oithona. Pleasant were those days ; they float on the soul like the blast of the evening of autumn, when it moans among the withered leaves, and sleep steals softly o'er the eyes of the thoughtful. But where are ye now ? Daughter of Morven, where are the mighty ? hunt they the bounding roes ? or mix they in the field of war ? Tell me maiden, for their arm falls not lightly on the foes of Selma's heroes.

*Maiden.*—The sons of the feeble now possess the lands of the renowned. Fingal, king of spears, reigns in his airy hall. Oscar hunts the roe amidst the clouds of heaven, and Malvina comes on the gale that wafts pleasure to the hearts of love. Ossian alone, king of bards, stands like an oak which a hundred storms have battered in vain. When the morning beamed, I led him (for though his soul shines with the light of the song, his eyes are dark) to where the mossy bank rises by the softly gilding stream, beneath the spreading arms of the mighty oak. There sits the bard, and sings the songs of other times.

*Traveller.*—Hark ! I hear his harp, it brings to my memory the joys that are past. Yonder sits the chief of the fields of old, and leans upon his harp—but 'tis not he that touches its strings, it is the passing breeze.

*Maiden.*—Perhaps Malvina floats on that breeze, and gives soft notes to the harp of the bard ; for dear was the voice of Cona to Malvina, and dear the sound of his harp.—But see, the hero sleeps—ah ! no 'tis death—his soul has joined the mighty in their airy halls—the oak is blasted by the lightning of the storm !

*Traveller.*—And art thou fallen, mightiest tree of the desert ? The traveller passed, and saw thee in thy beauty—thy leafy head towered above thy neighbours, blooming were thy branches, and lovely thy shoots which surrounded thee, but thou art fallen, and soon shall thy place be bare. I was dear to thee, Ossian, in the days of my youth ; and I said to myself when I was in the land of strangers, and fought against the king of the world, “ My “ deeds shall not float away on the breeze of to-day, like the “ deeds of the feeble and unknown, for Ossian, chief of bards, “ Ossian, friend of my soul, shall sing their praise ; and my name “ shall be familiar to the sons of other times.” But thou hast failed, sweet voice, and thy sound is no more ; thou art a beam which shone brightly, but the mists of eve have extinguished thy

brightness. And thou, oh, Ossian ! who gave the deeds of heroes to the sons of the future, who shall sing thy praise ? Shall the stones, with their mossy heads, which tell to the hunter, " here lies Ossian, king of spears," be the only voice to bear thy name to other times ? Oh ! no. For when the stranger shall hear thy songs of Fingal and of his heroes, he shall ask " who it was sung the deeds of the mighty ?" Who, but Ossian, voice of Cona. He shall hum thy songs as he travels o'er the heath, and say, " Then sweet was that voice." He shall tell to the sons of his strength, *who* best sang the prowess of warriors, and the song of the maid of love : and the name of Ossian shall be dear to the hero, as the shout of battle, and loved by the kind of heart as the tear of pity or the smile of beauty.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

*Messrs. Editors,*

PERHAPS no poor devil belonging to this sublunary sphere is more afflicted than myself with a *metamorphosing* species of dreams. I have been converted at several different times, into every sort of animal—an eel, a crab, a cockroach, a butterfly, a hawk, an owl, a turkey-buzzard, a mad bull, an elephant, &c. and last night, I dreamt myself to be a poor dog, to whose tail some unfeeling monster had fastened a tin cannister : here my torture was only equalled by my shame and mortification ; boys hooting, fools laughing, and I frightened to death and flying like the wind ; but the most melancholy part of my disaster happened from my running inadvertently through an old apple-woman's legs, for her *understanding* gave way, and down she came with all her fruit into the gutter, venting a torrent of imprecations upon my unhappy head. Another time, I fancied myself one of those little *bugs* which *youthful innocence* take so much delight in tormenting and think their anguish melody ; a little stony-hearted urchin had stuck a pin through my body, to which he affixed a thread, and kept me swinging in the air, uzzing and buzzing for an hour, until the noise happily awaked my landlady, who came, terrified out of her wits, to know what was the matter.

Sometimes I dream I am a pair of *stockings* and decorating the pillars which support the frame of beauty : this is one of my happiest dreams, and in part compensates for the misery of the rest :

*"For, then ! not Paris on the piny top  
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside*



*The rival-goddesses the veil divine  
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,  
Than did myself, as from the snowy leg  
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew".....*

Once I conceived myself *a tree*, whose branches bended beneath a profusion of delicious fruit; and here again I suffered, for every time any of it was plucked, it seemed as though a nail was torn off, or a tooth extracted. Sometimes I am *a church-steeple*, this is the "unkindest cut of all," for my naturally timid disposition makes me so averse to hazardous heights, that I am scarcely ever five minutes in my elevated situation, before my head becomes giddy, and down I come, almost stunned in my bed, wishing, at the same time, that it was in the red sea.

At another time I turn *tragedian*, and then I bellow out for Rome and for my country, and mouth at Cæsar till I 'wake my landlady:—here a curious scene takes place, for up she comes angry as the northern wind, thundering at my door—"Are you a man?" Scarcely awake, I reply—"Aye, and a bold one, too; who dare to look on that which might appal the devil"—"wake Duncan with thy knocking—would thou could'st." "So, lady Randolph shuns me."—"Good night, sweet prince, and choirs of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Now, Messrs. Editors, should yourselves or any of your correspondents be able to give me a remedy against these visionary *hags of midnight*, whose delight is to torment me, you will confer a particular obligation on

LEONARD WITCHLOVE,  
Nicknamed the Dreamer.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Editors,

I AM a married man, and a subscriber to your Emerald, which is read with great avidity by my wife; permit me therefore, to claim your attention, whilst I relate to you *my* joys and griefs, in the conjugal state.

Since I made my first appearance in the delightful character of a husband, thirty months have passed away: It is unnecessary to state, that the first *three* were spent in bliss "too exquisitely sweet to last forever"—content was pictured in our faces, and though, but few were much entertained by our apparent felicity, we might

have been noted as an example of domestic happiness. My wife was tender and affectionate—nothing which she could do, was left undone to advance my happiness; indeed, it appeared to be her chiefest study, and whenever my countenance was the betrayer of an heart ill at ease, which sometimes occurs in the vicissitudes of life, her consoling voice has changed the strings, and bid it *beat with ecstasy*; whilst in silent gratitude my prayers were raised to the donor of so good a consort.

But “*ah how vain is happiness below.*”

My wife has greatly altered; and—would it were not so—*has altered for the worse*. Instead of those bewitching caresses with which she used to welcome my return from labour, I am only received with the cursed pang of cool *indifference*. Once—it was a time that should roll back again, even though poverty glared in my very face, my darling would exclaim—“Why should you make yourself uneasy, my dear!—we both can work, and should the frowns of fortune pursue us, we can still maintain ourselves by honest industry—and you know, my dear, a *competence* gained in this way, is sweet to him who possesses it.” Now, she is perpetually teasing me with the fear of coming to want—once we mixed with the social circle—we made and received visits: now, my wife seldom goes out, and more seldom when it suits my inclination, for fear her visits will be returned, and she be put to the expense of a little extra loaf sugar and cake to entertain her company. If I happen to invite a friend to the house to take a glass of wine, my lady is immediately in the dumps—so that I have but moments of happiness either at home or abroad. If there happens to be sometimes a little dirt on my boots, she will rail against me, and vow that it is merely intended to worry her to death in sweeping the carpets, although she has a maid for that purpose. She watches every opportunity to contradict me, and sometimes almost launches into downright abuse. The other day she vented her splenetic temper on my favourite dog, merely because I gave the poor animal a crumb from the table; “You are eternally giving that nasty creature meat, that he may dirty my carpet,” said she, protesting at the same time, if ever he was suffered to come into the house again, she would beat his brains out.

This, Messrs. Editors, was carrying the *joke* too far; and I immediately determined to apply to you for assistance. Pray, endeavour to persuade her from such disagreeable conduct, paint



to her the joys that may be derived from a more suitable line of conduct ; tell her how amiable is good nature and pleasantness ; how uncomely the reverse. For truly, I love her, notwithstanding her foibles, and wish ever to see her as happy as she appeared the three first months of our marriage : but if she continues in this way, my love will turn into indifference. Do, Messrs. Editors, advise me how to proceed, and if you will indulge me by publishing this in *The Emerald*, you will greatly oblige your afflicted friend,

TIMOTHY.

...  
Indeed, friend *Timothy*, we truly pity your melancholy situation ; but being as yet unfettered by the chains of matrimony, are illy calculated to give advice about conjugal affairs. We would however persuade you and your wife, to put your heads together every night, and reflect how *near* you are to each other. Initiate yourselves into each others good opinion before indifference takes abode in your family, and renders you both unhappy ; for the poet says,

Heav'n has no rage like *love* to *hatred* turn'd,  
Nor hell a *fury* like a *woman* scorn'd.

Ed.

.....  
FOR THE EMERALD.

...  
THE MONITOR.....No. II.

....." *Man was made to mourn.*"

WE seldom, if ever, find any one disposed to deny the truth of this assertion ; on the contrary, each with a sigh, is ready to attest the *mournful* record ; each has a certain share of griefs and sorrows allotted to him. That some have more or less than others, it is useless to contend ; but why they are not equally distributed, is best known to the sublime author and disposer of events, on whom alone we are to place dependence, and to whose will we are bidden to be resigned. We are at best but a set of discontented beings, sinking under a weight of ills, for the want of fortitude and perseverance :

" *All the long day we wish for night,  
Then sigh for the returning light.*"

We cannot expect a duration of happiness on earth, she is of diviner origin, and the visits of this heavenly guest to this sick chamber of mortality, are

" *Like those of angels, short, and far between.*"

She may bless us for a moment, but it is only to furnish us with a faint idea of what she is, and stimulate us to seek her. But what a gloom her departure casts around us.

*"Have we lost a friend or brother,  
Seen a father's parting breath;  
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother  
Till she seem'd to wake from death."*

Then have we descried the instability of happiness on earth; then did we look around with anxiety for sublunary comforters; true, we found them—but they were like the fancy-drawn dagger:.....

*"We clasp'd the phantoms and we found them air;  
Oh, had we weigh'd them ere our fond embrace,  
What darts of agony had miss'd our hearts!"*

What is to be done in the afflicting trials which one or another of us have daily to submit to? Let us reflect a moment—Hope beams already through the mists which hang around us; she points to content and resignation, and proclaims them the road to that "better world," where happiness eternal reigns, and where the smiles of Heaven are given as the reward of a life well spent.

#### EXTRACT

*From late Travels through the Empire of Morocco; BY DOCTOR  
BUFFA.....published in Liverpool, in August last.*

.....

DR. BUFFA estimates the importance of Ceuta, as a fortress, very highly; it is now in the hands of our countrymen. He says, "convoys could collect here in safety; and our trade in this sea be comparatively secure from annoyance."

In passing through villages (which in this part are very numerous, and formed of a much greater collection of tents than those described in a former letter) we were received by a great concourse of men, women and children, shouting and making a noise exactly resembling the whoop of the North American savages. I was informed that this was their usual mode of expressing their joy and mirth, on all great and solemn occasions. A venerable Moor, the Chief of the surrounding villages, accompanied by the military and civil officers, and by the principal inhabitants, advanced to kiss the garment of his excellency; this ceremony was closed by a train of women, preceded by an elderly matron, carrying a standard of colours made of various fillets of silk; and by a young one of great beauty, supporting on her head a bowl of fresh milk, which she presented first to the governor (or as he is otherwise called, the *sheik*,) then to me, and afterwards to all the officers.



This ceremony is always performed by the prettiest young woman of the village; and it not unfrequently happens, that her beauty captivates the affections of the great men (sometimes even the emperor) and she becomes the legitimate and favourite wife.

I was at the palace precisely at four o'clock, and in a few minutes the emperor appeared mounted on a beautiful white horse, attended by an officer of state, holding over him a large damask umbrella most elegantly embroidered; and followed by all his great officers, body-guards and a numerous band of music. He was greeted with huzzas in the Moorish style by the populace and received at all the gates and avenues of the town, with a general discharge of artillery and small arms—the people fell upon their knees in the dust as he passed. The streets were covered with mats, and the road as far as the plain where the troops were drawn out, was strewed with all kinds of flowers.

The army was formed into a regular street of three deep on each side, and corps distinguished by a standard; it extended to a great length through the immense plain of Fez, and presented a grand military spectacle. There were not less than *eighty thousand cavalry*. This review was finished in six hours, and his imperial majesty was so much pleased with the steady, orderly and soldier-like appearance of his troops, that he commanded a horse to be given to each of the officers, and an additional suit of clothes and six ducats more than is customary, to the men. No other exercises were performed on this occasion than charging, firing off their pieces, and priming and loading at full gallop, by altering divisions. Thus, an incessant fire was kept up during the day. The cavalry are unquestionably, most excellent marksmen and capable of annoying, harrassing, and checking the progress of an invading army. The men are stout, strong and robust, accustomed to a continual state of warfare, and from their simple and moderate manner of living, fully adequate to sustain the fatigues and privations of the most arduous campaign.

The present emperor, *Muly Solyman*, was the youngest prince, and lived retired in the city of Fez, assiduously occupied in studying the alcoran and the laws of the empire, in order to qualify himself for the office of high priest, which he was intended to fill. From this retreat he was called by the priests, the highest in repute as saints in the neighbourhood of Fez, and a small party of Moorish militia, and by them prevailed upon to come forward as a candidate for the crown, in opposition to his three brothers, who were waging war against each other at the head of numerous forces. In the midst of this anarchy and confusion, the young prince was proclaimed Emperor at Fez, by the name of *Muly Solyman*; and having collected a strong force, aided by the counsels of a number of brave and experienced officers, advanced to Mequinez, which he reduced after two successive pitched battles. This place was defended by one of his brothers, who shortly after acknowledged him as emperor, joined him, and brought over to his interests a

great number of partizans and friends. He served Solyman faithfully ever after, which enabled him to withstand the united forces of his two other brothers. At length, owing to the little harmony that prevailed in the armies of his competitors, he effected his purpose. Taking advantage of their increasing animosity, he advanced towards Morocco, fighting and conquering the whole way. He entered the capitol in triumph, after a general and decisive battle; and he was again proclaimed emperor.

The gardens of the seraglio are beautifully laid out by Europeans, and contain several elegant pavillions and summer-houses, where the ladies take tea and recreate themselves; baths, fountains, and solitary retreats, for those inclined to meditation; in short, nothing is wanting to render this a complete terrestrial paradise, but liberty; the deprivation of which must embitter every enjoyment.

Muly Solyman, the present emperor, is about *thirty-eight* years of age, in height about *six feet two inches*, of a tolerable fair complexion, with remarkably fine teeth, large dark eyes, aquiline nose, and black beard; the *tout ensemble* of his countenance, noble and majestic. He governs Barbary with discretion and moderation; in the distribution of justice, or in rewarding his subjects, he is just and impartial; in his private conduct, no less pious and exemplary than in his public capacity, firm and resolute, prompt and courageous.

---

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

Let other bards in am'rous strains delight,  
 And love-sick sonnets to the fair indite;  
 For me no female smiles, no tender wife  
 Gilds the drear journey of a chequer'd life;  
 An humbler theme is mine: I love to praise  
 The native gratitude a brute displays.  
 My faithful dog, subservient to my will,  
 Thro' all my various life, attends me still;  
 Knows when I eat; I feel that he must live,  
 And when he's hungry, knows I've none to give;  
 Shows my good fortune in his brilliant eye,  
 And when he suffers, knows the reason why.  
 Still bound with honest zeal, his patient mind  
 Is pleas'd with favours and to ills resign'd;  
 No dark suspicion, nor no fear can rend  
 The gen'rous tie that binds him to his friend.  
 If e'er I wrong his honest zeal, may I  
 Live like a miser's dog, and like a miser die.

H.



## FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

We were favoured with the following verses by a lady of this city, to whom they were transmitted and addressed.—The authoress we would fainly hope, will not speedily “hang her harp upon the willow.”

MY harp, dear *Mary*, long unstrung,  
Unskill'd, untutor'd, ne'er had sung  
By friendship uninspir'd ;  
'Tis that divine, celestial ray,  
Has cheer'd me through life's dreary way,  
When Hope itself expir'd.

'Tis not the follies of an hour,  
The smiling face, or beauty's pow'r,  
By art and passion drest ;  
'Tis not the morning's formal call,  
Nor yet the ev'ning's splendid ball  
Could e'er expand my breast.

No—'tis that hour to feeling dear,  
When the enlighten'd friend draws near,  
Untaught by art or guile ;  
When ev'ry movement of the soul,  
Appears unfetter'd by control,  
Or affectation's smile.

The social hour when minds agree,  
When each attun'd to harmony,  
Delighting and delighted ;  
A conversation free from spleen,  
Where genius darts her rays unseen,  
By sympathy united :

With friends both moral and refin'd,  
The heart to heaven's decrees resign'd  
With gratitude still swelling ;  
With these—thy cot, however small,  
Where love awakes at friendship's call,  
Is sure an envied dwelling.

Then ne'er at want of wealth repine,  
Since *gold* was ne'er contentment's shrine,  
Nor happiness ensur'd ;  
The real joys that never cloy,  
Not *wealth* can give, nor *fame* destroy,  
By virtue's aid procur'd.

LAVINIA.

Washington City, November 22, 1810.

FOR THE EMERALD.

*EPITAPH ON A FISHMONGER.*

Beneath this stone there lies a man, whose life  
 Was prone to goodness, and averse to strife;  
 Of tender feelings—manners most refin'd,  
 A bounteous parent and a husband kind.  
 Yet he, believe it, reader! if you can,  
 With *all* his virtues was—a *sel-fish* man!

Sly Cupid made in Crispin's heart a *hole*,  
 The Cobler sent his dear this sweet repast;  
 My life, my *awl*, I love you as my *sole*,  
 And vow you'll find me steady to the *last*.

.....

Some of our fashionables show every part of their person but their face, which is hidden by a veil. Do they show so *much* that they are ashamed to show their *faces*?

.....

*To Readers and Correspondents.*

WE have found in our Letter-Box this week divers communications; few of them reach *mediocrity*—many of them fall far below it. Averse as we may feel to offend our correspondents, we cannot, in honour to ourselves, or justice to the public, insert promiscuously, *the heap which surrounds us*—Our task is difficult and arduous, and in some degree, painful. Our patrons are chiefly of that class who are able to discern and judge for themselves; and to intrude upon them with *nonsense*, would be like handing a dish of *frogs* to an Englishman who expected *roast beef* for his dinner. We shall always prefer *good selections* to *bad originals*; but good originals we shall take a pride in serving up.

To "*Edwin*" we return thanks for his proffer of "more welcome" assistance, and if he will call at the Office, he will be convinced of our justice in not publishing his essay *at present*.

The lines of a "*Silent Spectator*" border too much on the obscene.—"*Frank Bottom*" will find his essay inserted; however, we *doubt*, and Frank himself appears to be a *doubter*, whether the lady will be pleased enough to thank him for his *frankness*.

The author of an "*attempt at the obscure*," has so far succeeded in his "*attempt*," as to incapacitate us from giving it an insertion. We would wish to understand what we publish; if he will give us the *key* to it, and it should be found to be admissable, we promise to insert it.—Several communications omitted this week will be attended to in our next.

Editors.

.....

A Letter-Box is affixed to the door of The Emerald Office, corner of Market and South-streets, second door from the corner on the west side, where communications and subscriptions will be thankfully received.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... " WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1810. No. 5.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Pleasant & Co.

IN your last Emerald I am made the subject of an ill-natured sarcasm, and unjustly stigmatized with swerving from my duty in the conjugal state, as well as branded with using a niggardly economy. Now, sirs, I claim the privilege of vindicating my character, and by so doing to re-instate myself into the good opinion of my neighbours, at least.

I love my husband—we have a rising family—his circumstances are not affluent; and frugality is our duty. Let reflection for a moment be his tutor, and all his ungenerous insinuations will recoil upon himself.

As *Tim.* justly observes, the first three months after our marriage were passed very lovingly; and Heaven knows, it was my desire rather to prolong the *honey-moon*, than accelerate its declension; but you men, Messrs. Editors, are as fickle as the *weather-cock*, and as fluctuating as the gales which fleet over the ocean. *Tim.* began to find *matrimony* an *old thing*; and instead of returning regularly in the evenings from his daily avocation, would go visiting here and there to the great detriment of his industrious neighbours, depriving me at the same time, of my regular hours

of repose. For a long time the shoulders of patience supported in silence this change in my husband ; but wearied, at length sunk under the fatiguing burden. I remonstrated—begged.....I saw him too volatile for the head of a family ; and I became serious—I beheld him profuse ; and the sight of our offspring made me be *parsimonious*.

He tells you I am afraid of running to the expense of a little loaf sugar, and am in the dumps if he invites a friend to a glass of wine. “Lord, how this world is given to lying !”...He knows I am glad to see my friends, and happy to serve them with my best, of course he only invented the malicious slander to wound my feelings and gratify his spleen.

Next, he tells you I am angry if he gives his dog a mouthful of meat in the parlour. He *has* got a great melancholy beast, Messrs. Editors, that belongs to a poet, and I really believe he has caught a portion of his master’s disposition, for he is the strangest acting creature you ever saw ; and I believe *Tim*. has a wish, were it not too indecent, to give him a seat at the table in the parlour.

Now, Messrs. Editors, *I also* claim your assistance. Persuade *him* to a more suitable line of conduct ; tell him how much more commendable it is for married men to be with their families, than gadding here and there and every where ; tell him prodigality leads to debt and ruin ; and, if he does not know it, inform him, that it is not decent to enter a parlour without scraping the dirt from the feet ; let him give the poet his dog ; or if he needs must keep him, let him be fed in the kitchen.—Do, Messrs. Editors, advise him how to proceed ; for, *truly I love him*.

Gentlemen, permit me to remain,

With all due respect,

Your truly injured

AMELIA.

...

Indeed, there appears so much candor and truth in Amelia’s narration, that we are inclined to believe friend Timothy does not act a good part ; and fear he is too *dogmatically* disposed. We will make it our duty to become better acquainted ; and if, in the sequel, he is found to be the aggressor, nothing but quick-step strides to reformation shall save his bacon : and we hereby entitle Amelia, the very next time the dog comes into the parlour, to have him sent to *Old Maid’s Hall*, where cats shall scratch him into manners more refined.

Editors.



FOR THE EMERALD.

*A fashionable mode of Shopping.*

Enter *Miss Whimsical* and her *Sister*.—Have you any pelisse cloth, Sir? Yes Miss, here is a very fine piece. What is the price of it, sir? Two dollars and a half miss;—two dollars and a half, sir! Yes miss, it is very fine. It will not answer at that price, sir—let me look at some of your handsome silk velvets. What colour miss? Not any particular colour sir. Here are several pieces of pink, green, orange and scarlet, miss—What is the price of this piece of orange, sir? Four dollars, miss. Oh! my patience! why I saw just such as this at Mr. Ridges, for three and a half—Polly, do you think this a handsome orange? No, I don't Maria, I think Mr. Ridges is by far the handsomest colour.—You can give me a sample of it sir—it is not for myself, and if the lady likes it I will call and get it. Very well, miss—if you take it now you shall have it for three dollars and three quarters. I will take four yards and a half of it now if you will let it go at three and a half.—Very good, miss, you may take it.—I will call again, sir.

W.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

*External appearance contrasted with the beauty of the mind.*

WHAT an ugly man! said the thoughtless Maria, as the stranger passed; he overheard, and from his dark expressive eyes beamed a look of pity and forgiveness: her heart smote her—the stranger in silence passed onwards—would to heaven I could recall it, said she, or that it were possible to ask his pardon; it was too late, he was already out of sight; and Maria abashed and dejected, quitting her companions retired to her chamber and prepared for the ball-room.

Nature had been in every way bountiful to Maria; to a fine form the sweetest features were added; and though gay and volatile, she had nevertheless her moments for reflection; this was a severe one, she had wounded the feelings of one whose countenance indicated worth and mental beauty, and a dark cloud hung over the anticipated amusements of the evening. What is the matter with my young lady, said Emma, who was assisting in arranging the

enchanting tresses of the lovely penitent ; a trifle was the reply ; here she sighed and catching up a book which lay on her toilet, opened it and read with charming emphasis,

*“ Teach me to feel another’s woe,  
To hide the fault I see.”*

*Beauty of person* is an ephemeral possession—It soon passes down the tide of Time, and lives only in the recollection of its former possessor.—On the other hand, the *Beauty of the mind* is co-existent with the living form which it adorns, and while mortality lasts, bids defiance to the ravages of the ruthless hand of the frosty monarch, who, for a while, with proud pre-eminence reigns over frail mortality below. This unfading gem is too often neglected in the regions of fashion ; while the false glare of the former, like tinsel compared to the more precious metals, diffuses a sensation which is most highly gratifying to the vanity of female folly ; the latter, even after the demise of its owner, leaves a lasting impression of the reality of its worth, in the minds of those whose duty it is to cherish the memory of female worth.

VIATOR.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*The following short, but imperfect sketch of the life of Mr. COOKE, the celebrated Tragedian, who lately arrived in this country from England, and is now performing in New York, with unparalleled applause, is extracted from the Thespian Dictionary. The patrons of The Emerald, we are inclined to believe, will read it with pleasure.*

#### GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, ACTOR ;

Was born in Dublin, 1756, his father being a subaltern in one of the regiments that composed the then garrison. He was taken to London during his infancy, and when seven years old, was sent to school in the North of England. Here he remained eight years ; during which time he imbibed a passion for the stage.—His first theatrical attempt was in a private play with his school-fellows, when he performed *Horatio*, being obliged to resign *Hamlet*, the character he desired, to a senior boy ; but his triumph was ample compensation for his disappointment, as *Horatio* that night ran away with all the applause from *Hamlet*. In 1771, he went to sea, and afterwards was put to a business ; but when



he became his own master, he indulged his inclination, and made his first appearance on a public stage in *Castalio*, (The Orphan,) at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Massey, with so much success, that he resolved to make it his profession. Accordingly he joined a provincial company, and having acquired a competent knowledge of stage business, became the hero at York, Newcastle, Chester, Manchester, Liverpool, &c. &c. In 1794, he was engaged by Mr. Daly, the then Dublin manager, where he performed a season with such considerable success, that he repeated his visit in 1797, and remained three years with the new manager, Mr. Jones. Having then received an engagement from Mr. Harris, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, October 31, 1800, in *King Richard III.* which he repeated several nights with so much success, that the manager increased his salary, and gave him an early benefit. His *Shylock*, *Sir Archy M. Sarcasm*, *Iago*, *Kitely*, *Sir Giles Over-reach*, *Macbeth*, &c. have given much satisfaction. This actor, during his theatrical career, has experienced both the frowns and smiles of fortune.—The play of *Richard the Third* was intended for the opening of Covent Garden, in the season, 1801; but the deputy-manager's letter, which was addressed to Mr. Cooke, at Manchester, apprising him thereof, was not received in time, in consequence of his departure from that town; and the very night that was announced for his performance at Covent Garden, he played for his own benefit at Newcastle, when, in consequence of his exertions, he was said to have broken a blood vessel, which retarded his return to London. On his re-appearance at Covent Garden he made an apology, which was well received. A kind of rivalry took place between him and Mr. Kemble, then at Drury Lane, in the character of *Richard*, which produced two pamphlets, both partially written; the one in praise of *Cooke*, and the other of *Kemble*.—Each gentleman has peculiar merit: so had Sheridan, Mossop, Quin, Henderson, Smith, &c. who were also competitors in this part with Garrick. This rivalry, however, has terminated, as Mr. *Kemble* belongs now to the same theatre, and affairs are so amicably arranged, that Mr. *Cooke* retains his characters; while at times, both performers frequently play together,

...

*In addition to the above, we extract from "Riley's Itinerant," the following little sketch of the character of that celebrated actor:*

GEORGE COOKE, is so well known as an actor, that my opinion can neither add to, nor diminish his fame; were either in my power, panegyric would run through a dozen of pages, and yet fall short of his merits. In some characters he is as much superior to any actor of the present day, as *Garrick* was to those of his time; but they are limited to such parts as suit his figure, which wants

grace and proportion ; where these can be dispensed with, he has no competitor.—As a man in private life, he is the gentleman, the scholar, the friend, the life of every party, an enemy to scandal and detraction, and benevolent, even to imprudence.”

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Pleasant & Co.*

I AM sorry to treat you with any thing *unpleasant*, but I like to see men adhere to their promises on all occasions, especially when pledged to the fulfilment of what may be of utility in society, or prove beneficial to the public.

Your first number promised us remarks on the amusements and fashions of the day, &c. But we have reason to suppose your attachment to *custom* (that tyranness of fools, as Dr. Johnson terms it,) prompts you to treat every action of mankind, however base, with mildness and timidity, lest *your* feeling, or your reader's pride may be offended with the *naked truth*. Whence this love for one sense more than another ? The sensation conveyed to the mind, through the organ of the eye, causes in me the same pain as though it were received through the ear, or any other faculty. What more evidently stares you in the face, than vulgar obscenity in some existing fashions ? Yet language is too *obscene*...even the most modest that can be used to express the idea intended, is grating to your feeling.....I assert, it is the most modest garb those ideas can assume, to accord with the evidence produced by our senses every day. Why start at the shadow of substances, rendered quite familiar ? We have heard of *ladies* who were alarmed at their own shadow (and justly too, of late) but Gentlemen must undergo an exceeding change, before the shadow of a *lady* can much affright them ; hence I conclude, the present editors to be a parcel of gossiping old women, begging your geniuses pardons. The truth of the “Silent Spectator's” remarks, however plain and poor the language, is so verified, that though the eye or ear or any other part of delicacy might protest against *them*, the stubborn fact, when viewed, would justify and sanction even to them, the necessity of that mode of language which causes such fastidiousness in your dainty stomachs. And now sirs, if you, in your tender consciences, still think the *second joint* of a lady too delicate a subject to handle, forsake it, and do your humble servant and



one of your subscribers the honour, to give this a place with the following part of my former piece, abridged and revised. Do not hesitate because yourselves receive a *brushing*; for this will make you shine more brightly; as you may depend upon your friend.

HOW great is the contrast! ten garments of yore,  
 (Extravagant ladies e'en added two more)  
 But *modern fine ladies*, now single are seen,  
 With *one* of thin webbing t' obscure *all*, they mean;  
 Since her cloth worse than nothing, a wife was once worth,  
 Four-fifths nearer something she comes now in truth;  
 Warm passions inspiring, they'll vie with old Eve, }  
 In wearing short coats, without body or sleeve, }  
 When, void of all art, they will never deceive. }

## SILENT SPECTATOR.

Here's a pretty fuss! indeed, and indeed, Mr. *silent* Spectator makes as much *noise* as Mr. Anybody;

.....“ *Loud, imperious, vain;*  
*Proud of his power of tongue the braggart comes.*

And all forsooth, because the wind in amorous playfulness sported with a lady's robe. He must be an envious man to write so *satyrically* against the harmless fair; and we must confess we had no expectation of being put to the task so severely for not publishing his *poetical* effusion, for we are really so far from being *old women* as to prefer, *in this case especially*, one sense to the other: and had rather the full reality had glared on our *dainty sights*, than trouble our readers with his description of it. However, as it may contain more beauties than we could perceive, we have concluded to gratify him by inserting it in its primitive state, but are afraid himself will be the only person to whom it will afford any satisfaction. He asks why we do not fulfil our promise of giving the fashions? Why, Mr. *Silent* Spectator, the fickle goddess travels and changes with such velocity, we can hardly detain her long enough to see what colour she is, and find ourselves in the same predicament as the gentleman who was carrying a new bonnet to his wife, and could not stop to salute a friend for fear the fashion might change before he could get home with it.

Now, Mr. Spectator, if you will have the goodness to alight from your *Pegasus*, and mount a good horse called *Plain Prose*,

on which we see you have skill and sense enough to make a very respectable figure, we shall be happy to receive your future essays. Editors.

*The following is the piece we refused to publish last week.*

IN passing the streets of this city one day  
 A fine wind a head, and a Lady so gay,  
 Came flitting and flirting—think sirs, as you please,  
 But I vow I saw further than up to her k—  
 At this I suspected a tack, or a blush;  
 But at nearer approach—the ladies cry hush!—  
 Yes, when I have done, with her cambric and lawn  
 I shall cease to exclaim—such a sight ne'er was seen!  
 How great is the contrast—(ten garments of yore;  
 Extravagant ladies e'en added two more)  
 Our modern fine ladies now *single* are seen,  
 With one of thin webbing, betwixt and between.  
 Since her cloth, worse than *nothing*, a wife was then worth,  
 Four-fifths, nearer *something*, they come now in truth:  
 Warm passions increasing—they'll cast off all cloth,  
 And then for brisk weddings—I plight thee my troth

SILENT SPECTATOR.

.....

### INVENTIONS.

ANY person, who inspects the very extensive list of patents taken yearly from the office of our secretary of state, will be prompted to believe that inanimate matter has acquired the power of voluntary motion, and that wheels and screws are driving into disuse their old coadjutors, bones and muscles. The ingenuity of our countrymen has so fairly domesticated the mechanical powers and laws of chemistry, that any man may have his cheese toasted, his apples pared, his coffee ground, his pudding boiled, and his beef roasted, all by dint, not of hard labour but of contrivance. Nothing in the mechanical way need to be despaired of, when we hear of machines for cultivating corn and beans, for setting horses ears, for writing with two pens, and for raising water by a perpetual motion! In the common progress of improvement, we may anticipate for our readers in 1820, the following

### SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

Mr. Strapper, of Newyork, has completed his portable shaving apparatus, consisting of six pair of razors, with a grindstone for putting them in order, a score of brushes, and a perpetual fountain of lather; the whole comprised in the compass of a nut shell, and



so regulated by internal clock work, as to attach itself to any gentleman's face, and shave him without his knowing it.

A distillery has been erected in the state of Vermont, for the purpose of extracting ardent spirit from brickbats and old blue stockings. Report speaks highly of the quality of the liquor obtained from these economical materials.

The streets of Washington were lighted last week with glow worms and firebugs. Five hundred of these insects being confined in every lamp, emitted so brilliant a light during the whole night, that people in their houses did not know when the sun rose. The breed of glow worms is found to be much improved by admixture with the humble-bee or *apis terrestris*. Experiments with the photometer shew that those which are five eights blooded, emit in the space of an hour three rays and a half more than the full blooded.

ANTHOLOGY.

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

*Messr. Pleasant, & Co.*

The following lines were written on hearing a young lady observe that she feared many of her sex would be obliged to drag out a miserable life, in the uncomfortable regions of OLD MAID'S HALL. The regard which I have for the fair sex, (*Old Maids in particular*) has induced me to offer it for publication in the "EMERALD."

*"What happy creatures Old Maids are."*

Tho' faded, and wrinkled, and toothless, and grey;  
Half robb'd of the use of her eyes and her ears;

Rétir'd at the close of life's troublesome day,  
How worthy the ven'able MAIDEN appears!

How smoothly she glides down the current of life?  
No one to control her, she has her own way,

While the girl who submits to be hail'd as a wife,  
Is bound by her *honor* to LOVE and OBEY.

The handsome young MISS, who is hail'd as a toast,  
Must often receive invitations and calls;

Be surrounded by men, in a numerous host,  
To attend her to parties, assemblies and balls.

Not so the old maid; she is always at ease;  
No mortal on earth, has she power to offend;

She may go and return, whenever she please,  
Without husband to dictate, or beau to attend.

Young Belles, who attract more beaux than their share,  
Will be envied, and many hard things will be said ;  
But who ever heard any female declare,  
That she envied the lot of a *harmless* OLD MAID ?

Young belles must be cautious, what converse they hold ;  
And mind on what topic, their wit they display,  
But luckless *Old Maidens*, may prattle and scold,  
And no living mortal regards what they say.

How many young men, have been drove to despair,  
And made use of laud'num, a rope or a knife ;  
Because that some giddy, coquetting young fair,  
Refus'd to become his companion for life ?

OLD MAIDS, have never such deeds to repent of,  
They are free from the sin of bewitching the beaux ;  
No young man or widower ever was sent off,  
If once he address'd *them* ; this ev'ry one knows.

Let preachers, and moralists, preach and proclaim,  
That women, in wedlock, do much greater good ;  
OLD MAIDS, for not marrying, are never to blame,  
For the Lord knows, they'd marry to day if they could.

And now, tho' not half of their manifold joys  
Are here to the view of the reader display'd ;  
Sure all will declare with unanimous voice,  
Oh, happy ! thrice happy ! and blessed OLD MAID ! L.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

To T—— T——

Why wilt thou teaze me with this idle buz  
Of coming happiness ? you know, my friend,  
The very *name* of HOPE sinks down my heart,  
And leaves my breast a cavern of DESPAIR.  
Converse with misers on the charms of wealth,  
Paint to their eager ears, the JOYS it brings ;  
Then, kindly tell them *theirs* has flown away :...  
Oh ! if they smile, there's magic in thy tongue.  
Go, talk to am'rous swains, and love sick maids,  
Of truth and friendship ; the enamour'd fools  
Will drink the honied accents of thy tongue,  
And roll in fancy o'er the fragrant flow'rs,  
'Till damn'd experience fright the cherub PEACE  
And in her stead, with deadly hatred plant



Deep in their hearts consumptive thorns of CARE.  
 But talk to *me* of murders, rapes and ruin ;  
 Of slaughter'd thousands, welt'ring in their gore,  
 And hardy villains boasting 'twas *their* deed ;  
 Of Innocence seduc'd ; of blasted fame,  
 Of base ingratitude ; and all the wrongs  
 Which mar creation :—this I love to hear ;  
 For tho' a harsh and melancholy tale,  
 'Tis but a miniature reduc'd ; and yet  
 Enough to wean us from the love of life ;  
 A needful blessing on the bed of DEATH. H.

.....

## FOR THE EMERALD.

THE nobler part of man is *mind* ;  
 The weight by which we poise mankind.  
 All moralists confess this truth,  
 The hoary sage, the light-brain'd youth ;  
 In thicket din or forest wild,  
 Where uncontroul'd is nature's child  
 The savage hordes obey the rule  
 The sceptic is accounted fool.

.....

## EPIGRAM.

Thomas weds—and four months barely pass o'er his head,  
 When his spouse (God be thank'd) of a boy's brought to bed,  
 "Now, what shall we call him, my dear?" said his wife,  
 "Let me think," answer'd Tom—"call him *Courier*, my life ;  
 "For he's travell'd a journey of nine months or more,  
 To my joy and delight, in the short space of four!"

.....

✍ Several articles came to hand too late for this number ; many others are under consideration. If correspondents would revise their productions before sending them, they would save much trouble and insure a heartier welcome.

*Quere.*—Whether does Pleasure consist in anticipation or the possession ?

.....

## THE KNOT.

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,  
 We, who improve his golden hours,  
 By sweet experience know,  
 That marriage, rightly understood,  
 Gives to the tender and the good  
 A paradise below."

MARRIED—On Monday evening, Capt. GEORGE ARMISTEAD, of the U. S. army, to Miss LOUISA HUGHES, daughter

of Christopher Hughes, esq. of this city. On Wednesday, Mr. SAMUEL LONG, to Miss SALLY DAVIDSON. On Thursday, Mr. JOSEPH REYNOLDS, to Miss ANN BROWN. Also, Mr. DANIEL WEAVER, to Miss ELLINOR HIGH. Mr. PITT E. BOWEN, to Miss MARY BAILEY. Mr. ROBERT HARRISON, to Miss MARY HESLIP.

.....

#### THE KNELL.

.....“They are not thine;  
But only in thy keeping, for a season,  
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;  
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump,  
Of strong lung'd cherub, shall awake thy captives  
And rouse the long long sleepers into life,  
Day-light and liberty.” ...

DIED—On Saturday last, in Washington city, in the 44th year of her age, Mrs. *R. Polk*, consort of Mr. Charles P. Polk. And on Monday, Mrs. *R. Ridgeley M'Cormick*, consort of Mr. J. M'Cormick, jun.

—After a long and distressing illness, Mr. *Alexander Rogers*, of this city, in the 36th year of his age. On Thursday morning, Mr. *Henry Cruse*.—At Port-au-Prince, about the 20th of last September, captain *John Brown*, formerly master of the ship *William Bingham*. At the same place, Mr. *John Coffield*, son of Mr. Thomas Coffield, of Cæcil county, Maryland.

—In Windsor, *Vermont*, an Indian girl of the Mahaw nation, between the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Her life, though short, was not destitute of incident. At four years of age, every soul in the village to which she belonged, except herself and a young Indian, were massacred by a party of *Sioux*.—The young man escaped; but she was tomahawked and left for dead: a short time afterwards she was found alive, and kept as a prisoner. At length she was sold to a party of Chippewas, from whom she was purchased by a French trader, and brought to Michilimackinac at seven years of age. She had travelled several thousand miles, and had been obliged to speak (as well as she could) several different languages—the fifth was English. She bore about her marks of Indian fashions, as well as of their violence.—She was a shrewd, active child, and died of a consumption at the age of eleven years.

.....

☞ Those subscribers who have not received *all* the numbers of the Emerald, are solicited to send to the office for them.

☞ A Letter-Box is affixed to the door of The Emerald Office, corner of Market and South-streets, second door from the corner on the west side, where communications and subscriptions will be thankfully received.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... " WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1810. No. 6.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

## ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

.....

*Continued from page 17, No. 2.*

THE Plan will embrace the grammatical and critical acquisition of the English, French, Spanish, Italian and German languages. The greatest attention, above all, must be paid to the chaste pronunciation, and to the tasteful and elegant delivery and reading of the English language.

Reading, spelling, writing, cyphering, <sup>and y<sup>e</sup> writin</sup> geography, the use of the globes, ancient history, <sup>at this</sup> chronology, epistolary writing, and composition in general, should form the basis of the first course.

The second course would comprehend the higher branches of composition, poetry and rhetoric, criticism, politics, the principles of jurisprudence, mathematics, logic, moral and natural philosophy, and an insight into astronomy.

For the instruction of history, more especially that of ancient Greece and Rome, the following Authors in French will be ne

cessary to bring them individually acquainted with the heroes and great men of antiquity, before they are introduced, as it were, to the whole assembled together in a more general history; in which their actions and characters cannot be distinctly scrutinized, without such a previous reading.

*Cornelius Nepos, Plutarch, Cæsar, Quintus Curtius, and Xenophon*; after which, some more general histories should be read, as *Livy, Suetonius, and Tacitus*.

By the reading of these in a language not so difficult as the Latin and Greek, they will not lose that time in an attention to words, which should be employed in remarking events, in the development of characters, and the tracing of effects to their causes, so as to become, exclusive of a useful living language, intimately acquainted with the authors of antiquity.

To obtain a knowledge of the earlier ages, they should read *Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Polybius, and Thucydides*; after which, to coalesce, as it were, the whole into one general historical review, the pages of Rouen and Bossuy must be read.

In order, however, that scholars may not be so grossly ignorant as to mistake a *trident* for a *dung-fork*, a *caduceus* for twisted *snakes*, &c. and to enable them to distinguish the figures, symbols, and characters of the gods and fabulous heroes, as they often occur in painting and sculpture; and to impart to them that polish in conversation and writing so highly captivating.

The following Poets in their best modern dresses, ought also to be studied: *Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace*; with, if time be had, the other Greek and Latin Poets; not, as I said before, with a view to their measure or feet, but to imbibe their principles, taste and spirit.

The rhetorical ~~class~~ next ensuing will enable the scholars already conversant with ~~the~~ history, and acquainted with the beauties and figures of poetry, to read with profit and satisfaction,

*Longinus, Demosthenes, and Cicero*: to form themselves upon their models, till at length, acquainted by the study of logic, with the method and arrangement of argument, and how to reason from inference and induction, they become complete orators.

*Plato*, particularly *Aristotle*, will necessarily finish the course of politics, and close an education as complete and liberal, it is hoped, as can be obtained by the study of either Greek and La-



tin, and will afford the scholars a foundation to raise any superstructure upon, to excel in the cabinet or the field—the pulpit or the bar.

ABC DARIAN.

.....

*Selected for the Emerald.*

DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES,  
BETWEEN CHURCHILL AND COLLINS.

*Collins.*—Where so fast, Charles? You might at least congratulate me on the honour the world are doing my memory; and felicitate me upon obtaining that fame, which an insensible nation would not give me, while living.

*Churchill.*—That nation was not so much to blame, Collins! Your productions were too allegorical and abstracted to be understood, but by the few; and the sale of your poems among them, could not be sufficient for your maintenance. But what am I to congratulate you upon?

*Collins.*—A committee is appointed, at the head of which is one of the first poets in England, who is forwarding a subscription for erecting a monument to my memory, in the Cathedral Church at Chichester. You know I was a native of Chichester. On this monument will be an inscription applausive of my compositions; I suppose not less than *five or six thousand pounds* will be raised and expended for that purpose. Is not this doing my memory justice?

*Churchill.*—It is making a *parade* of doing so; but your fair fame has long been established among those, whom it is alone flattering to be beloved by. Your elegant verses have always charmed, and always will, all true poets and all men of fine taste and delicacy of sentiment. The popular little whim of erecting the monument you talk of, cannot surely call a smile into your face. This, was I in your place, would not convey any pleasure to my mind equal to that which I should receive by that excellent little piece of biography, *Doctor Langhorne's Life of you*. This indeed, does you credit, as does his notes on your writings. I do not mean to hurt your feelings, Collins! but this *pompous tribute* to your memory, puts me in mind of what a wit of our day said, on Butler's monument being placed in Westminster Abbey.

*"He asked for bread, and he received a stone."*

*Collins.*—I understand you; here we agree: Our reflections on this head, I dare say, are as they always were. You, indeed, never was in *absolute* want. Your writings were bold and satirical; they hit the humour of the time you live in: they were generally read, paid you well, and obtained you a fame as rapid and

extensive, as it was deserved, and will be lasting. You was a much greater poet than myself, and much more voluminous in your compositions. Have not the world honoured *you* with a monument?

*Churchill.*—No: a little head-stone in an *obscure church-yard at Dover*, is all that covers my ashes; and my memory is disgraced by an *ill-written and nonsensical* inscription, on a vulgar tablet in Saint Mary's church, in that town, Ah, Collins! by what pernicious maxims to our peace, and its own true glory, is the world governed? If in the year 1744 and 1745, *when you was starving in London*, a subscription had been raised, equal to that which this monument will cost, and laid out in an annuity, or any other way for you, your health and peace might have been preserved; your life much lengthened, and the world might have had *many volumes of works*, better if possible, than the few pieces you have left it: your life would have been *more regular*, and your manners and conversation the instruction and delight of mankind.

*Collins.*—I have often felt the truth of that observation, and would readily give up that tribute to my memory, that some *living* genius in want, might have it. Strange! that *the pomp of things of this sort*, should take from the pockets of those, who will not unbutton them to assist *indigent merit*: and that the very people who contribute to monuments, in honour of the dead, should *let the living go neglected*; and perhaps rather exult in the depression of genius!

*Churchill.*—All this is *too true*: farewell!—I am hurrying to meet Gray and Dyer.

*Collins.*—Adieu! thou English Juvenal.....

NOTE.—It will be understood, that this dialogue was written some time since. The little head-stone alluded to, in an *obscure burying ground, at Dover*, I think bears this modest inscription to the great Satirist!—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF THE CELEBRATED  
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

...“Life to the last enjoyed—here Churchill lies.”...

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

MESSRS. PLEASANT & Co.

IN one of my evening rambles lately, I came to a house near the Reister's-Town turnpike road, about two miles from Baltimore, which, by an inscription, appeared to be a public edifice, erected by the vestry of the Episcopal religion—Curiosity induced me to enter and inquire to what use it was appropriated. The



Matron, with a politeness that would have done honor to a drawing-room, led me into a neat apartment, where sat about twenty young females from six to twelve years of age. These (says she) are all orphans. On my entrance every one arose from their seats, dropped a modest curtsy, and resumed their different exercises; some reading, some writing, and others working with the needle. The silence that reigned throughout the whole, convinced me they were kept in proper subordination. I inquired how they were supported—"By charitable donations from the Church," she replied—"And what becomes of them after they leave this asylum?"—"They are apprenticed in some respectable family." She then conducted me through the other apartments of the house, which was a picture of cleanliness.

On my return home I could not help meditating on the value of this institution. How many (thought I) may have cause to bless the founders and supporters of this invaluable asylum?—Many there are, I doubt not, who will now become ornaments to society, who but for its fostering wing had dragged out a wretched life or perhaps found an early grave.

Many there are who will have the precepts of religion and morality instilled in their youthful minds, which but for that might have been brought up in the gulph of obscurity and blasphemy. Many there are who are taught to tread the path of virtue, who at some future day will endear the hours of those to whom they may be united, to their homes, and keep them from riot and dissipation, and be ever emulous to instil into their progeny's mind, the principles imbibed by themselves: who, but for that, might have wandered in the vale of obscenity and prostitution and found either a premature death or be covered with disease. Most ardently did I wish that every sect and denomination, would follow this laudable example. Then might our rising manufactures have a permanent resource to bring them thro' the struggle of childhood and raise them to maturity. Then would our streets be less crowded with those unfortunate wretches that have so much debased themselves by intoxication, and other vicious habits. During this reverie my thoughts fell on the subjoined selection of poetry, which was written by a lady about two years since, from a fact therein represented, which you will oblige one of your subscribers by inserting.

## THE ORPHAN GIRL.

The snow fell fast, the night was dreary,  
And sad the sight to see ;  
All pale and shiv'ring lay poor Mary  
Beneath the Church Yard tree.

With snowy plumage waved the willow ;  
The ravens hover'd round ;  
A cold, cold grave was Mary's pillow—  
Her bed the wintry ground.

The tears that down her cheeks were flowing,  
The chilly night-air froze ;  
And to the wild wind rudely blowing,  
She breath'd an Orphan's woes.

Poor child she lost her parents, tender  
And helpless, young and poor ;  
Those kindred that should most befriend her,  
Now spurn'd her from their door !—

Forlorn, and barefoot long she wander'd,  
A scanty boon to crave,  
And oft' with fond affection ponder'd  
Beside her parent's grave :—

There, as the summer sun declining,  
Shone brighter on their Tomb,  
And soft winds sighed, as if repining ;  
Poor Mary wept her doom.

And oft' when hoary winter cover'd  
The church yard, wild and drear  
Affection o'er their relics hover'd—  
For Mary still was there.

But, ah ! how could a flower so tender  
Resist the wintry storm,  
Without a shelter to defend her  
Or garb to keep her warm.

One stormy night, that night how dreary !  
The sight how sad to see !  
Still on the cheerless bed lay Mary,—  
'Twas by the church yard tree.

O'ercome at length by cold and hunger—  
Her breast o'ercharged with woe.  
The conflict she could hold no longer,  
And dy'd amidst the snow !

CIVIS.



FOR THE EMERALD.

## TO THE QUERIST.

*"Whether pleasure consists in anticipation, or possession?"*

A. When we anticipate good, we, most undoubtedly are pleased—when we possess it we certainly are pleased; but to a greater or less degree as we appreciate its worth. You would probably ask if there be any thing on earth creative of uninterrupted pleasure? Revert to your own experience, and know that the mind is ever in pursuit of some object, though pleased with what it possesses; yet there is a mixture of alloy from which we may know how to estimate the good. If we attend to the operations of our own minds, we shall learn the causes of pleasure as well as every other disposition of mind, better than from *metaphysicians* or *philosophers*.

S—. S—.

.....

*Messrs. Pleasant & Co.*

IN your fifth number, the following *quere* appeared: "*Whether does pleasure consist in anticipation or enjoyment?*"

I answer, that pleasure does not exclusively arise from either anticipation or possession. To admit the first, we do violence to the established order of nature, whose author has made some things to afford us delight and pleasure, of which, till that moment, we have remained ignorant. If then, pleasure consisted wholly in anticipation; it would follow, as a necessary consequence, that some previous knowledge of the good was requisite to that enjoyment, which would arise from anticipation. For, to say I desired and expected a thing, and at the same time be ignorant of it, would be absurd; and for me to say that all my happiness resulted from anticipation, would be to exclude at a stroke, those things which afford us pleasure, independent of previous experience or knowledge. If I be asked, what are they? I will answer, not by troubling you with a catalogue, but by an appeal to every judicious and reflecting mind, which will witness to them in a moment, that subjects and objects of various kinds, have produced sensations of ecstasy and delight, the first time they arrested the mind, than which nothing was more remote from their anticipations; however, I am free to admit, that by far the greater portion of human enjoyment, *does arise from anticipation*. How

many airy schemes of felicity have we formed to ourselves in days that are past? But, alas! the time allotted for their completion has passed away, and not a vestige of all our visionary structures now remain. This pleasing delusion accompanies the earliest dawn of reason, and we have seen the schoolboy looking forward with delight to the long lingering day, when he should rise superior to the authority of his master:—the wished-for day at length arrives, and he has forgotten to realise the pleasure he was wont to anticipate; and now looks forward with all the ardour of youth to some more distant period, when he shall soine at the bar, be distinguished in the councils of his country, or achieve glory in the field:—Thus, “we never are, but always to be blest;” still pursuing this airy phantom, hoping ere long to grasp the coy dame and call her ours; or looking forward to the consummation of our schemes, when disappointment and privation shall be no more, and we repose in the arms of permanent felicity.

PHILO,

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

“What’s the news,” said a *quid-nunc* one morning to a moralist? The reply was “have you not read the papers!” “Yes, but there’s nothing in them,” was the response. “Nothing in them” said the moralist, in astonishment! “I am sure they are full of news—Did you not read of the launch?”—“Yes, but that’s nothing”—“Did you not read of the vast number of houses now building in this, that, and the other city?” “Oh, that’s nothing”—“Did you not read of the great harvests we have had, and the improvements of our country, its increasing wealth and prosperity, even under gloomy auspices, while other nations are on the precipice of ruin and misery!” “Ah, that’s all nothing, but what news from the armies? There all our enquiries at present are directed.” “Ah, said the moralist, doth news consist only in the narration of destruction, misery and distress?” Pitiably, indeed, is the appetite of a quidnunc, whose intelligent *maw* is only satiated with the conflagration of a city, the devastation of a hurricane, or the savage and brutal exploits of his fellow man, whose numerous murders constitute the hero, while he whose exertions have been directed to the promotion of human happiness passes his inquiries by unheeded and neglected.

VIATOR.



## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

THO' to others some fairer than S\*\*\*\*\* may be,  
 Yet none are so fair or so lovely to me ;  
 So free ev'ry motion, so charming each grace,  
 Such native good humour appears in her face :  
 But these, when she speaks, I admire no more,  
 But could fall at her feet and her wisdom adore.

Such is sweet S....., and Venus would be  
 Not so charming, so sweet, nor so lovely to me ;  
 And if Heaven so kind to my wishes should prove,  
 That as I love her, so she also may love,  
 The rest I will leave unto fate, and require,  
 No more, since in her I have all I desire.

ADOLESCENS.

.....

Messrs. Pleasant, &amp; Co.

There is something so exquisitely beautiful and tender in the following little poem, written by the Reverend *J. Whitehouse*, that I cannot resist the impulse of sending it to you for insertion in *The Emerald*. Should you think proper to give it a place, the fair reader may extract *honey* from the moral *flower* ; and those of your poetic *epicures* who may not have seen it before, will find it a *bonne bouche*.

Respectfully yours,

S. D.

...

## TO THE MOTH.

WHENCE is this prodigality of life ?  
 That Nature's law which acts most uniform  
 In beings sensitive, seems in thyself  
 To be a strange exception. Madly thou  
 Rushest on thy destruction, as if life  
 To thee were of no worth, most like the rash  
 And impious suicide ! Alas, I hear  
 Thy feeble plaintive cry : the scorching flame  
 Has warped thy beauteous plumes, and craz'd thy frame,  
 When thou didst plunge into the fount of light,  
 And thought'st it glory's radiance. Bold indeed  
 And daring thy attempt, and oft I muse  
 With pity, mixed with wonder, at the deed,  
 Since in the day thou lovest not to shew

Thy delicate form, but lurkest all unseen,  
 Snug in the crevice of some wall, or close  
 Wrapt amidst darksome foliage ; nor till eve  
 Has cooled the air, and fragrant mildness breathed,  
 Thou ventur'est cautious forth, now here now there  
 Wheeling thy flight, in motion like the bat  
 With wing unsteady—wherefore then dost thou  
 With fatal perseverance, circle thus  
 Around yon taper ? wherefore, silly Fly !  
 Art thou so resolute to meet thy doom,  
 That scarce the hand can e'er succeed, that fain  
 Would rescue thee, and save thee from an end  
 So truly piteous—lo, again thou dartest  
 Across the winking flame ! 'twas thy death-wound.  
 I see thee writhe in pain ; thy beating wings  
 Struggle in vain to lift thee in the air ;  
 Thou perishest : and in the breast humane  
 Thy fate, thou hapless wanderer of the night !  
 Wakens a pang. Ah what avails it now  
 That once the eye of admiration gaz'd  
 Upon thy plumes, bedropt with many a hue  
 Azure and gold, and lovely crimson tints,  
 And deck'd with pencillings, that Art in vain  
 May strive to imitate.—So have I seen  
 Perish some FAIR ONE in the pride of youth.  
 Amidst the blaze of ball-rooms, in the dance,  
 At midnight feast, with merriment and song,  
 And dress ill-suited to the night-air's damp,  
 Awhile she flutter'd, like the giddy Fly  
 'Midst the bright circle, and all eyes admired.  
 But midst the brilliancy of her career  
 Untimely Fate o'ertook her ; on her cheek  
 The once-fresh roses faded, pale her form  
 Emaciated and wan : for she had vow'd  
 To sacrifice to FASHION, and she fell  
 A victim on that altar, in the bloom  
 Of early youth, Sad lesson to her sex  
 But salutary, if the young and fair thus warn'd,  
 Would learn to lend a patient ear  
 To what EXPERIENCE teaches.

.....

#### GREEK EPIGRAM,

*Translated from the Latin Version of Doctor Johnson.*

Once more *Democritus*, mankind explore,  
 And with loud laughter shake thy sides once more :  
 The follies of the age thy mirth invite,  
 Its whims, its fashions and its empty spite.



Once more *Heraclitus*, for human woe,  
 Adown thy cheeks let tears of sorrow flow :  
 Still human life enough of ills supplies,  
 To fill with ceaseless tears thy streaming eyes.  
 But yet 'tis doubtful whether life supply,  
 Aught that should make us laugh or make us cry.

.....

SONG.—*HORATIO TO HAMLET.*

TUNE—"Heigho, says Rowley."

Two nights to watch, these gentlemen went,  
 "Heigho!" says Horatio;  
 When just at the time when the night was spent,  
 A spectre to frighten them thither was sent,  
 With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud and skeleton,  
 "Too strange to be true," says Horatio.  
 The ghost like your father, looked arm'd cap-a-pee,  
 "Heigho!" says Horatio;  
 They came in a twitter to tell this to me.  
 Saying "if you dont credit us pray come and see."  
 With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud and skeleton,  
 "A Cock and a bull," says Horatio.  
 I promised with them to keep watch the next night :  
 "Heigho!" says Horatio :  
 When lo! as they told me, the ghost came in sight :  
 Says I, "'Tis too plain that there's something not right."  
 With his tomb-stone, jaw bone, skull, shroud and skeleton,  
 "But we'll soon find it out," says Horatio.  
 I intended to say a few words to the ghost ;  
 "Heigho!" says Horatio ;  
 (I shouldn't have kept him five minutes at most.)  
 But I found the poor fellow as dumb as a post.  
 With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud and skeleton,  
 "He's no babbler I find," says Horatio.  
 He turned on his heels and went off in a pet ;  
 "Heigho!" says Horatio ;  
 But he frown'd on us all ere away we could get,  
 Just as much as to say "I've not done with you yet,"  
 With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud and skeleton,  
 "We had better make off," says Horatio.  
 He soon came again—so I told him my mind,  
 "Heigho!" says Horatio ;  
 Says I, "Im quite sure you've left something behind,  
 Some treasure, perhaps, your exec'tor can't find,"  
 With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud and skeleton,  
 "You'd better shew where it is hid," says Horatio.

He seem'd not to like it, and look'd rather black;  
 "Heigho!" says Horatio;  
 As much as to say, "You had best hold your clack,"  
 But he heard the cock crow, and was off in a crack,  
 With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud and skeleton,  
 "You're a rum kind of ghost," says Horatio.

---

*To Readers and Correspondents.*

.....

*Queries* 1. What is Passion? 2. Is the passion of *love* voluntary or involuntary? 3. Which is the strongest passion?

"*Philo*," is requested to continue his favours.

"*Gardant's*" communications will also be well received.

"*Nazareth*," we are afraid, has chosen a prophetic signature; and to judge from his present essay, would induce a belief that "no good can come out of Nazareth."

✂ It is useless for correspondents to send their communications without *revision*; some of them we can make neither head nor tail of, we would therefore refer the authors of the latter, to Pope's "*God mend me*," before they write again.

...

A correspondent observes that the present fashion of gentlemen is, to wear *two great coats* of the same colour and quality, but *one* being a little shorter than the other, is nick-named a *cape*.

---

HYMENEAL.

*In wedlock's sweet, endearing lot,  
 Let us improve the scene;  
 That some may be, when we are not,  
 To tell—that we have been.*

**MARRIED**—On Monday last, Mr. *Joshua Knight*, of Montgomery county, Md. to Miss *Mary Falconer*, of this city. On Tuesday; Mr. *Richard D. Mullikin*, to Miss *Eliza Pannel*, both of this city. On Thursday, Mr. *Richard Hoburg*, of this city, to Miss *Elizabeth Rice*, of Georgetown, Columbia.

---

OBITUARY.

*Behold! man's little life; his morn, his hours,  
 Scarce reaching up to noon—he fades away.*

**DIED** on the 24th ult. in Fredericktown, after a short illness, **ERICKSON HALL STONE**, esq. attorney at law.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1810. No. 7.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Pleasant & Co. ....

YOUR last number presents the following question,  
"Whether love be voluntary or involuntary?" I reply—To say  
every thing that the subject invites, would perhaps, require more  
investigation than the utility resulting therefrom would justify :  
Then pardon me, gentle critics, if I merely suggest my own opi-  
nions, with an expectation of your further remarks, from experi-  
ence or otherwise.

First, I pronounce the passions to be altogether arbitrary in  
their nature and operations : that there is a continual warfare be-  
tween our passions, is evident ; and it is by opposing *passion* to  
*passion* that it is subjected to moderation and *reason*. Cool reason  
alone, ever vainly attempts to soothe the wretch who is hurried  
along by the strong current of passion, to the gratification of any  
inordinate propensity. But it is that innate passion of *self-love*,  
(out of which grows every other passion) which urges us to forego  
momentary pleasures, for the more remote satisfaction of well re-  
gulated desire. Thus, when we see an object, which our senses  
picture to us as lovely, imperious passion demands an immediate

surrender of our will, but some opposing passion, aided by the strong arm of *reason*, restrains the tendency of our constitution until it be brought to the proper standard of calm judgment, and whenever the last appears equal to the first impression received, we involuntarily submit to the just impulse. On the contrary, if passion exaggerated, or exhibited qualities not possessed by the object, our mind is changed in spite of all previous inclination. So that, our love or hatred, as necessarily follows pleasing or painful appearances, as the conclusion of any well premised mathematical problem of Euclid. A voluntary passion of love, would imply a pure disinterestedness, which is evidently an absurd contradiction.

OLIM.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

...

*Messrs. Pleasant, & Co.*

IN your Sixth Number I find three *QUERIES*, viz. *What is Passion? Is the passion of Love voluntary, or Involuntary? Which is the strongest passion?*

To me these queries appear so closely allied, that an answer to the first, lays the foundation for a reply to the second; but being so very a stranger to the passion of love, I shall of necessity, leave the second query to be answered by those who have felt the influence of that gentle goddess. As regards the third, I would not remark that, to a person who saw the two previous questions, the last would very naturally suggest itself: but to this querist, I beg leave to reply, that his query can never admit of a philosophical solution. It would be a proper theme for oratorical declamation, but affords no data for metaphysical research.

To return then, to the first query, *What is passion?* I answer, The meaning of the word *passion* is not precisely ascertained, either in common discourse, or in the writings of philosophers: it is commonly used to signify some perturbation of the mind which is opposed to that tranquillity and composure, in which a man is most master of himself. Forbearing to enter into an enquiry concerning passion produced by impulse on inanimate matter, I shall proceed to enquire into its nature, when applied to the human mind. The long controversy between the ancient *Peripateticks* and *Stoicks*, with regard to the passions, was probably owing to their affixing different meanings to the same word. The



one *sect* maintained that the passions are good and useful parts of our constitution, while they are held under the government of reason; the other *sect*, conceiving that nothing is to be called *passion* which does not cloud and darken the understanding; considered all passion as hostile to reason, and therefore maintained, that, in the wise man, passion should have no existence. This difference appears to have been merely verbal; both allowed that no dictate of passion ought to be followed in opposition to reason. It were to be wished that errors in this respect had been confined wholly to philosophers, and people of other times; but we find, to our great mortification, that even in the eighteenth century—in this boasted age of science, that there are many who receive and practice every day, a doctrine, by which we are taught that the use of *reason* to be subservient to the *passions*. Should I be called upon to prove my assertions, I would not travel to the blood-stained fields of Europe, nor yet to the ferocious sons of the forest; but I would hail to my support, and for my justification, the polished, the refined and delicate ladies of our own city, who, to gratify the passion they feel to exhibit themselves to public view, go almost naked. What, I ask, can be a stronger proof, that reason has no share in the *economy* of our ladies? Are the female part of our city alone subject to the tyranny of passion? By no means! Our *fine gentlemen* manifest indubitable evidence that *they*, no less than our fair *belles*, are the dupes of this *bestial* government. Reserving for a future communication, my proof of this fact, I hasten to my subject.

*Passion* is very properly said to be blind; it looks not beyond the present gratification; it belongs to reason to attend to the accidental circumstances which may make that gratification improper or hurtful, when there is no impropriety in it: much more when it is our duty, passion aids reason, and gives additional force to its dictates. Sympathy with the distressed may bring them a charitable relief, when a calm sense of duty would be too weak to produce the effect.

If we distinguish, in the effects of our passions, those which are altogether involuntary, and without the sphere of our power, from the effects which may be prevented by an exertion, perhaps, a great exertion of self government; we shall find the first to be good and highly useful, and the last only, to be bad. Take away the passions, and it is not easy to say how great a part of mankind

would resemble those frivolous mortals who never had a thought that engaged them in good earnest. It is not mere judgment or intellectual ability, that enables a man to excel in any art or science; he must have a love and desire for it, bordering on enthusiasm, or a passionate desire of fame, or some other advantage which he may derive from that excellence. Without this, who would undergo the labour and fatigue which it requires? All our passions are involuntary modifications of self-love: the most of which, when they first appear, may be checked and extinguished by the aid of reason, but if fostered and cherished, they will rebel against the rightful government of reason, and silencing her better dictates, will drive the wretched victim to the perpetration of acts, to the commission of crimes, that may fix upon her the indelible stain of infamy, or plant within his bosom thorns of woe, more direful than the pointed steel. Lastly, divest us of passions, and we should want excitements to action; and unless those excitements were regulated by reason, our condition would be no better, nay, worse than the beasts of the field.

PHILO.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

### THE DREAMER.

*"I wake emerging from a sea of dreams."*

AFTER addressing my evening orisons to that power who protects us through the shades of night, and whose blessings hover around us as we repose under his protection, I had the following dream:—Methought I was seated under the canopy of a large spreading tree, amongst the foliage of which sported thousands of feathered musicians, forming a concert of delightful melody; by the foot of the tree glided a chrysaline stream, the bottom of which was, apparently, gold and azure, and its watery inhabitants vied with the colours of the rainbow. At the opposite side of the stream, in a parallel line, was a rich verdant meadow, and over against it a luscious orchard, decorated with the richest fruits of every clime and season, on which the rays of the evening lingered, enamoured of their sweets; the meadow was variegated with flowers of various hues, the rose and the eglantine—the tulip and the sun-flower spread their fragrance around, whilst flocks and herds were scattered here and there, some grazing peacefully,



others in frolicsome innocence gamboled around. It was such an evening as when our first parent saluted his blushing bride—

*"When not a breath disturb'd the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercast the halcyon scene."*

My astonishment on finding myself transported here, was only equalled by that of finding myself alone, with not a being who could, by partaking, enhance the rich blessings which now surrounded me.

Thus situated, with none to converse, and the want of society, I became melancholy and fell into a train of reflection, little in unison with the scenery around me. The various vicissitudes of life rushed with uncommon force to my imagination—its sorrows, its vanities, its vexations, intruded full before me, and "albeit, unused to the melting mood," I could not refrain from shedding a tear as I asked, why man was made at all, if made to mourn? Why are we blessed with friends one moment, and follow them to the grave the next? Why are so many suffering in want, whilst such rich profusion is scattered around this delightful abode? Why must some heart-corroding care be the rigid guardian of all our pleasures? And why,—"cease rash mortal," a voice of angelic sweetness exclaimed, "cease to interrogate thy Maker." A female form stood before me—tall and graceful was the lovely image, rosy benignity flourished fair in her celestial countenance, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, bright as the ray of the young eagles upon his native rock, and her bosom was fairer than the new-fallen snow upon the mountain. "Who, and what art thou, fair creature?" said I, kneeling, "and to what end do I receive thy visits?" "My name," she replied, "is Happiness, queen of all which surrounds you." Here, though your bounded sight perceives them not, hover myriads of angels, myriads of dazzling joys, such as the most inventive human fancy cannot pourtray.— This is the place allotted to that portion of mankind whose deeds on earth merit the approbation of their Maker; from here he marks with an impartial eye all the works of his hands, and dispenses rewards or punishments accordingly. With pleasure he beholds the steps of virtue; with indignation frowns on the paths of vice. Return, then, and bear the part allotted thee with patience, with resignation, and with gratitude. Question no longer the decrees of thy Maker. The sojourn of man on earth is as a moment

*Key*  
*2*  
*11*  
*and*  
*2*  
*16*

But the fool and the vicious consider not how much depends upon that moment—they bury all their thoughts on earth;

“Inter celestial hopes without one sigh,  
Pris’ners of earth, and pent beneath the moon,  
There pinion all their wishes.”

The wise and the virtuous pursue a different course; they know the vanity of earthly pursuits; they duly appreciate the promised reward of a life of piety, and uncontaminated by the intrusion of worldly affairs, they look forward with contented resignation and patience—

“*His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.*”

Here I was awakened by the deep-toned voice of the watchman; telling the hour of eleven, the form vanished as I opened my eyes, and I sighed as I bade adieu to “Happiness.” H.

.....

#### ELEGANT EXTRACT.

[The following beautiful extract is from the pen of Mr. Sampson, a native of Ireland, (now in N. York.) He has been peculiarly successful in preserving the manner of *Ossian*; and his writings will be universally read and admired by every one who can feel a sympathy for the unhappy victims of tyranny.]

“Sad is the sleep of Erin, and her dreams are troubled and gloomy. Her enemy has come—he has come in the hour of her slumbers, and his hand has stolen the *emerald* from her brow; but Erin has not awakened—No! she still sleeps.

“Bloody is the field where she lies, and her garments are sprinkled with blood; for the wounds of her sons are streaming around her, and the ghosts of her heroes are crying for vengeance! but Erin has not awakened! No! she still sleeps.

“A sigh comes on the night breeze—’tis the spirit of *Orr* that complains! Pensive he leans from his cloud, and weeps over the slumbers of Erin? He touches the lyre of song; the heavenly Harp of Union! and the prisons of Freedom tremble over the chords ’twas a strain he loved; for “he died singing it.” Has Erin heard the voice of her hero? has Erin awakened?—No—she still sleeps.”

.....

#### MRS. PIOZZI,

One evening reading in her closet, the candlestick jumped off the table, a hissing fire ran along the floor, and after a short time, left a piece of paper in a flame, which, with her foot, to prevent mischief, she put under the fire-place. She then sat down without



any light, to consider what could possibly occasion this event.... She knew the doors and windows were fast, and that any thing should come down there and strike the candle off the table in that strange manner, was altogether impossible. After she had wearied herself with reflecting to no purpose, she rung the bell. When the servant was told what happened, he begged her pardon for having by mistake given a mould candle with a gun-powder squib in it, which was intended to make some sport among the servants on a rejoicing day. Mrs. Piozzi, with much good humour, desired him not to make himself uneasy ; all the concern she had received was from not being able to discover the occasion of the accident. From how many incidents, much more trifling, have ghosts and prodigies been handed down to posterity.

.....

### SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

*The following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, last autumn, and may be relied on as an absolute fact :—*

THE violence of a fall deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours ; at length his recollection returned—he faintly exclaimed, “ where am I ? ” and looking up found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life “ You revive,” said the venerable old man ; “ fear not, yonder house is mine, I will support you to it ; there you shall be comforted,”—Sir H. expressed his gratitude. They walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the venerable old man and his servants, restored Sir H. to his reason, his bewildered faculties were reorganised : At length he suffered no inconvenience except that occasioned by the bruise he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party ; he accepted the invitation, and was shown into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers ; the party consisted of as many persons—No ladies were present. The old man took the head of the table ; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast.

The gentleman on the left hand of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man, in a dignified and authoritative tone, at the same time extending his hand said “ No ! ” Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words ! “ By what misfortune, Sir, have you been unhappily trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room ? O Sir ! you will curse the fatal hour that put you in his power, for you have no prospect in this world but misery and oppression—perpetually subject to the capricious humour of that old man, you will remain at this mansion for the rest of your days ;

your life, as mine will become burthensome, ; and driven to despair ; your days will glide on with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold and miserable meanness. This alas ! has been my lot for fifteen years ; and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here since their arrival at this cursed abode ! The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in sir H's breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor some minutes ; when recovering, he said, " By what authority can any man detain me against my will ? I will not submit ; I will oppose him force to force if necessary."—" Ah, sir !" exclaimed a second gentleman, " your argument is just, but your threats are vain ; the old man, sir, is a magician ; we know it by fatal experience ; do not be rash, sir ; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful."—" I will endeavour to escape," said sir H. " Your hopes are groundless," rejoined a third gentleman, " for it was but three months ago, when in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg." Another said he had broke his arm, and that many had been killed by falls in their endeavour to escape ; others had suddenly disappeared and had never been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and said his master wished to see him ; " Do not go," said one.—" Take my advice," said another, " for God's sake, do not go." The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master : He did, and found the old man seated at a table covered with a desert and wine ; he arose, when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner ; " For," said he, " I am Dr. Willis—you must have heard of me ; I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity ; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are madmen ; I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy ; for altho' I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have had apprehensions." The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great ; but his fears subsiding, the Doctor and Sir H. passed the evening rationally and agreeably.

.....

#### RECEIPT TO MAKE A TATTLER.

Take of the vine called *runabout*, and the root of *nimbletongue*, six handsful each, fifteen ounces of *ambition*, the same quantity of *nonsense*, bruise them together in the mortar of *misapprehension*, then boil them over the fire of *wild surmises*, till you perceive the scum of *falsehood* rising on the top ; strain it through the cloth of *misconstruction*, put it into the bottle of *malignity*, and stop it with the cork of *envy* : Take a draught, and you will be prepared to speak all manner of evil without respect to persons or characters.



## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

## TO ELIZA.

ELIZA, farewell ! decreed is my fate,  
 In tears I must bid thee adieu ;  
 May friendship and peace forever await  
 My fair lovely maiden on you.

Dear was the day I first gaz'd on thy charms—  
 How cheerful and free was my breast !  
 But now by love's ever anxious alarms,  
 My heart is severely oppress'd.

As Sol in his glory appears in the east,  
 The trav'ler exults at his rise ;  
 The promising day is scarce midway encreas'd,  
 When horrid clouds darken the skies.

The trav'ler regrets his fate so severe,  
 The storm bellows over his head ;  
 No shelter, alas ! nor refuge is near—  
 From him all assistance is fled !

So when robb'd of Eliza's sweet cheering smile,  
 No more shall the sun shine for me ;  
 No pleasure on earth my days shall beguile,  
 Since I am secluded from thee !

EDWIN.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

...

## WINTER.

BEHOLD, stern Winter strides across the plain  
 Awful and bold ; and from his murky brow  
 Shakes chilling terrors : at his rough approach  
 The stream forgets its motion ; and where late  
 The garden pride, the modest blushing rose  
 Flourish'd beneath the gentle Mary's care ;  
 Whose breathing sweets improv'd the lovely flow'r :  
 Now desolation, wild and wan appears.

Winter has chas'd the foliage from the grove  
 And all the rich luxuriance of Spring ;  
 Faded and bare the lofty oak appears,  
 Stripp'd of its pride and cover'd o'er with frost.  
 Where now have all the feather'd songsters flown ?  
 'Twas here where many a master of his art

Rous'd sleeping echo from his drowsy cell,  
 And bade him chorus to the notes of love.  
 Nature's musician, chaunt that strain again,  
 Mary shall listen and applaud the theme.  
 Alas, thou'rt silent as the shrouded corse  
 And not a sound is heard save now and then  
 The "joiner-squirrel's" at his acorn meal.

How sad is Winter to the weary tar  
 Pent on some coast midst storms of hail and snow ;  
 He feels the cutting blast—cover'd with ice  
 The slippery shrouds in rattling discord oft  
 Ecluse his numb'd embrace, and down he sinks,  
 Food for the rav'nous monsters of the deep.

Unwelcome Winter, to the CHILD OF WANT ;  
 In yonder clay-built hut, and many a hut  
 That vies in misery, this truth is known.  
 How the wind whistles through the shatter'd panes ;  
 Enter we here, Eugenius, from the storm,  
 And waken pity with an honest pang  
 To view the vast majority of woe,  
 The lowly suffer ; here a wretched bed  
 With blacken'd rags adorn'd ; a table here,  
 A helpless set of shiv'ring off-spring round ;  
 Hunger presides, and hungry are the guests,  
 And want and famine deck the scanty board :  
 The drooping widow o'er her offspring mourns,  
 And many a recent pang of poison'd joys  
 Swells in her eye, whilst rankling in her heart.

The sons of affluence and of pleasure see,  
 With but a stinted view what others feel ;  
 Hous'd in their splendid domes, they wile away  
 Their gilded hours around the blazing hearth,  
 Or grac'd by beauty's more enliv'ning smile,  
 Laugh round the festive board, or lead along  
 The blushing fair one thro' the devious dance.

Now this is well, I envy not their joys,  
 But pleas'd would see them more and more enhanc'd :  
 Yet feel indignant at the selfish wretch  
 Who hears the " pelting of the ruthless storm,"  
 Meanly regardless : who can coolly think  
 On all the woes his fellow creatures bear  
 And find not leisure to improve a sigh.

H.

.....

People are plundered now a days even with all their eyes about them ; for an elderly gentleman was robbed the other day of his spectacles from off his nose, in open day.



## CURIOUS ORIGINAL LETTERS,

*To and from D. Garrick. esq.*

SOON after the late Mr. Garrick had purchased a moiety of Drury-Lane, he discovered the company required a considerable recruit of low actors: in the choice of those he generally paid an attention to person and look, more than to genius; for as they seldom have any thing to say, the eye was principally consulted. There was at that time about the theatre, a very whimsical fellow whose name was Stone; he had much humour, but could never be prevailed on to tread the stage. Mr. Garrick, however, found him something to do, and he was employed recruiting about the town for the drama; whenever he brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether successful or otherwise, he had a certain sum given him for his trouble; and for three or four years this man (who had acquired the appellation of the theatrical Crimp) made in this kind of service a tolerable subsistence. A variety of letters passed between Garrick and Stone during the course of their negotiations. Four of them we have lately been favoured with by a gentleman, who informs us they were written in the year 1748.

*Thursday Noon.*

*Sir*—Mr Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday and behaved very ill to me. I only *axed* for my two guineas for the last Bishop, and he swore I shouldn't have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few Cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journey-man shoemaker, whom I drink with now and then.

*I am your humble servant,**Wm. STONE.*

## ANSWER.

*Stone*—You are the best fellow in the world; bring the Cupids to the Theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea a piece for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the Bishop; he is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely; particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill; the cut in his face is quite the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or two for Richard, if you can, and I have no objections to treat with you for a comely Mayor. The Barber will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.

D———D G———K

The person here called the Bishop was procured by Stone, and often rehearsed the part of the Bishop of Winchester, in the play of Henry the Eighth, with such singular eclat, that Mr. Garrick frequently addressed him at the rehearsal as cousin Winchester. The fellow, however, never played the part, although the night of his coming out was announced in the public papers. The two following letters passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone on the very evening he was to make his appearance.

Sir, The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the BEAR—and swears, damn his eyes, if he'll play to-night.

I am your's,

WM. STONE.

ANSWER.

STONE---The Bishop may go to the Devil---I do not know a greater rascal except yourself.

D---D G---K.

THE KNOT.

*"Hail wedded love, no liberty can prove  
So sweet as bondage with the maid we love."*

MARRIED on Tuesday evening last, Mr. Thomas L. Savin, Merchant, of Vienna, Md. to Miss Sarah Denison, only daughter of John M. Denison, Merchant of this city.

On Thursday, the 6th inst. Capt. Job West, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, both of this city.

At Washington, Mr. David Somerville; to Miss Jane Underwood, both of that place.

At Milton, on the 14th ult. by John M'Kinston, esq. Mr. John White, aged 73, to the amiable Miss Christiana Eremer, aged 63.

*"No goose, however grey, but soon or late,  
May find some honest gander for her mate."*

THE KNELL.

*The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave;  
The deep dug vault the darkness and the worm;  
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,  
The terrors of the living, not the dead.*

Departed this life on Thursday morning after a long and severe illness at her fathers in Baltimore county, Mrs. Mary Marsh, in the 33d year of her age— at Havre-de-Grace. Mrs. Mary Jay, aged 34 years.—In Richmond on the 1st inst. Major Joseph Scott, Marshall of the District of Virginia.—In Boston, on the 25th ult. Joseph Russell, esq. President of the North American Insurance Company.

TO READERS, &c.

*M. B. M. must excuse us for not granting his request; the subject is quite foreign from what we have any desire to meddle with; it could render but little amusement to our readers; and the sort of being he describes, we deem, would "sooner feel a crab-stick than a jest." His communications on any other head, will be received with pleasure, and attended to.*



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... " WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1810. No. 8.

---

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

## A PETITION OF THE GENTEEL AND FASHIONABLE FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

In this age, so pregnant with reform, you will not, I hope, have any objection to a correspondent who is actuated solely by patriotic motives, well knowing, that the *public* good often leads to *private* benefit. As there are many stumbling blocks in the way of *genius*, my present intention is to present a plan for getting rid of some of them.

Some of your readers, Messrs. Editors, may, perhaps, have heard of the *Ten Commandments*, which, I am told, are still in our catechism, and which disfigure the walls of some of our churches. For the repeal of these obnoxious Commandments by Act of Legislature, I think I can produce at least ten good reasons, and as they are a great barrier to that liberality of sentiment which adorns the *present age*, I hope our wise legislators will take the subject into their consideration. Where, I would ask, is our liberty of thought, if, when we have thought of a devilish good thing, one of these *old fashioned* Commandments is to stare us in the face, and say "you shan't?" It might do very well for the Jews, who

were a *sinful* race ; but it is really too bad for *us Christians*. As to the first, it is totally unnecessary to restrain us to one, when any body may see that we *fine gentlemen* have none at all ; though sometimes we talk about it, as we do about our *honor* ; or, if we may have any, it is just enough to *swear* by. In the second, there is an error in the very first line, by the insertion of the word "*unto*" in the original ; and though I do not understand Hebrew, I know it is, "Thou shalt *not* make *thyself* the likeness of any thing in heaven or earth." Now, Sirs, look at the fine gentlemen or ladies of the present day, and then judge what necessity there is for such a Commandment. As to the third, we never break it ; for we never do it *in vain* ; for the pretty girls all believe me when I *swear* I love them : and so does my tailor when I swear I'll pay his bill next week. I have indeed no great objection to this Commandment ; for surely a man cannot be said to swear *in vain* when he can get any thing by it. With respect to the fourth, it surely cannot be meant for any other class than the *poor* ; for where is the sense of saying, "Do all thou hast to do," to people who have nothing to do or think of, except making their arrangements for the Assembly, or a Sunday party. For those who are obliged to work, it may be very well to have a day of rest ; but to those who do nothing in the six, what are they to do on the Sunday, if they do less ? They might indeed go to Church ; *but this would be labour*, a thing they are ordered to avoid. Yet, Sirs, though we are very attentive to this Commandment ourselves, we take good care our servants shall also obey it, for we suffer them to *rest* on our coach-boxes while driving us through the streets in our carriages. As to the fifth Commandment, really old people are such a bore, that it is quite a twaddle to think of it. I, however, am determined to do as much honor as possible to my father, *after he is dead*, by erecting a sumptuous monument over him, and to make it better known among the trade's people, I shall let the stone cutter wait half a dozen years for his money.

I think, Sirs, I have shewn the necessity for repealing the first five ; as to the last five, we might, perhaps, amend them by interpolating another negative, as two negatives, you know, make an affirmative ; and there would not be such a clamour amongst the old women, as in the time of Charles the First, when the Printer gave the droper reading by leaving out *not* in the seventh. As for the sixth Commandment, though it forbids you to kill, it says nothing



about *winging* your antagonist, nor about *man-slaughter*, we have, therefore, nothing to do with it. The seventh is such a dashing prohibition, and the thing itself would lose so much of its zest if it was not forbidden, that I am almost inclined to let it remain. Were it taken away, indeed, where would be the *gusto* of our picnic parties; nay *une affaire bien arrangee* would become so tiresome and insipid, that I doubt not we should soon have husbands making love to their own wives, by way of novelty; a coach-box would lose its charms, and landladies would give over peeping.—The eighth Commandment can only apply to the vulgar; for we never *rob* our friends; we merely *borrow* their wives or their purses, and as we can never have occasion to rob hen-roosts, such a Commandment is no better than obsolete—It might do very well for shavers who are fond of robbing the news, but will never do in a Christian country. What is an honest man to do who takes a low contract? how is a miller, or a monopolizer to live? or, pray, what kind of a figure would a brewer cut without his quassia? or a tailor without his cabbage? With respect to the ninth, I never broke it in my life, except when boasting of favours never received from a fair lady, or in giving a horse too good a character, when selling him to a friend; so that I hope I have kept the balance pretty even. Should this one, however, be allowed to remain in force, adieu to all the *elegant* conversation at our fashionable tea tables, to the *eloquence* of our public meetings, and that taste for embellishment and the marvellous which distinguishes our *good men* upon 'Change. But the tenth! good Messrs. Editors, what shall we say to the tenth? If I am not to covet my *neighbour's* wife, I am sure I cannot covet *my own*; besides, it does not forbid me to take a fancy to her, particularly if the good natured husband has no objection. As to the other parts of this Commandment, I shall never covet any other man's maid-servant whilst I have a handsome one of my own; unless, indeed, Molly should covet me, and then, you know, how can I help it?

Thus have I attempted to prove to you, the propriety of repealing these Commandments, which seem completely forgotten; but which, perhaps, might come into fashion again, as an agreeable change, if it was known that they were *useless*.

*Permit me to remain, most seriously,*

*Your most obedient, &c. &c.*

PLATONUS.

## HINTS TO THE RISING GENERATION.

.....

As the formation of the national character has always been considered a matter of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the learned and eminent of all ages, no apology need be offered for an humble endeavour to draw the attention of the rising generation to those abilities and accomplishments which have gained for the young men of these days a celebrity which must inspire universal emulation.

In the first place, it must be recollected, that as this is an *enlightened* age, more than ordinary care should be taken, to gain an insight into those sources, from which so proud a distinction from our forefathers has arisen; and if this point should, after long investigation, remain doubtful, you must recollect, that much depends on *sound*, as well as *substance*; and that the former (if you have a plentiful flow of words) will always enable you to give an explanation of the term, which, as no one will be able to understand, so none can ever confute.

With regard to abilities, if you should happen to be somewhat deficient in this respect, (as is no uncommon case) you may console yourself by observing, that the public favour is scarcely ever guided by the merit of the object, but that a title, a splendid fortune, or even what is termed a *happy presence of mind*, (which some of the old school, indeed, call *impudence*,) will always procure for you a distinction, which neither ability nor good sense would ever entitle you to.

Should your inclinations turn to oratory, I would advise you rather to use your abilities in those places where you think it may be of some service to you, than to employ them in a more numerous assembly, where, unless you are attached to a party, and are striving to get into place, it will be more for your advantage to sit still, and dispose of your vote to the best bidder. I think I need not guard you against the folly of advocating the cause of patriotism; the age is too *enlightened* ever to adopt a course of that kind, and if you were really sincere in your professions, no one would believe you: for, as *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* shrewdly observes, "even the common people have found out the joke, and laugh at the name of a patriot." Talk, therefore, of patriotism, but never practise it; keep an eye to your own interest, and if any foolish fellow should talk to you of Pym or Hampden, turn a deaf ear to him, and think on Sir Robert Walpole.



Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality: he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessities.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him: yet mistrust not without reason; it is both needless and uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thy heart as a treasure; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Receive not the favours of a mercenary man; nor join in friendship with the wicked; they shall be snares unto thy virtue, and bring grief to thy soul.

Use not to-day, what to-morrow may want; neither leave that to hazard, what foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

From the experience of others do thou learn wisdom; and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Yet expect not even from prudence infallible success; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful: yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment, never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

.....

#### VERSIFIED.....FOR THE EMERALD.

...

My son, the genial words of prudence hear,  
To her pure dictates bend a willing ear;  
Oh! never from her wise decrees depart,  
But store her honied counsels in thine heart;  
Her maxims are unbounded as they're blest,  
And all the virtues lean upon her breast;  
Her peaceful paths are distant far from strife,  
The guide, the guardian, friend of human life.

Still have a bridle to thy tongue, and keep  
A guard upon thy lips, that cannot sleep;  
For should its vigilance a moment cease,  
The words thou utterest might destroy thy peace.

Let him who scoffeth at the lame, beware,  
Lest he, himself, should halt, nor pity share;  
For they who still at other's faults deride,  
Shall hear their own, and with an humbled pride.

From too much speaking, hard repentance flows;  
From wiser silence, safety and repose.  
For he that's talkative, a nuisance grows,  
The sicken'd ear his constant babbling loathes;  
The torrent of his words o'erwhelm with spleen,  
And crowd sweet converse from the social scene.

Be not a boaster of thyself, for hear!  
Contempt to self-conceit is ever near;  
Deride not others, lest experience show  
The direful wrath of many a vengeful foe.

A bitter jest is friendship's surest bane,  
And trouble follows him who can't refrain.

Furnish thyself with what thou can'st supply,  
Suiting thy station, not too low, nor high;  
Spend not the utmost which thou canst afford,  
The providence of youth is wisdom's hoard.

From surly av'rice evil deeds will spring,  
But round frugality the virtues cling.

In recreations do not wealth destroy,  
Lest pain of purchase overbalance joy.

Let not prosperity put out the eyes  
Of circumspection; let not large supplies  
Clip from frugality her needful hands,  
To vast profusion follow vast demands.

Trust to no man before he's amply try'd,  
Nor let mistrust thy ev'ry action guide;  
Tho' preservation calls the first, we find  
The last the product of a niggard mind.

When thou hast prov'd a man, and found him right,  
Lock him within thy heart, a treasure bright;  
Let not suspicion o'er his actions pry,  
Yet guard him as the apple of thine eye.

Receive no favours from a sordid man,  
Nor league in friendship with the wicked clan,  
They to thy virtues will be hidden snares,  
And bring thy soul to sorrow, grief and cares.

Let not thy wants upon to-morrow run,  
Nor trust to hazard what thy care can shun.

To others' follies be no censure shown,  
But from their failings learn to mend your own.

Yet, with all this, you may expect far less,  
Than this, that prudence *always* brings success.  
For the day knows not what to-morrow's light  
May bring revealed from the womb of night.

The fool, not always unsuccessful, bends;  
Success not always on the wise attends;  
But never knew the fool, one pure delight;  
The wise man never was unhappy quite.



FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Editors,*

AS some of your correspondents appear to be such profound reasoners, and argue with such seeming confidence, on the different topics offered them in the Emerald, you will oblige me by laying the following quere before them, as food for their sagacious noddles, viz: *What object on earth, within the power of man, is most worthy pursuit?* Doubtless they will argue differently and learnedly on the important subject.—“Philo” if not an old bachelor, will say, matrimony is the most desirable, “Ohm” if not a married man, will find many arguments to oppose it: now as I am fond of good reasoning, and can look pretty tranquilly on an engagement, when out of danger myself, it will give me great pleasure to be a silent spectator, whilst yourselves shall have all the honor of deciding the contest.

*Your's, &c.*

QUERIST.

.....

*Messrs. Editors,*

IF either of you will put on your *Sunday* clothes on *Saturday evening*, and do me the honor of a visit, you will hear fun enough to fill your paper for a whole fortnight.—You must know I am to have a large tea party, and Tabitha Tattle is coming with her two sisters. She knows every thing passing in the whole town, which in addition to her own inventive imagination, will create a fund of amusement; she can tell who is courting; what was done on such a day; What happened at Mr. Such-a-one's on such a night; she is an adept in the newest fashions, and many other little interesting things, and can give a great deal of advice,—knows what is most suitable as well as fashionable for the season—from which you may glean some very interesting hints for your paper: don't forget to come, but recollect to put the evening's Emerald in your pocket, and pull off your hat when you come into the parlour.

*Your humble servant, at command,*

LOUISA LITTLELIPS

*Dear Madam,*

Thankful for your polite invitation, one of us will not fail having the pleasure of waiting on you, clad in our Sundays best; and will doff his hat half a mile before he gets to the house, lest the confusion of meeting with so much good company might cause it to slip his memory.

*Editors.*

## TO READERS, &amp;c.

Although our readers are numerous and respectable, our correspondents are mournfully limited. Baltimoreans have never wanted their share of *vanity*; and those who can make out to write a tolerable essay, think no less a deposit than the *Port Folio* worthy to be the herald of their *gigantic* productions.—*O tempora! O mores!*—We were never any great hands at persuasion; and if ye are determined not to lend your assistance—we must tell ye in the language of *Sawney*—Ye may gang awa to the *deil* wi' your productions.

*Quere.* Why are men of intellectual worth, less the favourites of ladies, than those whose *only ability* is conspicuous in their dress?

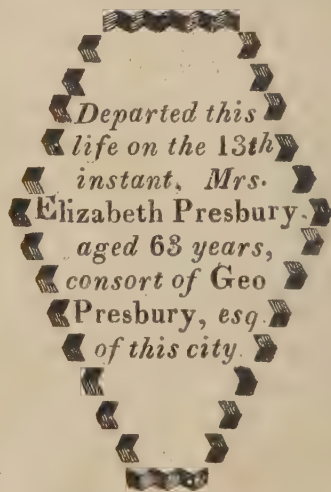
Why are *fashions* followed with avidity by *fops*?

## HYMENEAL.

Married on Monday evening last, by the Reverend Mr. Hargrove, Mr. Joseph Waters, to Miss Sophia Easom, all of this city.

## OBITUARY.

*"Invidious grave, how dost thou rend asunder,  
What love has bound, and sympathy made one!"*



In the death of this truly amiable woman, who carried with her a heap of virtues, society has lost one, who, kind and benevolent to the poor, was a consolatory neighbour in sickness and affliction, an exemplary member of her church, and a firm friend. The surviving partner of her earthly care, has this satisfactory reflection in the moments of grief, that she was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother.



# THE EMERALD.

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

.....“ WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE.”

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

VOL. I. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1810. No. 9.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

## THE OLD BACHELOR.

No. I.

*Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram  
Rugis, et instanti senectae  
Afferet, indomitaque morti.*

HORACE. LIB. 2. OD 14

*How swiftly glide our fleeting Years!  
Alas! nor Piety, nor Tears  
Can stop the fleeting Day;  
Deep furrow'd Wrinkles, posting Age  
And Death's unconquerable Rage,  
Are strangers to Delay.*

FRANCIS.

ALAS! it is too true: I can no longer hide the melancholy fact even from myself: I am, indeed, an old bachelor. Yet let not the confession deprive me of a single reader, for my fate is not a voluntary one; if it were, I should look for neglect, because I should feel that I deserved it. But let the reader believe the assurance,

which, on further acquaintance, I flatter myself, he will not doubt: that no narrow and sordid cast of character, no selfish love of solitude and silence, no frost of the spirit, nor (what is more frequent) habits of low and grovelling vice have kept me so long a bachelor. No, gentle and friendly reader, I am a bachelor, as Moliere's Mock Doctor was a physician—in spite of myself. For the last five and twenty years of my life, I have not failed to dispute this point of dying a bachelor, once a year, with some charming woman or other: but as, in every such case, she was both judge and party, I fared accordingly—I lost my suit.

Nor let my ill success be ascribed to any fickleness or petulance on my part; for I never changed the object more than once a year; nor desisted until I had met a rebuff for every season in it. This last rule of conduct I adopted for a philosophical reason; for although I knew that, in general, May was the mother of love, yet I knew also, that the sex was not so mere a thermometer as to depend entirely on the weather. I knew that the peculiar cast of character had much to do with this business; and that although it might, in some cases, require the genial ray of Spring, or the more fervid one of Summer to touch "the consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap," yet that, in others, the same approach of the sun might volatilize and dissipate the character beyond the point of steady thought and feeling. Hence I followed and watched my reigning fair one through every sign in the zodiac, with all the assiduity and enthusiasm of an astronomer, but without ever having, once, had the felicity to observe a conjunction. I have tried every age from fifteen to forty, and every complexion, from the Italian brunette to the dazzling and transparent white of Circassia. Nor let it be supposed that I have gone about this as a matter of business, as if actuated merely by a cold and formal sense of duty. On the contrary, I think I can truly affirm, that there never beat in the bosom of man a heart more alive than mine to all that is charming in woman. Indeed, it is to this excess of feeling, and the officious, awkward, and fatiguing anxiety of manners which it generates, that I charge the ill success of my courtships. Yet few men have had a better opportunity than myself to gain the polished negligence so pleasing to women. The reader may not be displeased with a sketch of my life; he has, indeed, a right to know the man who addresses him, whether for the purpose of amusement or instruction, and I shall introduce myself to him, if he please, without reserve or apology.

I am a native of Virginia, and lost my father at an age too young to retain any knowledge of him. In the year 1770, after having graduated at Princeton College, I travelled, by the indulgence of the best of mothers, over the whole of civilized and refined Europe; visited every court, associated with the first circles, and, what will appear strange to those who know me now, received a brilliant compliment on my address from the most polished nobleman that



ever adorned a court. I returned to my native country in time to witness the opening of the war with Great Britain, and to receive one ball in my hip and another in my shoulder at the battle of Brandywine. This put an end to my campaigning; for, ever since, I have been compelled to hobble on a cane, and have been unable to lift any weight in my right hand, much heavier than my pen.

My mother (who is now an angel in Heaven) had taken it into her head, with that erring partiality which is so natural, so excusable, and even so amiable in a parent, that there was something uncommon in my character, and that I was formed to make a figure in some line or other. Not being able, however, to define to her own satisfaction in what the peculiar superiority of my mind consisted, nor consequently what the particular profession was in which I was destined to shine, she determined that I should try them all round, until the chord of genius was struck, and directed my first efforts to the study of law. *Her will was my law*; and I knew no pleasure on earth equal to that of obeying it. I entered, therefore, at once, on the Herculean labour of the law; and an Herculean one I made it; for having, early in life, adopted the maxim, that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," I took a route in the study suggested by my own judgment. Dissatisfied with the jejune course commonly pursued, and aspiring to something beyond mediocrity, I took the science from its basis, the law of nature; and raised upon it an unusual and most extensive superstructure of national and civil, as well as municipal law. But my success by no means corresponded with the preparation; for when I came to the bar of my country, I found that I was like a seventy-four gun ship aground in a creek; while every pettifogger, with his canoe and paddle, was able to dodge around and get a-head of me. I found myself, in short, so entirely eclipsed by littleness, chicanery and sophistry set off by a bold and confident front, and a loud and voluble tongue, that having no necessity to continue the practice, I retired from it, I will not say, in disgust; but under a conviction, that the profession was an Augean stall which required cleansing, and that, to give it all its appropriate dignity and attraction, a fundamental reformation was indispensable. On this subject, the reader will hear farther from me in the course of these papers; at present, I return to my narrative.

Having thus ascertained to my mother that the bar was not the theatre for which my stars designed me; having (not to disguise the matter) entirely failed in it, "rather" (as my indulgent and too partial parent was wont to say) "from the delicacy of my feelings than my want of parts;" I entered, at her desire, in the next place, on the study of physic. With this as a study, I was in the highest degree, delighted. The subjects which it treated—the curious structure and economy of the human system; the history of diseases, their remote and subtle symptoms, and the mode of ascertaining and combatting them; the countless diversity of

singular affections, mental and corporeal, with which the books abounded: and the astonishing proofs of the sagacity of men in the various and beautiful theories proposed for explaining the causes of our maladies, and waging war against the king of terrors—were interesting to me beyond expression. I pursued the study not as a labour, but *con amore*: and although I was somewhat advanced in age, and the mischievous wags, my fellow students, in sly allusion to my former profession and my failure in it, used to greet me every morning when I entered the lecture room with a mock-tragic bow and the L. L. D. and A. S. S. which have since made such a figure in the mouth of Doctor Pangloss; yet as they shewed plainly enough, that they loved, and if necessary, would have shed their blood for me. I took it all in good part, and pressed on in my studies with unabated ardor.

There were, however, two circumstances in this profession, that gave me great inquietude; the first was the multitude of miserable spectacles in the hospitals which were, daily, appealing to my sympathy; and the other, the extreme uncertainty of the remedies which were exhibited of their relief. On the first head, however, I was consoled by learning that I should soon become used to it, and grow callous to the touch of another's woe; and on the last, my vanity was flattered by being reminded of the scope which this uncertainty gave to genius, and the vast region of *terra incognita*, which thus courted the enterprize of the adventurer. The reader when he comes to know me, will believe that I was not much soothed or gratified by either of these prospects; the total extinction of my sympathies for my fellow man; or voyages of discovery to be made on seas of human blood. Still amused however, with the science, and animated by the hope that it might qualify me in some cases to be of service to my fellow creatures, I pressed on to a diploma: and having obtained that and procured a supply of medicines, I returned to my paternal estate to dispense the fruits of my studies.

Alas! my medical career was a very short one; for the first patient submitted to my skill, was my own beloved mother.—Ah! how unavailing, how contemptible then appeared to me all the powers of the art! I called in my instructors. It was in vain, the disease gathered strength every hour; and I distinctly saw the approach of death! Alas!—But I forget that I have no claim on the sympathy of the readers. She expired in my arms, and I was no longer a physician.

The loss of such a parent, in such circumstances—whose last intelligible whisper was—"God bless you my son!" and that accompanied with such a look—whose recollection, even at the distance of time, cuts me to the heart, and fills my eyes with tears—the loss of such a mother the last speculation of whose eyes was fixed with the fondest, tenderest affection, and dried up on her son—whose soul I saw, as it were, launched into eternity—



and fancied that I could almost see the luci-form vehicle that then received and clothed her spirit—such a scene gave me a view of eternity so near and close, as to seize all the powers of my mind and all the sources of my feeling, and unfit me for every thing but the contemplation of that vast and awful subject.

Enthusiasm is the prominent feature of my character; and it is not a matter of wonder that so excited, my genius took a new direction, that my abortive efforts to shield my fellow creatures from death were now converted into an exertion to teach them how to die. I immediately set about acquiring the Hebrew language; studied the old testament with all the commentaries of the Rabbis; procured and read all the remains of Porphyry, Jamblichus, and the whole tribe of electric philosophers, who in the third and fourth centuries attacked the religion of the son of God; together with the able, the eloquent and conclusive replies of the Christian fathers; travelled minutely and laboriously, through the whole course of ecclesiastical history, and perused every thing of any note, *pro* and *con* on the Christian controversy and scheme of salvation, which had ever been published either in Europe or America. And although, at last, I did not feel myself authorised to enter the sacred desk in the character of a teacher, yet I shall never regret my having fortified my own faith against the assaults of sophistry and qualified myself to silence the cavils and witticisms of the infidel.

But I am admonished by my sheet of paper that I am already indulged the garrulity of age far enough for one number. In the next I propose to close the account of myself, and to explain the motive and object of these papers.

.....

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER BOOK OF A GENTLEMAN LATELY  
DECEASED. \*

.....

TO JULIA.

.....

THE objection I mentioned in my last to Shakspeare's want of poetic justice, applies perhaps more to Ophelia than to Cordelia or Desdemona. Shakspear would shew that the effects of Lear's partiality and Othello's jealousy fall upon the virtuous equally with the guilty; but Ophelia's fate is too distant a consequence of Hamlet's pretended madness. The pretended madness of Hamlet was justifiable; the partiality of Lear and the jealousy of Othello not so; Ophelia's destruction is the consequence of an innocent act; Cordelia's and Desdemona's are the natural result of Lear's and Othello's criminal blindness and rage. Yet I like not the amendment, or rather alteration, which reinstates Lear on the throne; nor would I wish the last scene of the last act of Hamlet to close

with his establishment on the throne of Denmark and union with Ophelia. It would be so much like the happy conclusion of all our novels, that, with the expectation of such an issue, with the best acting of a Kemble, Cook, and Siddons, I should not shed a tear during the representation. Thank heaven, Shakspeare was nature's critic; modern refinement would have half ruined him. Were he now alive, and should read all the comments and all the criticisms that have been written on his plays, and should engage to write as many more, depend upon it they would scarcely reach a second edition, nor would he reap the benefit of a third night.

But Shakspear generally rewards virtue and constancy. Witness your namesake in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Would you have been thus constant, so treated by a lover? I was once reading to Delia Prior's "Henry and Emma"—had come to that part where Emma begs to go with Henry in the habit of a page, to wait upon him, and even on the mistress whom he should marry; when she pronounced such a sentiment, unnatural and even impossible, and declared that Henry ought to despise her for her meanness and destitution of spirit, I gravely maintained a contrary argument. There is no knowing, Julia, what a woman will not do, when you are violently in love; or what you do not imagine you have power to compass. Besides, is there any thing unnatural in Emma's wish? Could she not at least *believe* that she should be happy merely with his company, though his embraces were another's? Those who greatly love, can feed long on a *look*, and deem an hour's *conversation* the highest luxury of enjoyment. Have you never spent a day in rapturous expectation of the soft intercourse of eyes, and witching exchange of syllables at eve? If such be the pleasure of expectancy, how much greater is the fruition. Thus happy, could not Emma believe she could here pause, and "seek to know no more?"—I well remember, long ere the dawn overspread my chin, the enjoyment that the sight of a certain young miss gave me, though I never heard her speak. Yes, for months have I stood at the door to watch her "comings in and goings out" from the house of her brother adjoining, and feasted the live long day on the bare remembrance of the sight, and have believed it would be the heaven of happiness to sit by her,

*And hear and see her all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.*

Such is happiness, the repetition of which nor palls nor disgusts, but yields a finer edge. Discard then from belief, and efface from memory the couplet,

*That cruel something unpossess,  
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.*

Why even now, sometimes on a Sunday, though I am not guilty of idolatry in worshipping any thing created, yet I consider it an act of piety to look with awe and reverence upon the most exquis-



itely polished of heaven's handy works. How much more exalted do thus become our ideas of the Creator, the lowest of whose works above excel the brightest here: how anxious then must we become so to conduct in this world as to be able hereafter to behold what it hath not here entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Have you read Crabbe's poems? He is deservedly becoming one of the standing poets. In one of his poems he repeats several times this line,

*"I preach forever, and I preach in vain."*

So will be my preaching to you. Marry you will; but don't be in haste, Julia, never do things in a hurry. We ought to think of death, and prepare for it; but, as to matrimony, "put far away the evil day." Wedlock is a TRAGICOMEDY, a serious affair, and no farce. But, to marry, is a duty we owe to society. True, but it is not incumbent on all, and all have a right to choose their own time; you are yet but—what?—eighteen or nineteen; and delay, with you can never be dangerous; your full-rolling blue eyes, your lips of enticement, and your lively tongue, with the wit the sentiment, and soul it preaches, can reduce to vassalage whom and when they please. You may begin seriously to cast about for an assistant in duty six or eight years hence. And you must not enter upon this "untried state of being" till I am consulted. Believe me, Julia, I can judge better than you. Three fourths of the time you women are deceived. Let me be acquainted with the candidate. I can discover whether he is most attracted by the purse, the person, or the mind. His faults you will see "as through a glass darkly:" his virtues you will magnify. Your eye may convert to gold what is gilded brass. Let me sift him, and I will honestly lay before you his chaff and his grain. Yet this is idle talk: for when a female is desperately bent on matrimony, she believes no friend, and yields to no advice. All admonition is vain, all attempts abortive, in correcting that vision, which, in fixt perspective, sees roses in the hymeneal garden flourishing in cold December, and every tree bending with delicious fruit throughout the year. The delusion must rage its hour, then comes the sad reality. Yet if you discover that your affections are unalterably fixed, I would not dissuade from early marriage. The first transports passed, you may wake not to a sad, but to a long and pleasant reality.—Such things, though not very frequent, have happened, and may again. By wedlock the constitution of the mind undergoes a great change. The sun before withheld his rays from no object; clouds will now often overspread the blue serene.—When I was sixteen I often used to wonder whether my parents ever loved as I did. My conclusion was in the negative, erroneously without doubt.

I once heard Delia say that she believed Hymen generally raised a tombstone over all the enchantment of affection, but she did

as you will do ; being not quite certain, curiosity impelled her to seek knowledge from experiment. Theory may be fallacious, experience is certain knowledge. She flatly contradicted Johnson's declaration, "marriage has many evils but celibacy *no pleasures.*" But the great man said this rather hastily. He probably had little pleasure in marriage and less in celibacy.—He was but little more than forty when his "dear Tetty" died ; why did he not marry again ? Or why was he single so long ? All that is lawful "this side of idolatry," as Ben Johnson said of Shakspear, I adore the modern Socrates, yet he is sometimes a little disingenuous. He married a woman almost as old again as himself ; and, though none of his biographers so insinuate, I must suppose that it could not be altogether what he pronounced it, "a love match," Garrick described her corpulent, red-faced, and, from the use of cordials perhaps, pimpled. But Johnson was poor ; and men of genius like other men in despondency sometimes seek relief by means to which in more fortunate circumstances they would not resort. She possessed *eight hundred ponds sterling*, a Pern for a poet. But a partial purse never increases and seldom retains. In a few years he was obliged to even pawn the table-spoons : and the good and great man was sometimes irregular in his habits. She sometimes reproached him. He was not made to bear reproach from man, much less from woman. Oh ! Julia, should you wed one who may sometimes act amiss, *never, never, never* SCOLD—Indeed *you* would not ; an unkind word would die at the ruby gates of its passage.—I have wished that he had been in easier circumstances, more happily married, and a father. Yet I do not wish it. His poverty made him great. Had he been wealthy, a world of wisdom and virtue had been lost to the world. I am surprised that Boswell, whose biography has gratified me more than any other, little as I admire, and often as I laugh at the biographer, says not a word of the eight hundred pounds sterling. Johnson surely spoke too much from his own, and too little from general experience, when he made the remark that "celibacy has no pleasures."

But I must pause. You perceive my epistolary that resembles the irregularity of my conversation. What first rises in the brain oozes from the pen.—Tell my sister Portia that though I promised to write before the 10th of this month, and have neglected it, I will shortly fulfil the obligation. Omit not writing to me within a fortnight. Cheer me with your lively pen. Ask me any questions interesting to yourself ; perhaps you may find utility in *an old man's* solutions or advice. Adieu, my dear cousin.

EUCARDIUS.

.....  
SOMETHING GOOD.

"I laughed heartily the other day at the ingenuity and presence of mind by which an English Serjeant at Law, celebrated for bul-



lying and brow-beating witnesses, saved himself from the indignity and corporeal pain of a good flogging. He had, it appears, on the western circuit, most grossly insulted a very respectable gentleman in court, in the course of a cross-examination. The next morning, very early, the insulted party proceeded to the lodgings of the advocate, with a good horse-whip in his hand, and requested of the clerk to see his master, alleging that he had some business of great importance. The clerk showed the gentleman into his bed-room, where he lay fast asleep, and, upon awakening, was addressed by his visitor as follows:—"Sir, I am the person whom you treated so scandalously yesterday in court, without any reason, and I have come personally to chastise you with this horse-whip for your insolence." "Are you indeed?" replied the barrister, "but surely you will not strike a man in bed." "No, Sir, I pledge my honor not to do that," said the gentleman. "Then, by —," exclaimed the serjeant, "I will lie till doomsday." The humour of the thought disarmed the anger of the affronted gentleman, and, bursting into a fit of laughter, he said—"There, Sir, you may lie as long as you like; I will not molest you this time; but let me recommend you never again to hold up a person of respectability, whose only object is to tell the truth, in the derision of a court of justice;"—and then left the man of law to console himself."

.....

### A TRAVELLER'S STORY!

...

On the sea coast of Florida, abounding in oysters and crabs these two marine nations carry on hostilities against each other in a manner, I believe, never noticed in any other place. The oysters actually feed on the spawn or young of the crab, by closing on them as they pass, and detaining them till they are digested. And the older crabs, as if in revenge for the murder of their offspring, frequently regale themselves on young oysters. But the crab in plucking out the oyster from between the shells is frequently himself caught, and if the oyster be large and strong enough, he is detained by the claw until he consents to part with it or perishes. So that when the oyster has attained its full growth and strength, the crab is compelled to have resource to stratagem unparalleled perhaps in the history of fish and in which I would have put no faith had I not been an eye witness of the fact several times. The oyster lying as usual with his shell wide open, the crab approaches slyly with a pebble or muscle in one of its claws, this pebble or muscle is suddenly thrust into the open mouth of the oyster, which is thus prevented from shutting close. The crab then, with great *sang froid* avails himself of his enemy's embarrassment, and with his claws picks out the meat of the oyster at his leisure from between the distended shell.

I have heard also that in the bay of Apalachi on the same coast, the racoons come down in great numbers to the sea side at low water, and finding the oysters open upon the beach, they, with a sudden jerk of the paw, wipe the meat from between the shells very adroitly, before the poor oyster has time to close upon him ; of this sport, or perhaps rather of the fish, the racoons are so fond, that they wade out some distance from the shore in pursuit of their prey. And it frequently happens, that either from the toughness of the oyster or the want of sufficient celerity in the racoons, the shell closes on his paw. When this happens, he inevitably perishes. For the oyster is fixed fast to the bed below, consisting of oysters and shells innumerable, all cemented to each other. As long as the animal struggles the oyster holds on with all its force ; the tide rises—and the racoon is drowned.

---

### LA MAUPIN.....ONE OF THE PUPILS OF LULLI.

.....  
 THIS extraordinary SYREN was equally fond of both sexes, fought and loved like a man, and resisted and fell like a woman. —She married a young husband....ran away with a fencing master, of whom she learned the small sword, and became an excellent fencer....soon after seduced a person of her *own* sex....set fire to the convent in which the girl's friends had confined her....carried her off in triumph....was condemned to die for this offence, but escaped by the restoration of the young woman to her friends....went to Paris.....became an opera singer.....caned every man who affronted her....killed *three* in duels....and after other adventures, quitted the stage....was seized with a fit of devotion....recalled her husband, and passed with him the last of her life in a very pious manner, dying in 1707, at the age of *thirty-four*.

---

### THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....  
 ON DETERMINING TO READ NO MORE NOVELS.

...  
 HENCE, flattering painters of delusive scenes !  
 Half brothers all to lying poetasters ;  
 Is then, amusement all a novel means,  
 And does not life possess a few disasters ?  
 Has life no one employment but to stray  
 Near yon lone woods, and Celia's scorn deplore ?  
 To strain the sweet guitar the live-long day ?  
 Or o'er yon pretty bubbling brook to pore ?



Do lovers only then our jails supply?  
 Do fetters gall alone the lover's wrist?  
 Do lovers only hang on trees so high?  
 Are lovers only in the bankrupt list?

No more, ye scribblers, mock at real life,  
 Nor tempt our fancies by your sugar'd baits,  
 But leave in peace, each widow, maid and wife,  
 Nor fire their brains—nor raise our parish rates.

#### THE RECANTATION.

FANCY is still alive—I cannot part  
 With the feign'd tale, which steals upon my heart;  
 Nor can with care and toil oppress'd, forego  
 The charms of Fielding, Radcliffe, Smith, and Co.  
 Life has so many crosses! See the knave  
 Reigns paramount, whilst Virtue is his slave!  
 See Fraud piles bags which Honesty must quit!  
 See well-dress'd Folly laughs at ragged Wit!  
 But the kind Novelist leads Virtue's sons  
 Afar from luke-warm friends and red-hot duns;  
 And scoundrels of each sex, the story ended,  
 Are either hang'd, imprison'd, or amended!

---

#### FOR THE EMERALD.

---

IMMORALITY in any shape is so repugnant to the principles of good government, so deleterious to the interest of a community, and so opposite to all obligations, whether moral or spiritual, that to suffer its influence to pervade the ranks where its contrary course should be manifested, demands an exposure, which, though it may not have an immediate tendency to remove the cause, will serve to show that there are those who cannot "wink at its ravages," but would wish to stay its progress before it arrives to that height when hope is lost in despair.

The festivity of the past Season was observed with those demonstrations of pious regard to the day which ever actuate those who know that their "Redeemer liveth"—the ejaculations sent up to Heaven—the invocations to the Throne of Grace—the rich and exuberant emanations that spontaneously flowed from the sacred Altar—the pleasure expressed by the congregations with respondent sentiments—the hilarity and good cheer that followed, all served to evince that a Paradise may be enjoyed on earth; and that while Heaven's sacred choir were chaunting praises in honor of Christianity's natal day, the frail mortals below were engaged as far as Heaven's dispensation would permit.

To reverse this scene, and to attend to the occupations which engaged those of the volatile part of the community, begets a regret which can only be counterbalanced by the stings of conscience which now (or ought to) agitate the participators who promoted and encouraged the brutal scenes that took place on Fort Defiance on Christmas day. Figure to yourself, reader, a defenceless, and almost harmless animal chained to a stake in an open field, surrounded by some hundreds of persons—carry the description farther, and view four or five ferocious beasts attacking him with all the savageness inherent in their nature—The attack begun, they are encouraged by fiends in human shape by loud exclamations and impious imprecations—the poor animal defends himself with those powers the God of Nature gave him—he exerts them, but those exertions only tend to lengthen his torments—as his strength decreases, his assailants are urged on with redoubled fury—The exhausted animal now flies to that resort which instinct gives him—his plaintive cries rend the air—his appeal to the hearts of his persecutors for a mitigation of their excesses is displayed in moans which shew the poignancy of his tortures. But, “tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon,” his tormentors betray such evident signs of exultation, such enjoyment in the prolongation of the victim’s sufferings, that the philanthropist is led to conclude the order of nature to be reversed—that all pliability in the human system is changed to a hardness nearly adamantine.

To cite the various excesses committed, does not come within the communicant’s limits—Suffice it to say, that humanity recoils at the bloody scenes practised on that day. A jubilee of gratitude was made subservient to *amusements*, at which the infuriated soul of a Nero would “have grinn’d a ghastly smile;” and which, likewise, have a tendency to implant in untutored minds those “refinements in cruelty” which distinguished a Cataline.

The State of Maryland has always stood in a distinguished attitude, as it respects the learning, genius and disposition of its citizens:—their urbanity, their meekness, their hospitality, are themes of praise in the adjoining states. But the most vitiated, forming our confederative system, are not disgraced by the detestable practice of *Bull baiting*:—And shall our state, which arrogates to itself a pre-eminence in all the social virtues, be disgraced by a repetition of the subject upon which we have animadverted? We ardently hope to the contrary.

If, then, there be no law, whereby a stop can be put to exhibitions of this nature, let our legislature remedy the evil by adopting such measures as will have a salutary effect.

HOWARD.



# THE EMERALD.

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE:  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

VOL. I. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1811. No. 10.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

## THE OLD BACHELOR.

No. II.

*Si natura negat, facit, indignatio versum.*

Juv. Sat. 1. v. 79.

*If nature does not, anger makes us write.*

THE reader has been already informed by what causes I was led, step by step, through the study of the three learned professions. I thank Heaven, that by the industry and frugality of my ancestors, I am exempted from the necessity of pursuing either of them for a living; and have been permitted, for the last fifteen years of my life, to follow my own taste, in delivering myself up to the pure and simple pleasures of the country, and the uncloying charms of general literature.

As sensible as any one of the ridiculous habits and attachments which bachelors are apt to form, I have avoided them most sedulously, and contrived to substitute something more rational in their place. Hence, I am not distinguished by dirt, tobacco and brandy on the one hand, nor, on the other, by uniform and elaborate tid-

ness and closeness ; the neatness of my hearth, the lustre of my horses, or a restless hectic when a visitor takes the liberty to stir my fire, or chances to leave my door open ; and hence, also, instead of cats and dogs, I have two boys and a girl, the orphan children of a favourite sister, whom she left me as a legacy on her death bed, and whom I prize as the richest that could have been bequeathed.

The reader will not be displeased, I hope, if I introduce him more particularly to my family, my farm, my occupations and my fire side. This will not be entirely a vain and profitless service ; for it will have the contingent advantage as we go along of opening my own character gradually to him and shewing him my qualifications and resources for the work which I have undertaken.

My farm, far removed from the tumult and bustle of life, is situated in a fine and healthy part of the country, has been laid out with great skill and taste by my manager, (for I will not usurp a single leaf of his laurels) and commands a most extensive and beautiful prospect. I am now, at the desire of my niece, my dear Rosalie, cutting an avenue through a forest which will give us a short, but picturesque catch of the mountains ; for at this point they present a vista of two peaks almost as bold and towering as those of Otter. My house, which is of stone, and not very large, but turreted, and built with walls of cannon proof, stands on the summit of a crag, inaccessible but when I please ; and at the foot of this lies my garden on a gentle slope, fronting to the south, and bounded by a river. I am well aware that the reader will smile at the description of my house, and will suppose that I indulged that whim as a compensation for my self-denial in regard to other singularities. This, however, was not the motive ; but I will confess to him very frankly what was. Before the death of my sister, whom I have already mentioned, I lived in a small wooden cottage on one side of my farm, and this crag was a perpetual offence to my sight, for it seemed as if dropped from the clouds to spoil my plantation. But when on her death-bed, that best of women so often repeated the solemn injunction—"take care of my children"—and I as often and as solemnly promised it—this crag seemed as if dropped from the clouds to enable me to fulfill my engagement.—The reader has already been told that I am subject to the most extravagant starts of enthusiasm. And hence, after my sister's death, I considered my promise to *take care of her children*, as an undertaking to provide, as far as I was able, against every extremity that I could anticipate, and as looking to a state of war as well as peace. With this view I built The Castle, as it is called in the neighbourhood ; for it is known that I designed originally to fortify it with cannon, and to surround the base of the crag with a moat and draw-bridge. But before the work could be completed the fit had gone off, and only enough of the original project remains to cast a suspicion on my sanity.



My fortune, although ample enough when kept together, to support and educate my children (for so I consider them) will not bear such a division as to make three families independent. Hence I am giving my boys (who, I must be permitted to say, are both uncommonly fine fellows) the benefit of a profession; and suffering them to pursue their several inclinations, Alfred is studying the law in one city, and Galen physic in another. As to my sweet little Rosalie, I think her no where so safe as under the protection of my own eye. I have a very good library and philosophical apparatus of my own, and having found no difficulty in procuring masters to give her the ornamental accomplishments of her sex, while she retains and blends with them all the winning simplicity of the country. I trust that I shall give my boys no reason to blush for their sister, when she goes to take her situation in the circle of life. She has a little spice of the romance in her composition, with which I am by no means displeased, and has been amusing herself this winter in fitting up my house in the style of McQueen's, in *The Children of the Abbey*. My curtains and carpets are all as thick and warm as his are described to be; my rooms have all the snugness and comfort; and, she says, I want only a bag-pipe, a house full of children, and McQueen's inquisitive garrulity and skill in pedigrees to make the parallel complete.

We divide our time, very agreeably, between our studies, the exercise of walking, and riding on horseback, and the thrilling music of Rosalie's harp and voice. I believe no parent ever felt a purer rapture or a prouder triumph of the heart than I do, in the contemplation of this child. The reader would smile to see me reclining on my elbow, in silence, in the farthest corner of my hall, and surveying this beautiful young creature, while, seated in the middle of the floor, she bends forward to her harp, and, with all the innocence and all the expressive intelligence of an angel, mingles her fine voice with the deep, the grand and solemn tones of the instrument! Then, while the rich harmony is floating around and fills the room, to mark the fine contour of her figure, her striking attitude, her eye of heavenly blue raised to the cornice, and rapt in all the sublimity of inspiration, while her "eloquent blood undulating over her cheek of doubtful dye," speaks to the heart with more emphasis than even the melody of her lips!—In such a moment, when she herself so intensely feels and imparts such ecstasy, how often have I wished for the pencil of Raphael that I might seize the bright vision and transfer it to canvass!—What a portrait would it form!—The reader must pardon me; he will find that I claim but few of the privileges of age; but one of them must be to rave whenever I speak of this favorite child of my adoption. Let me, however, now return to a much less pleasing subject—myself.

Until the last year, I have been in the habit of making annual excursions to the north and south, so that I am as well acquainted

with the manners and customs of other states as those of my own. In the winter I have sought amusement and information by attending the debates of Congress; and when this source failed, I have visited for a month or two the best theatres that I could find on the continent; hence I am intimately acquainted with the first performers on both stages, and can predict the success of a piece in either house by the casting of the characters. On these occasions, as Rosalie was too young to accompany me, I placed her under the protection of her aunt, who lives at the foot of the Blue Ridge; and I believe that her romantic fancy was no less delighted with her excursions and the wonders of nature which spread before her, than my curiosity was gratified by those of art.

But my wounds, especially that in my hip, are becoming more and more troublesome, the farther I advance in the winter of life; and I very plainly feel, that hereafter I shall have to read more and travel less. My boys, however, and my girl will soon be in the world, and their lively reports will be more gratifying to me than even my own ocular observation. I am not yet so disabled, however, but that I still travel with ease any where over the state, and even to the city of Washington. So that I am not to be regarded as a coloured monk, writing strictures upon a world which he never sees.

To enlarge the sphere of my literary enjoyments, I have lately subscribed for The Edinburg Review. I have been hitherto kept from doing this, by the asperity of the work and the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments which I thought I observed in it. But my objections were overruled by my boys, when they were with me last summer; the rogues, I suppose, are fond of mischief; and I began to fear from the entertainment the work afforded me, that I was contracting something of the cynical moroseness usually ascribed to my years; when in the 38th number, for January 1810, I came to the review of Ashe's Travels in America. The coarse and vulgar calumnies of Mr. Ashe gave me no inquietude; but the left-handed defence of us by the critic, stung me into such a fever as I have not felt for many years. Only observe the insulting picture which he has drawn of our manners and morals: "That the Americans have great and *peculiar* faults both in their *manners* and in their *morality*, we take to be *undeniable*. They have the vices and the virtues that belong to their situation; and they will continue to have them until that situation is altered. Their manners, for the most part are those of a scattered and migratory, but speculating people; and there will be no great amendment until the population becomes more dense, and more settled in its habits. When wealth comes to be more generally inherited than acquired, there will be more refinement both in vice and manners: as the population becomes concentrated, and the spirit of adventure is deprived of its objects, *the sense of honour will improve with the importance of character.*"



Who would suppose from this description, that the people of America were any thing better than a horde of wandering and predatory Arabs? And who would suppose that this writer, from the proud and lofty tone with which he treats us, inhabited himself, a country less perfect in its virtues than that Paradise which *Gaudentino de Lucca* has created amid the deserts of Africa? And yet this declaimer against *migratory adventurers* and *speculators*; this *teacher of refinement and grace in manners* is a Scotchman! or, at most, an Englishman! and let him be of which of those nations he may, we have seen samples enough of his countrymen here, ministers as well as speculators, to know that this critic would have displayed more understanding as well as justice by taking the tone of modesty, than that of arrogance; and that a fair comparison of the two countries would give him no ground of triumph as to morality and manners before any impartial tribunal. As to Scotland, I should be glad to know on what quarter of the world, where "a penny can be turned, even by carrying a pack, she has not poured and is not daily pouring her "adventurers and speculators?" It may be very true, and according to Dr. Johnson's account of the matter, certainly is so, that in Scotland, the "spirit of adventure is *deprived of its proper objects*," but we are yet to learn that this deprivation has had the effect of "improving" either "*the importance of character or the sense of honour*." And as to England, I should be glad to learn what she is, but confessedly, *a nation of speculators and adventurers*? The man who becomes the aggressor in casting national reflections, should take care that his own nation is invulnerable, at least in the particulars which he censures; but to select the very points, in which his own nation is most offensive, as the topics of proud and wanton abuse against another, and to call them "great and *peculiar* faults," is to subject himself to the charge of a want of good sense as well as good breeding, from which no elegance of style or poignancy of periods can save him.

The picture which this critic has drawn of our literature, although certainly aggravated into a caricature has more resemblance of the truth,... "Now," says he "though we are certainly of opinion, that the second rate pamphleteers of that country, write incomparably better than Mr. Ashe... it is no doubt true, that America can produce nothing to bring her intellectual efforts into any sort of comparison with *that* (meaning I suppose *those* of Europe,)"... I fancy that Mr. Hammond, Mr. Erskine and Mr. Rose, must have shaken their heads, in token of dissent, when they read this period. The writer proceeds.... "Liberty and competition has as yet done nothing to stimulate literary genius in these republican states. They have never passed the limits of humble mediocrity, either in thought or expression."..... Then follows a personality which I do not choose to repeat. He then proceeds.... "In short Federal America has done nothing, either

to extend, diversify or embellish the sphere of human knowledge. Though all she has written, were obliterated from the records of learning, there would if we except the works of Franklin," (for the suppression of which *en passant*, a corrupt attempt was made in England, to save, I suppose, the necessity of this exception,) "be no positive diminution either of the useful or agreeable. The destruction of her whole literature," (always expecting I suppose those parts of Franklin's works which escaped the meditated destruction,) "would not occasion so much regret as we feel for the loss of a few leaves from an ancient classic."

Then follows a paragraph which exhibits a most palpable and ludicrous struggle between the disingenuousness and candor of the critic; between the complex and conflicting duties of lashing Mr. Ashe for lashing the Americans, and at the same time inflicting the lash on them himself; between those sweeping censures by which the critic was disposed to exterminate every thing like talents from this country, and the strong and glaring evidence of the reverse which he dared not for his own sake directly to deny. Mark the labor and discord of the paragraph, and let the reader when he has finished it, ask himself, what clear and definite opinion of America can be deduced from it. "But notwithstanding all this, we really cannot agree with Mr. Ashe, in thinking the Americans *absolutely incapable or degenerate*; and are rather ("reluctantly, I suppose") inclined to think, that when their neighborhood thickens, and *their opulence ceases to depend on exertion*, they will show *something of the same talents* to which it is a part of our duty to do justice to *ourselves*." At present, then, it seems we have shewn *nothing* of these talents; but let us see the residue of the paragraph, that we may learn what talents we have shewn. "And we are more inclined to adopt *this favorable opinion*, from considering that her history has already furnished occasions for the display of *talents of a high order*; and that, in the ordinary business of government, she displays *no mean share of ability and eloquence*."—Then it seems that talents for war and the ordinary business of government are no part of the talents to which it is the duty of those critics to do *justice among themselves*—in other words are no part of the talents of their country; for without supposing this, the paragraph is involved in a contradiction, which sophistry may attempt, but candor cannot reconcile; and such a thing certainly may be supposed without doing violence either to history or truth—I speak of late years.

But I should be glad to hear this critic say by whom the literary reputation of Great Britain has been advanced to its present boasted height? Has this been done by men "whose opulence had ceased to depend on exertion;" or by men who were literally writing for bread. Let the catalogue of their writers be examined, that it may be seen whether the greatest among them, and nine out of ten of the whole number, were not men whose very



subsistence, instead of their opulence, depend on exertion. The writers for the Edinburgh Review, are no doubt independent and opulent men ; but this does not alter the general truth. I should also be glad to know what the writer means by *the ordinary business of government*? Does he mean by it, the formation of a constitution like that of the U. S? Or does he call the preservation of national peace and honour, in the present state and morals of the world, the ordinary business of government?

Instead, however, of exasperating myself and my readers still more, by dwelling on the rude and insolent structures of this critic it is the part of wisdom to turn them to our profit. Some one has said, that when his enemies reproached him, he considered, with himself, first whether he deserved their reproaches—if he did not, he considered them as having been intended for some one else—but if he found that he did deserve them, he took care, by an immediate reformation to deserve them no longer, and thus he made his enemies in spite of themselves tributary to his advantage. Thus let us act towards this Reviewer of Mr Ashe.

That our manners and our morality are equal to those of Great Britain, ought not to be enough—we need to have advanced a very little way in either to be able, to make that boast with truth. Our enquiry should be, have we no faults which care and exertion might prune away? Are there no graces and delicacies of action, which a little culture might introduce? Are the sources of literature beyond our reach? Or is it not in our power to wipe away entirely the reproach which the British critic has in this respect thrown upon us?

To assist those enquiries and aid these exertions, are the objects with which this paper is begun. I shall furnish it from time to time, as occasions invite, and shall suspend and resume it, as my health and occupations may permit.

.....

## THE TOWER OF BABEL.

...

*From Parson's Travels in Asia and Africa.*

AT a distance of six hour's travelling from Bagdad, on this side of the city are the remains of the Tower of Babel. They stand in a vast plain, which is a mere desert, and are still about two hundred and twenty feet in height.

"The materials of the little remains of this once famed tower, are unburnt bricks, now as hard as stone, which in dimensions are 14 inches by 10, and nearly 5 inches thick. There is not any cement between them either of bitumen or mortar. About the distance of every four feet from the bottom to the top, are layers of reeds four inches thick. By digging ten or twelve inches into one of these, I pulled out by degrees a handful of them, which are as firm and sound, except their being pressed flat, as they were when

first inserted ; which the Jew Rabbies at Bagdad tell me, according to a tradition of theirs, is very near four thousand two hundred years. They call it Nimrod's Tower."

.....

### THE MORALIST.

...

HUMANITY is one of the most amiable and noble passions that possibly can influence the heart of man. It teaches us the imbecility of our nature, and the liability of being reduced to a state of penury and adversity. It also teaches us tenderly to commiserate the indigent and distressed, and cordially to administer relief to them. Does not the sight of a decrepid fellow mortal that is doomed to wander the earth's wide stage, excite within, a sympathetic feeling ? Are thine eyes shut to the cries of the helpless orphan ? Dost thou turn from the mournful lamentations of the widow ? And hast thou never witnessed the unheard of cruelties that are inflicted on the sons of Afric ? Surely these must have come under your observation, and have demanded with audible voice, your much needed assistance.

Charity was an injunction enjoined by our blessed Redeemer. He, when on earth, left us a signal example by bestowing a competency of such as he had. Who, then, will not listen to the voice of humanity, and lend an arm to support the fainting, homeless wanderer ?

To be strictly humane, we must cancel every thing from our memory that is inimical to another, and forgive those who lavishly persecute or traduce us, for such are the characteristics of a benevolent heart, and an indication of genuine piety.

These are duties we ought cheerfully to perform, without the expectation of any earthly remuneration ; but with a full assurance that God will smile upon us, and amply reward us for them.

.....

### A LETTER

FROM SAMBO, ON THE INTERESTING SUBJECT OF CORSETS.

*Dear Mungo,*

TURRER day I meet misse Philisse in de street, she trut like a turkey wis his tail spread ; trait like a lampo ; her head so high she no able for see pament, she stumble over de tep tone, she broke her toe on de side walk, and de debble to pay—"Why, Philisse, say I, what de debble make you so trait like a pickerel ? What make you so blind, you know can see for go ?" Philisse she tell me she had on a gossup, or fossip, or cossup, or what you call dem tings de buckram lady wear before, for make him hold up she head ? Cossup I believe. "Cossup ! why what you call cossup, misse Philisse, say I ? where you put him ? what he like ?" Philesse she tell me for feel. "Lord bless me ! say I, why tis big



and long like de hogsit tave ; how can you wear dem ! he pinch you, make you look so like a wasp. O Phillisse ! Phillisse ! dis neber do. I hear massa, turrer day read long letter in de nuse paper, from Massa Filampus, bout dese ugly cossup ; and Massa Filampus he say how dat one fine chammin buckram misse, who had de rosy cheek and de shiny eye, she go dead for dem plaguy tings. And massa he read one udder letter and de nuse paper too, from Massa Filam Flampus, bout Misse Doubleco, she too most dead, all for de cossup. O Philisse ! spose you no trow dese tings way, you cum sick and you die too. Philisse ! I cannot bear for see you sick ; den you look so tin and so pale, like de yellow molat, den your eye no shine no more." Ky ! Phillisse she say, who care for Massa Filampus and Filam Flampus ! He buckram man, he say so for frite de lady of colour, and make dem fraid for follow de fashun of de buckram lady. Spose de buckram lady wear de cossup ? I wear de cossup : she no fraid—I no fraid. O Phillisse ! say I, spose you cum sick, you no got money for pay doctor, buckram lady hab. Den you hab noting for comfort you. De white people dey say, let poor negur die ; what bisness she make herself sick because de buckram lady she do so ? Niggarr fool. Den Phillisse she promise me she will trow away de cossup ; and next time I see her she feel so well—bless me, she dance, and she laugh, and she grin so, and her eye shine, and she look so chirk, it make my heart jump in my troat for see her. Ah, ah, Phillisse (say I) you no hab on de cossup now. If de buckram lady was wise like you, dey could laugh, and dance, and grin too. Nigger wise now—buckram lady fool. SAMBO.

.....

### SCRAPS.

...

#### *A Case for the Gentlemen of the Bar.*

Will Webster, of Stamford, sold as good a cup of ale, as ever mantled in a beer-glass. He was bred a baker, and is as common in the country, he also sold bread : and it was usual for working people to call a penny loaf as a penny worth of ale at his house.

A man came one day for six penny loaves. Webster served him as he sat in the drinking room ; and after they had been delivered to him, he said, " Master Webster take one of your loaves back ; I'll have but five ; and bring me a penny worth of ale ; *that* will make up the sixpence, all the same, you know." The ale was brought him, and he gave a loaf for it, drank it, and called for another, and another, until he had exchanged the six loaves for six penny worths of ale ;—then rising up, said, Mary must do with brown bread, which he believed would be quite as good for her health ; and was deliberately marching off, when the landlord desired to be paid,—"*Paid ! for what ?*" said the fellow. " For my bread," answered the landlord. " Your bread ! have you

not had it again?" Why then pay me for the ale," said the publican. "I gave you bread for it," answered the defendant. "That is true," answered Boniface; "yet *some-how* I think I am cheated, but if ever you *bother* me again, call me *cut*, that's all; you shall always pay for every thing as I bring it in."

*Law Query.*—Upon what can the landlord bring his action?

.....

*Vulgar Idea of an Oath.*

Niebuhr, in his travels through Arabia, says, "A merchant of Mecca made an observation upon those saints, which I was surprised to hear from a Mahometan. The vulgar," said he, must always have a visible object to fear and honour. Thus, at Mecca, oaths, instead of being addressed to God are pronounced in the name of Mahomet. At Mohka, I would not trust a man who should take God to witness the truth of any thing he happened to assert; but I might much more safely depend upon him who should swear by Schech Schaedeli whose mosque and tomb are before his eyes."

.....

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE WHITFIELD,

*The Celebrated Preacher of the Gospel.*

An intimate friend of the celebrated Hume, asked what he thought of Mr. Whitfield's preaching; for he had listened to the latter part of one of his sermons at Edinburgh: "He is, Sir," said Mr. Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard; it is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. He then repeated a passage towards the close of his discourse which he had heard.—"After a solemn pause, he thus addressed his numerous audience. *The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to Heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?*—

To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and with gushing tears cried aloud,"—*Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.*—He then, in the most simple but energetic language, described a Saviour's dying love to sinful man; so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher.

.....

A swindler of address, being asked by a foreigner what might be the state of learning in England, answered, "as to the SCIENCES I can't speak, as I only study the ARTS.



A gentleman observed to a shoe-black, that it was rather singular that he and his brother, (who was a preacher,) should be of so different callings—"O sir," replied the shoe black, "our callings are not so different as many imagine—George takes care of the *soul*, and I take care of the *upper-leather*."

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

GENTLEMEN,

If you will insert these lines in your next "Emerald" you will confer a favour on one of your most constant readers.

TO HER TO WHOM IT APPLIES.

Yes, yes another's far more dear  
To thee, for whom so true I burn'd;  
And mine was no vain jealous fear,  
For every jealous doubt's *confirm'd*.

Dear, dear perfidious maid, I thought  
I found a kindred heart in thee,  
But Oh! thy perfidy hath taught  
Once more, my heart its misery.

How vain the lustre of thine eye,  
Since that on all can fondly dwell,  
No more for thee, false girl, I'll sigh;  
Or only sigh to breathe *Farewell*.

Ah! no, in every clime I rove,  
And many a clime I yet may see;  
Should I but hear the name of love,  
My constant heart shall sigh for thee.

CONSTANCY.

.....

*The author of the foregoing may perhaps find relief by a perusal of the following little poem, which we have selected for his consideration.*

TO A FRIEND IN LOVE.

GO, fond youth! and quit thy sighing,  
Give thy slighted passion o'er;  
If thy lover's uncomplying,  
Would you still the nymph adore!

There are other beauties, single,  
To whom youth and praise belong;

Who, no doubt, would gladly mingle  
With the Hymeneal throng—

Go then, give thy passion over,  
Boast thy freedom, fly despair;  
Tell the fickle faithless rover,  
You no longer see her fair.

MONITOR.

### TO READERS, &c.

Grateful for the flattering encouragement bestowed on *The Emerald*, the editors will endeavour to the extent of their abilities, to render it instructive and entertaining.—We have however to apologise for the irregularity with which it has been sometimes delivered, owing to the want of a steady carrier. This deficiency we are sedulously endeavouring to remedy, and solicit the indulgence of our patrons until the new carrier becomes acquainted with the rounds. Those who may not receive their numbers are requested to send to the office.

### HYMENEAL.

*When two fond hearts in wedlock's band  
By Hymen are united,  
Cupid portrays the promis'd land  
And Fancy is delighted.*

MARRIED—On the 22d ult. Mr. *Robert Allison*, printer, to Miss *Eliza Allender*.—On the 30th, Mr. *George Bandell*, to Miss *Maria Strong*.—On the 1st. inst. Mr. *William Myers*, to Miss *Eleanor Warren*, all of this city.

### OBITUARY.

..... "Behold fond man!  
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years  
Thy flow'ry Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
Thy sober Autumn fading into age;  
And pale concluding Winter comes at last  
And shuts the scene."—

DIED—In Yorktown, on the 14th ult. at an advanced age, the Hon. *CYRUS GRIFFIN*, Judge of the Federal Court, for the district of Virginia.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year....payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1811. No. 11.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

RATIONAL amusements, when not permitted to be indulged in excess, have a tendency to relieve the mind from the load which it may labour under, and serves to stimulate us in our routine of duty by invigorating the body, and freeing it from that lassitude which generally accompanes our occupations. Tho' the word "amusement," has been used as a cover for immoralities, yet the penetrating can easily divine the motives, and the thin veil that covers them is consequently drawn aside, when the deformities are viewed in the same light by all.

The science or art of Horsemanship has always been a peculiar object of solicitude by governments. To the dexterity and activity of those who have been brought up in this school has the fate of many a battle been attributed, and probably the existence of a nation itself preserved.

Parents, who have the means, generally bestow this manly accomplishment upon their sons, and whether taught in the school of nature, or of art, a gracefullness in their equestrian exercises has frequently called forth the glow of paternal admiration, while the exulting youth participates in their affection, by bestowing

gratitude for the generous bounty that enables him either to serve his country, or to preserve himself from the casualties incident to inexperience.

The bills of the day have announced the arrival of Messrs. P. PIN and BRESCHARD with their respectable company of Equestrians, and an acquisition of several new performers of distinguished merit. The citizens of Baltimore have frequently been witnesses to the endeavours of those gentlemen to afford amusement "for an idle hour"—and while with "fear and trembling" they have beheld their feats of activity and strenuous exertions, their repeated plaudits have dissipated those fears and caused involuntary exclamations. The Ladies, too, attached to this company, become more interesting when we perceive them divesting themselves of the timidity which appertain to their sex, and boldly go through the exercises that more properly belong to herculean man. Yet the symmetry of their form, the gracefulness of their attitude, the delicacy of their feats, and, above all, their praiseworthy modesty, begets more than ordinary sensations. The fastidious may view them without any contamination of principle—the cynic would be divested of his prejudices—and the moralist say, "surely here's no room for reprehension."

MESSRS. P. PIN and BRECHARD, during their perigrinations in this country, have supported characters blameless and spotless.—The gentlemanly deportment that accompanies the manners of each, has endeared them to a numerous acquaintance—the subordination of their *corps* evince the love borne them—the repelling of the least "squinting at vice," shew their detestation of it—and their frequent donations to the poor, begets our gratitude, which can only be paid by testimonials of respect, and remunerating them during the present season.

#### A FRIEND TO MERIT.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

*Messrs. Pleasant & Co.*

IN your ninth number, a writer over the signature of "Howard," expresses, in a benevolent manner, his disgust against the barbarous practice of Bull-baiting—the stigma, the reproach, the *savage refinement* of a civilized nation. The sub-



ject selected by "Howard," merits the reproof of every benevolent writer, nor can it be handled with too little lenity. This breach of the laws of humanity should be drawn in such lights as might claim the attention of those who have power invested in them to abolish it. But, alas! the natures of mankind seem strangely at variance with the precepts which humanity and benevolence lay down for them to follow. It does not require the sight of a bull-bait or a cock-fight to teach us the tyranny of man's disposition—it glares upon us in the public streets; in our private walks it intrudes unsolicited—the joy of the huntsman is the death of nature; the ambition of the driver is the sharpness of his goad. The wretch who spends his days in misery for a scanty subsistence from an overbearing master, retaliates his wrongs over the beast he governs. "The ox, that guileless animal, in what has he offended?" If patience and honest industry are crimes, he merits suffering; and if ingratitude is a virtue, those who receive the benefit of his labours, and repay his toils with blows and cruelty, must appear in an amiable light to the eye of Heaven.

BENEVOLUS.

.....

## THE OLD BACHELOR.

.....

No. III.

.....

*Periculosæ plenum, opus alæ  
Tractas, et incedis per ignes  
Suppositis, cineri doloso.*

HOR. LIB. 11. OD. 1.

*The task is full of peril, and you tread  
On fire, with faithless ashes overspread.*

IT is my custom, when I am meditating any step of importance, to hold a council of my children upon it, and after announcing the subject to them and giving them time for consideration, to take their opinions, *seriatim*, (as the lawyers say) on the prudence and rectitude of the measure. By this course, I give them a habit of circumspection, and at the same time, teach them, in the most practical and impressive form, the kinds of consideration which ought to influence and guide the conduct of a virtuous character. For some months past my life has been so stagnant that I have had no occasion to call a board: the project of publishing this paper, however, at length afforded one, and some of the members

being absent, I collected their opinions through the channel of the mail before I had prepared the first number. A serious and earnest division occurred among the members: the arguments for and against the publication were strenuously urged; and as my boys have exposed in a manner, at least, as luminous and entertaining as any that I could adopt, a subject which I am now desirous of laying before the reader, I will, without farther introduction, give their letters as I received them. The first is Galen, who seems, on this occasion, to have changed professions with his brother, since he shows as much of the cold caution of a special pleader, as Alfred does of the happy rashness of a knight of the lancet.

\*\*\*\*\* , DEC. 10, 1810.

"I regret extremely, my dear Uncle, that I united with my brother in pressing you to subscribe for the Edinburgh Review, since it has had the effect of stimulating you to endanger the repose of your age by commencing author. The die, however, is not yet cast; and let me conjure you, my dear uncle, by your fireside, your altars, your household goods, and every thing sacred to peace, to dismiss the idea forever. I am sure that you do me the justice to believe, that I understand clearly and distinctly, the purity, the patriotism, the philanthropy of the motives that have suggested this design to you. But I am persuaded that the benevolent purposes you have in view, will not be answered; while the attempt will draw upon you the displeasure and hostility of many; who either do not know you now, or if they do, look upon you at present with complacency and friendship.

My first position is, that the purposes which you contemplate will not be answered. I understand these purposes to be, to refine the manners and stimulate the literary curiosity of your countrymen. But to produce either of these effects, your essays must be read; and when read, they must have such force and authority as to throw off from the state that leaden mountain of lethargy which has been accumulating for six and thirty years. In the first place, I believe you will not be read. I do not mean to say, my dear uncle, that you will not deserve to be read; because I am persuaded, that, inexperienced as I presume you are in all the mysteries and arts of authorship, yet the native warmth of your heart and correctness of your mind would make you very interesting on every subject not invincibly repulsive in its nature. But I believe, that in the present habits of our country, every ethical work is of this nature; that there is an inherent stiffness and repulsion in didactic moral writing which no talents or address can vanquish, and that the reader will instinctively turn away from the essay the instant he discovers it to be a moral lecture.

But suppose that you should cast a plan, and strike upon a manner so captivating as to ensure your readers, is it not to be feared



that this country is too fixed in its habits to be moved by the power of any pen? Can any genius rouse them from the torpor of indolence in which they are sunk, or exorcise the dæmon of avarice which possesses them?

Let it be admitted, however, that one or two docile readers, here and there, might be awakened to their benefit by your labours, will this be an equivalent for those perils and losses which you must *infallibly* encounter? I repeat it *infallibly*; because I believe it will be impossible for you to avoid personalities, at least, the imputation of them; and either way you must make enemies, and many of them.

In the first place, it will be exceedingly difficult to avoid personalities; this may sound like a paradox at first; but I am persuaded that an attentive consideration of the matter, for one moment, will make it clear. The description of a vice or blemish in manners, in the abstract, will be poor, cold, and inefficacious—to expose it successfully, you must describe it by its effects; you must exhibit it in a picture; and, drawing from the life, you will necessarily exhibit it in those circumstances in which you have yourself seen it; you will select for your model the person in whom the vice or fault is most conspicuous, and as you must paint enough to show the fault at full length and make it odious, you will paint enough to point out the original to some circles of your readers, from whom the intelligence will fly with electric rapidity.

To shew that this is not a mere visionary fear, remember the fate of the spectator. It is no other than the virtuous and pious Addison, who in the 16th Number of that Work declares explicitly that he will not descend to personalities—"If I attack the vicious, says he, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of Draw-cansir in me that I pass by a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not Lais nor Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard whom I shall endeavour to expose, and consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. And again, in the 34th Number, the same moral and pious Addison says, "I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself or any of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him never to draw a faulty character, which does not fit, at least, a thousand people."

No person, I presume, can doubt that Mr. Addison was sincere in making those promises; nor can one suppose that he or any other writer was forced from a compliance with them, and driven to the invidious business of portraying individuals by any poorness of parts or penury of resources. Yet we learn from Doctor Johnson, in his life of Addison that "the personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal; they were then known

and conspicuous in various stations." He asserts this on the authority of Budgell (one of the writers for the Spectator) and that in his preface to Theophrastus, "a book he adds, which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it.".. "Of those portraits," he continues, which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished and *sometimes aggravated*, the originals are now partly known and partly forgotten." Now, how are we to account for this breach of engagement in any way consistent with the veracity and honor of Mr. Addison, but by the difficulty of separating a picture of Manners from the individual who is conspicuous for them, or the impossibility of giving sufficient interest to a moral work which shall be purely abstracted. Do we not know that Johnson even empaed his friend Garrick, in character of Prospero in the Rambler? And do we not also know by another anecdote, in relation to the same writer, that no innocence can save a writer from the imputation of personality or abuse to the country club who had determined to revenge themselves on him by violence, for an imaginary attack at a time when he did not even know of their existence?—Yes, believe me, my dear uncle, that although it were possible for you to avoid the design of personalities, there will not be wanting curious and malicious persons enough, who will apply your remarks and appropriate your pictures to individuals, and thus excite against you an host of enemies. Alas! it is not your retirement nor your age that can save you. Alas! I imagine that I can already see the sunshine and halcyon peace that now surrounds you and illumines your face with smiles, exchanged for darkness, clouds and tempest. I implore you, my beloved uncle, and were I with you, I would implore you on my bended knees, to dismiss the baleful project from your mind forever, and so confirm your own happiness, as well as that of your dutiful and affectionate nephew.

GALEN \*\*\*\*\*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

MESSRS. EDITORS,

*If the following meets your approbation,  
you'll oblige me by inserting it in the Emerald.*

J. B.

WHEN I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half of his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man of doubtful character patting a girl on the



cheek, praising her sparkling eye and ruby lips, and giving her a sly squeeze—beware, my girl, thinks I, or you will find, to your sorrow, that you have been turning grind-stone to a villain.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstone.

When I see a man holding a fat office, sounding “the horn on the borders” to call the people to support the man on whom he depends for his office—well, thinks I, no wonder the man is zealous in the cause—he evidently has an axe to grind.

When I see a magistrate hoisted in his chair to administer justice, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed to turn grindstone for a booby.

.....  
CROSS READING.....*FOR THE EMERALD.*

.....  
A lady of distinction has declared that she had long been afflicted with a complaint in her gums—this valuable composition, with half the usual labour, produces the most brilliant jet black ever beheld.

James Tavistock, respectfully informs his friends and the public—the greatest blemish to beauty is superfluous hairs on the face, neck and arms.

Captain Williamson, of the ship Georgia, in a squall, fell—into a train of thinking.

Late fires in London consumed about 10,000—cords of wood.  
.....

A Dutchman translated Plato's soliloquy from the French into Dutch, which, on being restored to its native language, the following line,

*“It must be so, Plato, thou reason'st well,”*

reads, literally,

*“Just so, Mynheer Plato, you're quite right!”*

.....  
A SKETCH OF THE LAW.

Law! law! law! is like a fine woman's temper; a very difficult study.—Law is like a book of surgery; a great many terrible cases in it.—Law is like fire and water; very good servants, but

very bad when they get the upper hand of us :—it is like a homely genteel woman, very well to follow :—It is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us—And again it is like bad weather, most people chuse to keep out of it.—In law there are four parts : the quidlibate ; the quodlibate ; the quid-pro-quo ; and the sine-quanon—Imprimis, the quidlibate, or who began first ? Because in all actions of assault, the law is clear, that *probis jokis*, is *absolutis maris, sine jokis* : which being elegantly and classically rendered into English is, that whatsoever he be that gave the first stroke, it was absolutely ill and without a joke. Secondly, the quodlibate, or the damages ; but that the law has nothing to do with ; only to state them ; for whatever damages ensue, they are all in client's perquisites, according to the ancient Norman motto ; if he is cast, or castandrum, he is “semper idem ruinandum.”—Thirdly, quid-pro-quo, feeing counsel ; giving words for money, or having money for words : according to that ancient Norman motto, “Sicurat lex,” we live to perplex.—Fourthly, the sinequanon, or, without something, what would any thing be good for ? Without a large wig, what would be the out *lines* of the law ?

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

...

*Messrs. Pleasant & Co.*

Some time ago you asked, through the Emerald, “Which was the strongest passion ?” and I have waited in anxious expectation of hearing it argued upon ; but as none of your correspondents have thought proper to come forward with their opinions, I am led to conclude their passions are all so headstrong, that they find it difficult to give a decision in favour of any particular one.—I believe, gentlemen, I have a share of most of the passions incident to human nature, but that *one* has the ascendancy, and reigns lord over all, candor leads me to a just confession of. Why, I am the most *loving* fellow, perhaps, you have ever heard or read of ; nor is my love confined to a single object—by no means. A thousand pretty girls seem combined to torment me ; every pretty girl I come across lends her aid to torment me—

*And now an ankle wounds, and now an arm ;*

*Anon ! a heav'n built form—an angel's eye.*

I sigh for Phillis, and am distracted for Almira ; a flame for Maria consumes me, and my pain for not being able to obtain the hand of Melinda is indeed deplorable.

Oh love ! thou tormentor of mortals, what a wretched wight have you not made of me ! Had I but power over thy bow and



thy quivers, persecuting urchin, tho' thy mother supplicated in tears at my feet, I would abandon mercy and forget her prayers, and after shooting every fair one to the heart, I would break thy bow to atoms, and throw thy darts to the devil!——Oh Almira!—charming Phillis!—adorable Melinda!—Oh Cupid!—Give me another heart! bind up my wounds!—I rave!—Catch that man with a red jacket—Oh what a flame is love! That's her with the little feet and blue eyes.....Good bye Messrs. Editors.

*"Limbs do your office, and support me well,  
Bear me to her—then fail me if you can."*

ARDENT.

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....  
FOR THE EMERALD.

### ON LIFE.

WHAT is this paltry thing call'd Life? At best  
A gaudy rattle or a dream: a toy  
Brittle as those which wanton nurses give  
To still the noisy brat who thwarts their joys.  
Is this the sum of life? O would it were!  
Then might we laugh the idle hours away,  
Of man regardless, nor of death afraid.  
But, Ah! this *seeming* TRIFLE, nicknam'd LIFE,  
Would bear a harsher name: 'tis oft' a cup  
In which pale sorrow steeps severest stings  
Of deepest misery—Sickness, pain and want  
Feed on men's bowels, and whilst feeding so,  
Learn to be gluttons on poor pining man.  
Th' ingredients of the bowl, say, who can tell  
Without a pang? Yet, many a hapless wretch  
Is doom'd to quaff it to the very dregs.  
Yet, with all this, how many men there are  
Who speak of virtue as a *thing of course*;  
Who scoff at *folly*, tho' themselves are fools;  
Who praise up HONOR, tho' themselves have none;  
Who preach *civility*, and practice pride;  
Who seek for meanness in her bloated den,  
And nestle with the venom which she breeds—  
How many men of this same sort there are,  
Who, or attach'd to life, or scar'd at death,  
Would hug the veriest beggars to their hearts  
Rather than die.——

H.

## FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

## TO BELINDA.

DEAR was the hour when I could call thee friend,  
 When the sweet converse of thine angel lips  
 Was healing balsam to a wounded heart :  
 Why did imprudence—fatal bane of bliss,  
 (Urg'd on by all the vanity of youth,)  
 Tempt me to intimate an ardent flame ;  
 A flame too ardent, and too little feign'd :  
 Oh ! it was genuine, and pure and just ;  
 Too sweet to last, and blasted in its birth,  
 And in its ruin friendship perish'd too.  
 Ah ! now when prudence would return again,  
 Where is the friend to prop her dictates firm,  
 T' advise like thee—for thy advice was sweet,  
 And thy lov'd accents made it doubly dear.  
 Now some good angel grant my earnest pray'r—  
 Return my friend again ; give her to view  
 A reformation ; and be thou her help,  
 And hand in hand conduct me on to virtue.  
 So shall my leisure moments henceforth be  
 In the fair sacred scenes of friendship pass'd,  
 And gliding on in sweet succession show  
 That this New-Year produced a happy change.

M.

Charles-Street, Jan. 10.

.....

## FOR THE EMERALD.

Come, gentle Pity ! ever swell  
 That breast where worth and beauty dwell :  
 Embalm'd in innocence and truth,  
 Thou, comforter of age and youth !  
 No tragic scenes of wretchedness  
 Can surely mar thy happiness ;  
 The rich and poor, the young and old,  
 The strong, the weak, the faint or bold,  
 Alike adorn thy heav'nly charms,  
 When threat'ned with the dire alarms  
 Of angry Gods—the adverse Fates,  
 Who wield the destinies of States.  
 Though scornful man thy worth may spurn,  
 Thou wilt the female mind adorn  
 In ev'ry age : thou shalt endure  
 Till Time himself shall be no more.

VIATOR.



FOR THE EMERALD.

## EPITAPH.

STRANGER ! here in solemn cell,  
 Rests the once lov'd Isabel ;  
 Once the pride of social life,  
 Once the fond endearing wife,  
 Once the gen'rous friend sincere,  
 Once the doating mother dear :  
 Early call'd to meet her doom,  
 Early called to fill the gloom  
 Of this dark and dismal grave ;  
*Dread deposit—dreary cave.*

STRANGER ! wilt thou grant a tear ?  
 Youth and Beauty moulder here.  
 Friendship mingles with the dust,  
 Chillness weds the fair and just.  
 Dark the eyes where beauty shone,  
 Cold the breast to virtue prone ;  
 Still the lips whence music broke,  
 Cover'd with corruption's cloak.

Gen'rous *Stranger* ! stay thy tears,  
 Go, dismiss thy honest fears,  
 Tho' in this uncomely cell,  
 Rests the form of Isabel :  
 In a blest and bright abode,  
 Her pure spirit dwells with God.

H.

FOR THE EMERALD.

## THE REDUCED BUCK'S FAREWELL.

" *For cold despair begins to freeze my bosom,*  
*And all my pow'rs are now resolv'd on death.*"

LEE

Adieu the chase, adieu my dogs and gun,  
 Adieu my friends, adieu to all my fun ;  
 Adieu my girl, the darling of my heart,  
 Adieu mankind, for we at length must part ;  
 Adieu my pockets, empty you've become,  
 Adieu my parents and my quiet home ;  
 Adieu those heart-felt joys I once possess'd,  
 Adieu to revelry and midnight jest ;  
 Adieu to life, since nothing I can find  
 To please my fancy, or divert my mind ;

Unless kind fortune fills my purse once more,  
 \* Then will I live, then will I quit the score,  
 And drink, and shoot, and hunt as heretofore. }

J. D.

\* *The writer should have said—*

Then will I give my former foibles o'er,  
 And quit the follies that have made me poor.—[*Ed.*]

### INDIAN COQUETRY.

THE Chawanon Indians, inhabiting the lake Mareotti, and who are considered the most warlike and civilized of the American Indians, have a manner of courtship which we believe to be peculiar to themselves. When such of their young women as have pretensions to beauty, attain their twelfth year, which is the usual period of their marriage, they either keep themselves quite secluded at home, or, when they go out, muffle themselves up in such a manner, that nothing is seen but their eyes. On these indications of beauty, they are eagerly sought in marriage, and those suitors who have acquired the greatest reputation as warriors or hunters, obtain the consent of the family. After this, the lover repairs to the cabin, where the beauty is lying enveloped on her couch. He gently approaches and uncovers her face, so that his person may be seen, and if this be to her mind, she invites him to lay down by her side; if not, she again conceals her face, and the lover retires. A husband has the privilege of marrying all his wife's sisters as they arrive at age, so that after, often before, his first wife is thirty he has married and abandoned at least a dozen.

.....

Some persons who have a great deal of sharp and pungent satire in their tempers, do not discover it unless they are highly provoked; as in the evaporation of human blood, by a gentle fire, the salt will not rise.

.....

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetical piece signed J. K. M. from his friend "U." came too late for this week's publication; it shall be attended to in our next.

"Josephus" is inadmissible.

Polydore's imitation of Dryden, is the worst imitation we have ever seen of any thing—one consolation we can, however, offer him; which is, that "Dryden;" would be as incapable of imitating "Polydore," as Polydore is of imitating Dryden.

Several new communications are under consideration.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE.

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every  
SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in town at Three Dol-  
lars a year...payable at the expiration of every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1811. No. 12

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Editors,

SOME few days ago one of your Emeralds fell into my hands, in which I observed two or three queries. One of which I perceive, has not yet been answered, and which, though I am no writer, I now attempt to treat upon.

The query to which I here allude is, "*why are men of intellectual worth less the favorites of the ladies than those whose only intellect is on their backs ?*"

I will not, Messrs. Editors, pretend to say that ladies of fashion pay no attention to men of literary worth ; but I will allow that they are "less their favorites." In women, generally speaking, there is something which renders them fond of light, airy, and even of frivolous amusements ; which in some measure will account for their fondness for what is gay and trivial in the other sex.

The chief feature of the true feminine mind is delicacy, and that grace of attire and courtliness of demeanor for which the ladies are remarkable. To render them acceptable to the men, they are compelled to obey the dictates of that delicacy by dressing, at least, in a neat and decent manner. Beaux, who taking advantage

of female taste, pay attention to the nicety of dress and gracefulness of manners, become of course in fashionable circles, the greatest favorites with young ladies particularly, not accustomed to reflection.

Men of literary pursuits, let their mental accomplishments be ever so excellent, are apt to be slovenly in dress and negligent in their manners, which renders their personal presence *disagreeable*; and sometimes disgusting. They are accordingly neglected in the gay and social circles of life, which occasions them to become peevish, and exclaim upon the levity and want of discernment in the female sex.

Literary gentlemen ought always to reflect that slovenliness of person tends to obscure intellectual vigor and accomplishments, as the fogs hide the brilliancy of Sol's rays. In a misty morning we may observe the circumstances which prevent the solar beams from being magnified; and so it is with an awkward ill-dressed, filthy man of great and improved mind: we shrink from contact with him; and, as in the prevalence of the mist, we do not recur to the glories of the sun, so we do not qualify the squalid negligence of man by recollecting the force and richness of his intellect. The fops appreciating the practical operation of this branch of metaphysics more correctly than the men of sense, completely out-wit them, and in my judgment, deserve much credit for so rational and decorous a stratagem.

Gentlemen devoted to letters deck out their writings in the most comely manner possible; they are in that respect sometimes fastidious, and always nice to a syllable. The ladies, constant to their delicacy of taste, always pay the greatest deference to ideas thus handsomely set forth; and if the men of erudition would take half as much pains to appear to advantage in their habiliments that they do in their writings, I am sure the ladies would have no more objection to meet their *persons* than their *minds*, in sheets. In corroboration of these remarks it may be observed, how very superior a literary man of fine mind, well dressed and easy manners appears in the fashionable circles: let him be ever so ugly he will not be neglected. And if to these, nature has given him a good person and an interesting countenance, what a figure does he make? What havoc among the fair? what rivalry and envy among his own sex? Let us not then condemn the ladies for giving preference to what are called *fops*; since the fault plainly ap-



pears to belong to the opposite sex ; to the men of understanding and mental refinement who neglect the necessary ornaments to make them pleasing to the most beautiful part of God's creation.

The ladies, indeed, are uniformly consistent in the gratification of their taste—they decide with the same delicacy on the beauty of intellect and the beauty of apparel : as a proof of this, I appeal to the notorious facts, that they ridicule the silly chatter of fops, and treat their conversation as a matter of mere diversion. No lady would be seen in company with an ignorant beau, if the brains of him were to constitute his outward dress and manners : whence we may conclude that a man of intellectual greatness, in slovenly attire and of awkward behaviour, is a *beau* turned *inside out* : and a *beau* or *fop* is a *man* of fine mind turned *out-side in*.

It is high time that men of knowledge should assert their proper personal influence in society, so as to put, FOPPERY out of countenance, and do justice to our fair country-women. I will venture to say, if the learned of the male sex would devote a little more attention to their dress and behaviour, the beaux would be compelled to cultivate their minds, or be obliged to relinquish the society of the ladies entirely. Let men of letters, therefore, cast off their slippers and night gowns ; put on their garbs of decency, and step forward in polite walks, and shield or guard the ladies from the odium of a species of scandal, for which those only who propagate it, ought to be condemned.

VERITAS.

.....

## THE OLD BACHELOR.

.....

### No. III.

[Concluded from page 128.]

...

\*\*\*\*\* , DEC. 12, 1810.

I am delighted, my dear uncle, with the scheme which your letter discloses ; and feel a new obligation to the writers of the Edinburgh Review for having caused it. I am persuaded that a course of moral and literary essays, executed in such a style as to draw and fix upon them the public attention, would do great good in this country, and great honor to their author. As to the idea which you suggest, that the world is perhaps, already full of such works, and that the topics are all exhausted, I am sure you urged

it merely to try my judgment, or to give me the triumph of refuting it.

For as to Casa's book of manners, and Castiglione's Courtier in Italy, Bruyere's manners of the age in France, or the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, &c. in England, what have they to do with American manners? What instruction does a lady in this country gain by being told that a girl with a hoop petticoat, whom the Spectator saw fall in the streets of London, looked for all the world like a bell—a bell without a clapper; or, that another who fell down stairs with a head dress, four stories high, resembled an Egyptian pyramid set upon *its apex*? Every country and every age has its peculiar manners, and, therefore, no portrait of one can serve for another; on the contrary, a picture of manners "living as they rise" in any country, will always be new, original and captivating. In matters of literature there is, indeed, more unity and durability; but then the topics which it presents are so various, and indeed infinite, that there is no danger of finding subjects enough to which a writer of genius can give novelty and grace.

And even on the same subject, different men have such different modes of thinking, that I believe such a mind as Goldsmith's, for instance, could have walked directly over the track of the Spectator, touching his very mottoes and subjects, without any danger of tiring his reader. You will say that you are no Goldsmith; to which I answer, that to counterbalance this advantage, you have a new country, a vast field covered with a heavy harvest, which no sickle has ever yet touched.

As to your doubt whether such a work would produce any effect on the inveterate habits of this country, why should we think so humbly of ourselves, and so illy of others? I presume that the people of England in the reign of Queen Anne, were at least as luxurious, as vicious and inveterate in their habits as the people of this country: and yet we are told by Addison, that the Spectator had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolicsome and the gay to unite merriment with decency. You will say that you are not an Addison or a Steele—never mind, my dear uncle, I will help you: so that you see there is no danger of my failing in my profession by my modesty.

But you apprehend that you may inflict pain where you mean only to give pleasure, and make enemies of those whom it is your wish and intention to serve. If I could believe this, I should certainly oppose the measure, *totis viribus*; but why is such a consequence necessary? I take it for granted, that you do not propose to write lampoons and satires upon individuals; but strictures upon the customs and the manners of the present age—the reader who feels that your remarks are just and apply to himself, will certainly feel pain from that consciousness; so also does the patient, whose leg the surgeon amputates to save his life; and so also does the sinner who trembles under the voice, and shrinks from the



probe of a penetrating and eloquent preacher—but, what then? Shall the surgeon throw away his instruments, and the preacher seal up his lips, and so, to avoid present pain, let the patient die, and the sinner go to hell? No, sir—inflict the salutary pain of a moment—it is a cheap price for an eternity of happiness.

As to your creating enemies without any intention to do so, let the benevolence of your intention be manifest on the face of your works, and there is no danger of your making enemies of any but the vicious, the malicious, and the mean, whose enmity is honor.—What do you care for such people? You depend upon them for nothing; and their displeasure will be infinitely overbalanced by the applause and esteem of the wise and good. Go on, my dear uncle, I conjure you, and that God whom you adore will not fail to follow with his blessing, a work which he must approve.

Tendering to you and to our beloved Rosalie the compliments of the approaching season, I am, my dear uncle, your affectionate nephew,

ALFRED \*\*\*\*\*

After I had read these letters to Rosalie, I called for her opinion; whereupon I perceived immediately an arch smile playing around her lips, and dimpling her sweet cheek. “In the first place, uncle, said she, I must be frank enough to tell you, that I have been bribed to vote in a particular way.” “Bribed by whom?” “Why, that sly rogue, Alfred, apprehending that Galen and himself would differ in opinion, has written me a promise, that if I would vote with him, he would make me a present of a new edition of *The British Classics*, and give me six kisses into the bargain, when he comes home in the spring. It was right that you should know this fact, in order that my opinion may stand for no more than it deserves. After this confession, I must confess farther, that my brother Galen’s letter has alarmed me exceedingly, and brought to my mind the fable of the bear, who, stung by a single bee, as you have been by the *British Reviewer*, overset, in revenge, the whole hive upon his own head. Yet I do not see why a person should be restrained from a virtuous action, which may do good, by any terror of the low and wicked. I perfectly approve of the rule which directs that we should do whatever our consciences tell us to be right, and leave the consequences to Heaven. The bribe apart, therefore, I vote with Alfred, so far as to advise that we make the experiment. We will watch the effects, and desist if we find Alfred’s hopes likely to be frustrated, or Galen’s fears to be realized.” Rosalie’s vote, supported by her own and Alfred’s arguments, at once determined me, and I commenced the work,—How long it may continue, will depend more upon my readers than myself; upon their tractability and submission to my authority, as well as the candor and justice with which they shall treat my motives.

FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Editors,*

I OBSERVED in the 8th number of the Emerald one or two queries, one of which was, "*Why do fops follow fashions with avidity?*" But I have never seen an answer ; which causes me to think that many are of the same opinion with myself, that there is nothing in it—that is, that the fact is otherwise. I will however, only speak for myself, and I aver that though I am termed a fop, I never followed a fashion in my life ; but on the contrary was the inventor of many a one ; nor do I hesitate to state the cause ; Necessity—and necessity, you know is the mother of invention. Many of your readers may recollect the fashions a few years ago of long vests ; this was my first fashion, and it originated from my taylor's having mistaken my measure for a person of less size than myself, and consequently spoiled a nice piece of cloth in making pantaloons ; they were as you may naturally suppose, much too short for me, and not having cash to buy more stuff, and unwilling to have any words with my taylor, to whom I was considerably indebted, I prevailed on him to make me a vest of length sufficient to make up for their shortness ; he did so, and that fashion was established ; nay, followed "with avidity ;" not by fops, but by fools, who knew nothing of the matter. The next I adopted was the short vest ; for by the time this suit was worn out, still low in cash, I could only afford to purchase pantaloons, this I did, and had them in turn made so long as to enable him to cut my vest so short as to take off the worn out parts and make it appear as new ; hence arose at the same time the fashion of long pantaloons and short vests ; these were also followed "with avidity ;" the reason still unknown to the followers. And in the same manner my hose were metamorphosed from long to short, as necessity required. My hat, which was a white one, I had worn till it was almost like myself, out of credit, and unable to get a new one, I took it to a hatter to get dressed, but he in manufacturing wrought it up so small, that he was obliged, to give it any appearance of a hat at all, to make of it what was termed an *okely* ; as usual this was also the rage. Next came the buckskin boots, for, threatened by my boot-black, I determined to save that expense and procured me a pair of such as, by the summer's dust would rather be improved than injured for want of cleaning.



These, I believe, Messrs. Editors, are some of the fashions, which I contend were not followed by fops, but by the *fashionable*; hence I conclude, that "*fops make fashions, and fools follow them.*"

## VINDICATOR.

✍ In my next I shall note a few other *fashions* and treat upon their *beauties* and advantages. ....

*Messrs. Pleasant, & Co.*

IN your last, as well as the preceding number, I find some of your correspondents have given vent to their indignation against the inhuman practice of *bull-baiting*; *cock-fighting*, and other similar cruelties: as my own sentiments correspond exactly with theirs, in this respect, I send you the following well written essay, which has recently fallen under my observation.

I remain, gentlemen, a well-wisher to the Emerald, and am, with respect, your most obedient.

T. L.

## ANIMAL HUMANITY.

MUCH discussion has lately taken place on the moral treatment of what we call the brute creation. Cowper, whose heart was full of sensibility, finely exclaims, in one part of his "Task,"

*I would not number, in my list of friends,  
The man who, needlessly, sets foot upon a worm !*

Dr. Watts, it is well known, extended his humanity towards animals so far as to endeavour to reason himself into the persuasion of their being even immortal. Extraordinary, and perhaps also extravagant, as the doctrine of the immortality of animals may appear to be, still, were it generally believed, its reception would probably tend, more than any other consideration, to excite compassion and respect towards them.

Being in this train of thinking, I am induced to notice the following circumstance, as related by a reverend divine in his sermon, entitled, "*Reflections on the sinfulness of cruelty to animals,*" &c. in which the preacher specifies interest and passion and gluttony and caprice and pleasure, as the main sources of the cruelty inflicted on the brute creation.

"I have been credibly informed," says Mr. Mant, "of the following anecdote of a nobleman of high rank. His attention being one day forcibly arrested by cries of distress proceeding from the kitchen, he inquired the cause, and was told, that they were uttered by a pig, which the cook was then whipping to death, that it might furnish a more exquisite delicacy for his grace's table ! it would be injustice to omit," adds Mr. M. "that his grace expressed his horror at such an enormity, forbade its repetition, and

immediately dismissed the servant who had been guilty of it."— I wish that Mr. Mant had recorded the name of this truly humane nobleman.

Nothing can exceed the brutality of the lower orders of people, where their dispositions are ferocious, towards those animals over whom they have authority ; but this is but one source of the sufferings of the brute creation. Pigs, it is much to be feared, are not the only creatures whose miseries arise from the gratification of fashionable gluttony. Fowls plucked alive, that they may be tenderer when they are dead ; flounders fried alive ; eels and lobsters roasted alive ; these constitute some of the few trivial offences committed in order to "furnish more exquisite delicacies" for the tables of opulence and luxuriousness !

Respecting pigs, however, "I have been credibly informed," that the notion of making them tender, or pleasantly eatable, by some species of preparatory torture, was not confined to the kitchens of nobility, but that, on the contrary, it extended to the hog-stye of the clown. A young friend of mine assured me, not many years since, that it was customary, at the country academy where he boarded for his early education, first to stick a pig in the throat and then hunt him about the grass-field till he bled to death. So far from any inhumanity being then attached to this species of pig-hunt, the boys were always summoned to it by their schoolmaster, as one of their highest pastimes ! Let it be hoped, however, that refined civilization is destined to effect what untutored humanity has failed to accomplish. Knowledge will have done much, if, by liberalizing the mind and ameliorating the heart, it finally corrects our opinions, purifies our manners, and reforms our conduct.

Turning to the "Memoirs of the public and private life of sir Richard Phillips," so often quoted, I find the ensuing passage, at pp. 13 and 14, explanatory of his relinquishing animal sustenance. Among the pleasures of the farm, he then "young Phillips," is stated to have "accounted the care with which he tended, and the attention he bestowed upon, a young heifer. During his sojournment in London, this animal had been killed ; and, on the very day of his, Phillip's, return to his father's house, he partook of part of his favorite at dinner ; without his being made acquainted with the circumstance of its having been slaughtered during his absence. On his learning this, however, he experienced a sudden indisposition ; and declared, that so great an effect had the idea of his having eaten part of his slaughtered favorite upon him, that he would never again taste animal food—a vow, to which he has hitherto firmly adhered." I confess there is to me nothing either monstrous or facetious in the foregoing narration.

If indeed, after having "eaten part of his slaughtered favorite" heifer, Sir Richard Phillips had "experienced a sudden indisposition," "without his being made acquainted with the circumstance of its having been slaughtered during his absence ;" if, I observe, this were the case, then might conjecture have been per-



plexed to account for his subsequent detestation of what is commonly called animal food. "What," as the old adage saith, "the eye ne'er sees, the heart ne'er rucs;" and it is well that our morish epicures neither see nor hear the processes by which their carnivorous appetites are constantly indulged!

L.

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....  
FOR THE EMERALD.

To M—W—.

ALTHO' young Cupids wanton in the curls  
Which the soft band so am'rously salutes  
And presses to thy head; altho' the flush  
Of youth and beauty bloom upon thy cheeks,  
And, from thy lucid orbs, affection's ray  
Sparkles with irresistable delight:  
Yet not the holy ray those eyes emit  
Nor, thy soft cheeks, with health and beauty flush'd,  
Nor auburn curls in velvet dalliance press'd,  
Can waken, in my breast, another flame  
Than that of *friendship*; tho' thy bosom vie  
With all the purity of alpine snows;  
Not the rich treasure of Potosi's mine  
Should tempt me wrong thee of an hour's repose.  
To injure THEE were throwing darts at HEAVEN.  
O! 'twere renouncing *Hope*; and bidding FIENDS,  
Pile high their fuel on the fires of Hell.

H.

.....  
FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Editors,

BEING in a musing mood last evening upon my own follies and those of others, in wasting away the better part of our mortal life in dissipation; and considering it to arise from the fault of education, and giving youth too much scope before they can have a proper sense of their error, I had intended to have offered you an essay upon it; but considering from its length, that you could not give it a place in *The Emerald*, I offer the following, being my first attempt, which, if you do not deem it unworthy of a place, you will please to insert.

WHEN first the youthful urchin is  
From's leading-strings let loose,  
A pleasant, pretty creature 'tis,  
He's mamma's little goose.

In innocence his years swift fly,  
No cares he has to shun ;  
But when to manhood he draws nigh,  
His trials are begun.

His hours with fancied pleasures flow,  
Nor heeds he how they run ;  
For mamma's *growing goose*, you know,  
With *Girls* must have some fun.

Away he struts with haughty air,  
(He's sure a *gander* grown ;)   
And visits oft th' angelic fair,  
With wincing, whining tone.

Their captivating charms will praise,  
And chide the fleeting hours  
That wait not while he tunes his lays  
In cooling, shady bowers.

And now a pitch above the wise,  
His *cravat* prim he'll tuck ;  
The "dull pursuits of life" despise,  
For mark—he's grown a *Buck*.

By observation we must glean,  
The wicked from the good ;  
And teach the "young idea" keen,  
To relish moral food.

I've often view'd the op'ning flow'r  
In Nature's beauty dress'd,  
Shine more resplendent from each show'r,  
But die when 'twas caress'd.

Thus, children in their budding time,  
When given their free scope,  
Will harden'd be to ev'ry crime,  
And Heav'n's judgment cope.

Whatever impious man can so  
In dissipation loose ;  
His happiness and Heav'n forego  
Must surely be a *Goose*.

Baltimore, 1st. Mo. 11th.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

...

To E— M—.

O should I declare  
That I thought you was fair,  
And ador'd you because of your beauty ;



'Twould be running astray  
 From veracity's way ;  
 'Twould be sweating from truth and my duty.  
 Then with candor I own  
 That your virtues alone,  
 Have pointed the arrows of love ;  
 And, if you return  
 The flame, it shall burn  
 As pure as in regions above.

H.

## FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Pleasants,

The following little poem I have had treasured in my memory for a number of years ; and having never seen it in print but once, am induced to send it to you, in the hope that you will place it in the *Bower of Fancy*, for the amusement of your readers and the gratification of

AMYNTOR.

## ABSENCE.—TO A LOVER.

SAY, my dear Maid, can aught express  
 The pain a tender bosom proves ?  
 Or speak a doating Youth's distress,  
 When *absent* from the Maid he loves ?  
 Can language breathe his many sighs,  
*Ruella* ? No ! all words are vain,  
 Th' experienc'd son of sorrow cries,  
 To speak an *absent* lover's pain.

Wilt thou not weep, by pity mov'd,  
 Responsive as my sorrow rolls !

Wilt thou not say, *O best beloved*,  
 That *absence* is the death of souls !

Yet, cease *Ruella* ! cease to mourn,  
 For happier days great Heav'n will give,  
 Thy *absent* lover will return—  
 Then blest in meeting, *both shall live*.

## EPIGRAM.—FROM THE GREEK.

Farewell to wine—or if thou bidd'st me sip,  
 Present the cup, *more honour'd*, from thy lip :  
 Pour'd by thy hand, to rosy draughts I fly,  
 And cast away my *stern* sobriety :  
 For as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul,  
 That lovely *Adeline* has *kiss'd* the bowl.

## THE RING.

*Together, hand in hand, we'll go ;  
The chequer'd paths of joy and wo,  
With cautious steps we'll tread.*—Cotton.

MARRIED—General Tobias E. Stansbury, to Miss Nancy Dew.—Captain Ezekiel Goldthwait, to Miss Sally Evans, all of this city.

## THE SHROUD.

*What mean these few and fleeting years,  
We pass amidst a host of fears ;  
Of joy and grief—of smiles and tears ?  
A strange promiscuous crowd !  
They glide before our wond'ring eyes,  
Like visions ting'd with fancied dyes ;  
Succession sad ! they only rise,  
To wrap us in a shroud.*

DIED.—On Friday the 11th instant, at his residence in Baltimore county, Mr. Henry Wineman, aged 68.

On the 13th inst. in this city, Eliza Caroline Keyser, aged 4 years.


Same day at Annapolis, Samuel Green, esq. postmaster, and one of the editors of the Maryland Gazette, printed in that city.

At Philadelphia, John Salmon, jun. esq. late of this city.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that "A friend to the fair sex," as also "Milo," were not received in time for this number of the Emerald, they shall appear in the next.

"A Butcher," is under consideration.

 Hand-bills, Blanks, Checks, Cards, &c. &c. neatly Printed, with accuracy and dispatch, at the Emerald Office, corner of Market and South-streets. The smallest favour will be thankfully received.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE.

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
for the proprietors, at the corner of South and Market streets,  
Baltimore, every SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in  
town at Three Dollars a year....payable every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1811. No. 13.

---

## FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Editors,

IN your 11th number, "*A friend to merit*," has made much ado about the art of *horsemanship*, and feels on this occasion (as every good patriot should feel) great solicitude that this art should be liberally encouraged, because, says he, "to the dexterity and activity of those who have been brought up in this school, has the fate of many a battle been attributed, and probably the existence of a nation preserved."

Allow me to express my deep regret, that this *friend to merit*, had not manifested himself, equally a friend to the citizens of this place, by announcing his discovery a little sooner, that, improving on his hint, they might have petitioned the legislature to enact a law obliging all the young men of Baltimore to become the pupils of the directors of the circus. The utility of such a law will not be questioned, I presume, by any, but those poor incredulous souls, who dare to doubt so great authority as the "*Friend to Merit*."—Sure, no virtuous *patriot* would hesitate a moment, to recommend to his or her rising family, this duty as indispensable ; for, by attending this school, they would learn "a gracefulness in their equestrian exercises, which could not fail to call

forth the paternal glow of admiration ;” and moreover, by being disciplined in this school, they would be prepared to serve their country, or to preserve themselves from the casualties incident to inexperience.

It is said, that the tacticts of Europe are greatly indebted to the military schools for that eminent degree to which the art of war has risen. But even there, with all their adroitness, they have never been able to win a battle, or preserve a nation, without an immense loss of both blood and treasure. It remains then, to the eternal honour of the *friend to merit*, to have been the first to discover, that a battle may be won, and the existence of a nation preserved, by learning to jump through a hogshead, riding *two horses* at once, or by riding upon the head, instead of that part in common and *vulgar* use. “The ladies, too, attached to this company, become more interesting, when we perceive them divesting themselves of the timidity which appertain to their sex, and boldly go through the exercises, that more properly belong to herculean man.” I wonder this *friend to merit*, had not expressed his friendship in plainer terms to the fair, and recommended to them likewise, to become disciples to the riding school, for if it makes them “by far more interesting,” why should they be debarred from thus exhibiting to view, “the symmetry of their forms, the gracefulness of their attitudes, the delicacy of their feats, and above all, their praise worthy modesty.” I can divine no reason, unless it be, that it would produce too general a use of “extraordinary sensations.” But this could not have been a hindrance to the *friend of merit* ; for, he says, “the fastidious may view, without any contamination of principle—the cynic would be divested of his prejudices, and the moralist say, surely, here is no room for censure.” I must consequently conclude, that the *friend to merit* is not a friend to the ladies of Baltimore. I therefore beg leave to become their champion, and recommend to them not to be backward, but enter the lists with gentlemen who may be influenced by the eloquence of a *friend to merit*, and I will vouch for their success—they will not only keep pace with the gentlemen in the art of war, but will outstrip them all in the field of glorious victory ; they shall win battles, and conquer the hearts of those cold-blooded bachelors, who have never yet been so assailed by the exquisite symmetry of their forms, as to feel any emotions like “extraordinary sensations.”

A FRIEND TO THE FAIR.



## THE OLD BACHELOR.

## No. IV.

*Compar'd with all its sorrows, cares and strife,  
 How few in every age, the joys of life !  
 The gods decree it, and our sighs are vain—  
 Sorrow shall follow close in pleasure's train.  
 Yet give me still, ye gods, more sorrows, cares and strife,  
 So that ye, also, give th' enchanting joys of life.*

IT is but a desponding and poor spirited account of human life that Pliny, the elder, has given, and very unworthy, I think, of so great a Philosopher. For after a mournful dirge, in which he contrasts the infirmities and miseries of man, with the superior advantages and enjoyments of brutes, he cites a sentiment which he represents as common in his day, that it would be best for a man not to be born or to die quickly : and to shew that these sentiments were not the capricious effusions of the moment, he asserts in another book, that the greatest blessing which God has bestowed upon men, amongst so many pains and troubles of life, is the power of killing themselves. How much more just as well as beautiful the view which Seneca has taken of the subject : when, after casting his eyes upon the Heavens and around upon the earth, surveying the countless variety of objects that have been formed to entertain and regale us, and contemplating the high and perfect capacities of enjoyment, sensual as well as intellectual that have been bestowed upon man, he breakes out into the finest strain of eloquence, and calls upon his reader to say whether Heaven has not provided not only for his subsistence, but even for his luxury, and that with the most unsparing hand, the most profuse munificence ! This feast, however of the senses and the mind, depends for its enjoyment, like every other feast, on the health and appetite with which we sit down to it ; and this health and appetite (unfortunately for us, as we manage it,) depend in a very great degree on ourselves. I do not pretend that any exertion, on our part, will always ensure us a zest for this banquet ; because sickness and sorrow, the common lot of humanity, will have their turn, and tinge, for a time, the whole creation with melancholy : but what I say is, that far the greater part of the miseries as well as misfortunes of which people complain, is purely and entirely their own work. Look at the character of those people who most frequently make this complaint of *the load of life*—how rarely will you hear it from innocent and active industry ? How often from indolence, dissipation and vice ? Peace must begin at home. He who receives from his own heart, when he first awakes in the morning, the salutation of an approving smile, will, when he rises and goes forth, see all nature smile around him ; while the wretch, who seinterrupted slumber is br-

ken by the gnawings of remorse or the pangs of guilt, will see the image of his own internal trouble and horror reflected from every object that meets his view. But how are we to secure this morning salute of a smile?

This question was answered for me by a peasant in Switzerland when I visited that country in 1772. I could not help being struck on my first entrance into it, with the picture of national happiness which every where presented itself. Wherever I turned, I heard the hum of cheerful industry ;—wherever I looked, I saw the glow of health and smile of content. If I entered a town, I heard, on every hand, the rattling of the hammer and clinking of the trowel, bearing witness to the progress of wealth and population : If I sauntered into the country I heard the rosy daughters of industry, singing aloud to their spinning wheels ; or saw them engaged in that sweetest occupation of primeval innocence, pruning and dressing of their luxuriant vines and teaching the young tendrils how to shoot ; if I climbed a mountain, I saw it animated from its base to its summit, with a sprightly flock, that seemed to be conscious of the general happiness of the country, and to partake in it ; skipping from rock to rock with astonishing agility and browsing, briskly and cheerfully on the scanty productions of the soil ; while their shepherd master, with his flageolet to his lips and peace and gladness at his heart, poured from the echoing mountains into the valley that smiled below the simply wild and touching notes of his favorite air, the *rans des vaches*.

Affected almost to tears of pleasure by this finished scene of earthly happiness, as I stood looking at it, from the cottage door of a venerable old peasant ; I asked him how it happened, that in a climate so little favored by nature, and the far greater part of whose soil was surrendered to mountains and hopeless sterility, I witnessed all this peace, all this content, all this glowing, smiling happiness ? “ The answer is very short and easy,” said this rural philosopher, pleased with the interest which he saw in my face ; “ all you see is the effect of *industry*, protected and not incumbered by government ; for industry is the mother of virtue and health, these are the parents of happiness ; as idleness is the mother of vice and disease, the immediate parents of human misery. Behold the whole secret of the health, innocence and peace of Switzerland !” Accordingly when I passed on to Italy, blessed as that country is with the finest climate that ever indulgent Heaven shed upon the earth, and crowned with every beauty and every luxury that can feast the eye, the air, the taste, or gratify the mind of men, I heard the nobles, in their palaces of marble and on their sofas of silk, complaining of their stars, “ in holyday terms,” and exclaiming against the hard condition of human life ! and when I got to England, that boasted land of roast beef and October, of liberty and plenty I found the loungers pretty much of Pliny’s opinion ; that the privilege of killing themselves was the greatest if not the only blessing, that Heaven had bestowed on men :



a privilege which they accordingly claimed, and exercised, whenever their money, the sinews of vice, gave out, or their guilty pleasures came to pall upon the sense.

Every thing that I have observed while abroad, as well as at home, has served to confirm the philosophy of the peasant of Switzerland. Insomuch that whenever I see the native bloom of health and the genuine smile of content, I mark down the character as industrious and virtuous : and I never yet failed to have the prepossession confirmed on enquiry. So on the other hand, whenever I see pale repining and languid discontent ; and hear complaints uttered against the hard lot of humanity, my first impression is that the character from whom they proceed is indolent, or vicious, or both ; and I have not often had occasion to retract the opinion.

There is, indeed, a class of characters, rather indolent than vicious, who are really to be pitied ; whose innocent and captivating amusements, becoming at length their sole pursuits, tend only to whet their sensibility to misfortunes which they contribute to bring on ; and to form pictures of life so highly aggravated as to render life itself, stale and flat. Of this cast was the immortal Homer ; who has the credit of having first advanced the opinion which Pliny has so much amplified, that in human life, the sum of evil far exceeds that of good. It is not wonderful that Homer should have advanced such a sentiment, if we may confide in any of the ancient accounts of him which have been handed down to us, more especially in that circumstantial one which is ascribed to Herodotus. According to these accounts he was the offspring of an illicit amour, never recognised by his father, and, in his childhood, dependant on a mother who had to support herself and him by manual labor. Arrived at years of maturity he at first taught a school, and afterwards wandered about Greece, in the character of a rhapsodist, (somewhat analogous to the bard or minstrel of ancient Britain,) singing his poems at great men's houses, and subsisting on their precarious bounty. During his vagrant life he was supported for a considerable time at the house of a leather dresser ; and having, by repeated attacks of a defluxion in his eyes, entirely lost his sight, and remained blind for several years, he at length died, a wanderer, and was buried in the sands of the sea shore. Compare these disastrous and humiliating events with the character of the man ; that tender and dissolving sensibility which beams with such irresistible effect from every part of his works, which drew the parting of Hector and Andromache, and the no less pathetic meeting of Ulysses and Penelope ; compare his own poverty and mortifications with that genius which was for ever representing to him characters and life on their grandest and noblest scale, and will you see any cause to wonder at Homer's estimate of human life ? Those who have succeeded this prince of poets, in his profession, have resembled him much more in their poverty, misery and consequent estimate of life, than sublimity of genius and immortality of works.

But against the opinion of these men, we have that of Socrates pronounced by the oracle of Delphos to be the wisest man of the age in which he lived ; of Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, and an ancient poet, as eminent for dramatic composition as Homer was for epic ; I mean Euripides, who after citing the opinion of Homer, advances the exact reverse of it, and supports himself by an argument which has been termed *inspiration*. In proof of the generality of this latter opinion too, we have the whole practice of antiquity : for they held suicide to be no crime ; and if they really believed the evil of life to surplus the good, how did it happen that they did not get rid of it ? that on the contrary, with the prolocutor whom Plautus introduces in my motto, they were guilty of the practical solecism of voluntarily sustaining the greater evil for the sake of the trivial good ?—

Yet the very men who have most distinguished themselves by this opinion of the preponderance of evil, were those who seem to have cleaved to life with the fondest pernacity. Thus Homer, in spite of poverty, blindness and misery, lingered on to a very advanced age, and fell at last, not by his own hand, but the reluctant hand of nature : Ovid, another advocate of this opinion, as might well have been expected from his lewd course of life, sustained the ordinary evils increased by exile ; yet, overloaded with calamity as he affected to think this state of being, like some of the lovers, we meet with in Operas, he chose the moment of misfortune to break out into a song, and chaunted away, to the day of his death, with so much ease, and melody, and grace ; and on subjects, too, so high and airy, that it is as difficult to believe him sincere in his complaints, as it is to believe the lover in the Opera. As to Pliny, although he held death to be the greatest of blessings, yet he practised in this respect, all the abstinence of a philosopher ; and fled from the eruption of *Ætna*—which destroyed him, with as much precipitation as if he had really thought death the greatest of evils. Lucretius is the only advocate of that opinion who abridged his life ; and in him, if we may believe his historians, it was not the effect of reason and calculation, but of longstanding and confirmed insanity.

In this class of victims to a busy indolence, next to those who devote their whole lives to the unprofitable business of writing works of imagination, are those who spend the whole of their's in reading them. There are several men and women of this description in the circle of my acquaintance : persons, whose misfortune it is to be released from the salutary necessity of supporting themselves by their own exertions, and who vainly seek happiness in intellectual dissipation.

Bianca is one of the finest girls in the whole round of my acquaintance, and is now one of the happiest. But when I first became acquainted with her, which was about three years ago, she was an object of pity ; pale, emaciated, nervous and hysterical, at the early age of seventeen ; the days had already come when she



could truly say, she had no pleasure in them ! She confessed to me, that she had lain on her bed, day after day, for months together, reading, or rather devouring with a kind of morbid appetite, every novel that she could lay her hands on—without any pause between them, without any rumination, so that the incidents were all conglomerated and confounded in her memory ; she had not drawn from them all, a single useful maxim for the conduct of life, but calculating on the fairy world, which her authors had depicted to her, she was reserving all her address and all her powers for characters that would never appear, and incidents that would never occur. I advised her, immediately, to take the whole charge of her mother's household upon herself ; to adopt a system in the management of it, and adhere to it rigidly ; to regard it as her business exclusively, and make herself responsible for it ; and, then, if she had time to read, to read authentic history, which would show her the world as it really was ; and not to read rapidly and superficially, with a view merely to feast on the novelty and variety of events ; but deliberately and studiously, with her pen in her hand and her note book by her side, extracting as she went along, not only every prominent event, with its date and circumstances, but every elegant and judicious reflection of the author, so as to form a little book of practical wisdom for herself.—She followed my advice, and when I went to see her again six weeks afterwards, Bianca had regained all the symmetry and beauty of her form ; the vernal rose bloomed again in her cheeks, the starry radiance shot forth from her eyes, and with a smile which came directly from her heart, and spoke her gratitude more exquisitely than words, she gave me her hand and bade me welcome.

In short, the divine denunciation that *in the sweat of his brow man should earn his food*, is guaranteed so effectually that labor is indispensable to his peace. Nor let this be thought any diminution of his punishment, since it is easy, without the aid of Plato, Moore, or Campanella, to conceive a state of being in which labor shall not be essential to happiness. It is the part of wisdom however, to adapt ourselves to the state of being in which we are placed ; and since here, we find that business and industry are as certainly the pledges of peace and virtue, as vacancy and indolence are of vice and sorrow, let every one do, what is easily in his power ; create a business, even where fortune may have made it unnecessary, and pursue that business with all the order and perseverance of the direst necessity—so shall we see our country as far excelling others in health, contentment and virtue, as it now surpasses them in liberty and tranquillity.

.....  
FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs Editors,

ALTHOUGH my present inclination to write is as feeble as my capacity, I can no longer forbear taking up my pen for the

amusement (if not instruction) of Mr. "Ardent," who seems more expert in viewing sensual objects than mental operations, as appears from his essay on passion in the last number of the Emerald. After the proposition was almost forgotten he starts as from a dream, and wonders why no one has undertaken to relieve his anxiety by giving their opinions on the subject of, "which is the strongest passion?" He tells us, with all the candor of brainless simplicity, that his greatest passion is love, and what is rare, it is not for one object alone but a thousand; and what is still more strange, all those incitements are among the ladies.

Some unseen object often wounds,  
A glance, his passion changes;  
Another part his brain confounds,  
And every thought deranges.

Yet fickle fancy finds no form,  
Wherein to place perfection;  
His love's an everlasting storm,  
Nor blows to one direction.

But if he ever meets with a lady in whom all his conceptions of beauty are united, I'll suffer myself to be shot by the first lady's eye that can twang an arrow. We moreover believe Mr. Ardent to be an old drone—vulgarly called *Bachelor*; for his oddity and nonexperience in the common causes and effect of that passion, of which he boasts so much to possess, strongly corroborates our assertion or opinion. And unless he shortly discards his fantastical notions of "single-blessedness, and directs them to one point, he may take my word for it, and a score of ladies to support it, that his end will meet with all the horrors of an old Bachelor—dying without the consolation of having any body's sins to answer for but his own. Though nature (or accident more properly) has been rather unkind in giving many an unmeaning eye, a chubby nose, an insignificant mouth, a lantern face, or an ankle like a post; they nevertheless, have a great many good qualities, according to their own accounts. But I do assert, with at least three good reasons to prove it, that the ladies of the present day and generation, have much less deception than any who have gone before them. Those who do not know would not believe it, but it is no less a truth, they have not a *grain* of deception left!! Now for my three good reasons to aid my assertion in their behalf. First, by incessant talking they shew all their mental infirmities,



second, by a fair exhibition of their bodies, they show all its deformities ; and thirdly, by every indulgence of passions, they never fail to show their greatest and most prevalent passion ; henceforth let no gentleman charge any lady with want of candor. I must now take my leave of the honest fair, by assuring them, they need feel under no obligation to me, for recommending them, nor do I wish them to take any pride, inasmuch as they are noticed by me in any way, for I declare it is purely accidental and undesignedly, as their efforts are to please.

To return to the original question, on which I would observe, that in my judgment, not any one passion at any period, can be properly called stronger than another when excited and elevated to its full pitch. But to answer the question satisfactorily, we should first enquire, in what particular object does a man place his happiness ? It will be found as various as our situations in life. Whatever is our warmest pursuit, constitutes for the time being our greatest happiness and consequently our strongest passion.

It has been dictated, times without number, " which is the strongest passion, love or hatred ? " They each have their degrees, and operate according to the strength of mind by which they are governed ; and when either is beyond our power to subdue, we are in a state of insanity. Dr. Johnson observes, there is no man always in a right state of mind, or in other words " no man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannise and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability."

Immediate and unexpected gain, promotion to an elevated state of honor, or an unjust privation of our rights, will equally, for a time, divert some men of reason, and the like of every other passion. They contend, that insanity of this nature, no matter from what cause, operates with the same violence on the minds of men ; and the only reason why one passion has been deemed more powerful than another, is, because the mind thereby influenced was less able to support it, being too futile to bring it to the standard of reason, or to keep it in equipoise by some counter passion ; and this incapacity arises either from our own inactivity of mind, or from its native imbecility. From the foregoing arguments I conclude, that every one upon nice investigation, will find his strongest passion for that object which most particularly arrests his attention, and which he continues most ardently in pursuit of.

This brings us to wish for a discussion of a former question viz. "what on earth is most worthy the pursuit of man," thereby hoping good may be done by directing the indeterminate mind to some laudable resolution.

MILO.

---

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

### FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Pleasant,*

I send you the following for publication in *The Emerald*, with a request of having it inserted in your next number.

I am with every respect,

Gentlemen, your obedient servant, Q.

...

*Addressed to a lady with a volume of Poems, by the Author.*

ACCEPT, sweet Girl, 'tis all I can impart,  
The meek effusions of an honest heart :  
Should you, *Elvira*, ever deign peruse  
The trifling efforts of my feeble muse :  
May partial kindness sway your gen'rous mind,  
And friendship's pencil shade the faults you find.

.....

### FOR THE EMERALD.

TO ———

THO' distant, far, sweet girl, from thee,  
In fancy still thy form I see ;  
I see thy rapture-rolling eye,  
And hear thy bosom's softest sigh.

For tho' around my hapless head,  
Misfortune's frowns profusely spread ;  
Yet Fate, unwilling to destroy,  
Sprinkles them with some hours of joy.

Soft wanton visions gently glide,  
Across my couch in playful pride ;  
When all, unknown to thee, I throw  
My arms around thy neck of snow.

And from thy lips the moisture drink,  
And on thy gentle bosom sink ;



Catch the dove murm'ring as they rise,  
And dart them back into thine eyes.

Ye gen'rous dreams of dear delight,  
Come sweeten still my ev'ry night;  
Still to console this aching head,  
Those quick delights of rapture shed.

Still bring one gen'rous maid to sight,  
Let fancied smiles adorn my night;  
And I will still with firmness go  
Thro' all my varied scenes of woe.

H.

.....  
FOR THE EMERALD.

...  
*FRIENDSHIP.*

COME, gentle zephyr, spread thy rich perfume,  
And waft us jointly to the kindred tomb!  
Let no discordant passions e'er control,  
The inward yearning of the unite soul;  
But lay our course the lucid heav'nly way,  
O'er which is spread the bright eternal ray;  
Where Satan never dares his steps intrude,  
And virtue's sons his tangling snares elude;  
Where nature's God arraigns before his throne;  
Divides his godhead and forsakes his Son,  
A time; to save the whole of Adam's race,  
Who seek in heav'n alone a resting place.

VIATOR.

.....  
✂ We return thanks to the correspondent who favoured us  
with the following beautiful lines; and request his future favours.

...  
*Messrs. Pleasant & Co.*

*The following lines were written, as appears from the  
date, several years ago; they have been long in my possession,  
and I believe, never published; I therefore send them for your  
examination, confident that I will find them amongst the flowers  
in your Bower of Fancy.*

...  
*FOR THE EMERALD.*

AIR—AS PENSIVE I THOUGHT ON MY LOVE.

AS twilight went down in the West,  
I pensively watch'd its decline,  
I thought on the friend I lov'd best,  
And wish'd that his virtues were mine.

Whilst Fancy delighted to dwell,  
On the scenes that to mem'ry were dear;  
I knew not, alas! that they fell,  
Till I felt on my bosom a tear.

A dusky shade stole o'er the scene,  
The landscape was hid from my view;  
Its vernal and beautiful green,  
Was wrapp'd in due evening's hue:  
The moon her faint crescent display'd,  
Yet visible scarce to the eye;  
It seem'd to my fancy it said,  
So brief are thy moments of joy.

And few are the joys I require,  
And few are the wishes that rise;  
Yet I own, I do fondly desire  
The respect of the good and the wise.  
Oh! grant me, kind Heaven, but this,  
I would not to many be known;  
But to fill up my measure of bliss,  
Oh give me the friendship of ONE.

Baltimore, July 1, 1803. ....

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✍ The length of the *Old Bachelor*, has prevented the insertion of several essays intended for this number.

### THE BRIDAL BOWER.

*Behold, where Beauty vows she will obey,  
And tir'd of ruling, throws her pow'r away;  
Spurns at the path in which she led the van,  
Just to be bride-led and be rul'd by man.*

MARRIED—On Wednesday evening last, Mr. ROBERT COOMES, to Miss REBECCA STILES, both of this city.

### THE GRAVE.

*The grave gapes wide, and the poor sexton still  
Toils at his mournful trade; the glutton Death  
Thinks of no respite for his savage maw;  
But faithful to his task from day to day,  
Devours up thousands and is hungry still.*

DIED—In Falmouth, (England,) Mr. JOHN N. M'COMB, of New York.—In this city, Mr. GEORGE KEATINGE, many years a bookseller.—In Annapolis, Mr. FREDERICK GREEN, brother to Mr. Samuel Green, whose death we noticed in our last.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE.

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
for the proprietors, at the corner of South and Market streets,  
Baltimore, every SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in  
town at Three Dollars a year....payable every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1811. No. 14.

---

## THE OLD BACHELOR.....No. V.

---

.....While I in death,  
Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.

IT is natural to suppose that an old fellow, like myself, who have lived so long single that I have survived the hope of matrimony, would take very little interest in the character of his country-women ; or that if I think of them at all ; it would be only to return the indifference and aversion which I have experienced at their hands. Yet nothing would be more erroneous than such a supposition. It is true, that, with all the vanity natural to man, I have sometimes wondered why I have been so often and so uniformly rejected ; for although I can boast no beauty of person or elegance of manners, yet I think I have known uglier men, and awkwarder men than myself who have succeeded in getting wives ; though to be candid, I cannot say that I have ever known a man who combined in himself, both those properties in the same degree, that had succeeded. Yet I flatter myself that I am not worse in these particulars than Æsop, who, we are told, was absolutely deformed ; and we learn from Herodotus, that Æsop had the good fortune to engage the affections of the beautiful and celebrated Rhodope. It is true, however, that Herodotus tells us Æsop made this conquest by force of his wit ; so, there again, I am thrown out.

But to be serious : my uniform miscarriages in courtship, have awakened no resentment, have produced neither aversion nor indifference in my breast. Through the frost of sixty winters, I still look upon that enchanting sex with mingled tenderness and veneration ; and regret only that I have always been unable to inspire any return of these sentiments. As to my own particular countrywomen, I contemplate their character with a pride which is inexpressibly increased, whenever I compare them with those of any other nation. The other day for example, I took down Tacitus' Annals for half an hour's amusement ; and opened him by accident at the XIth book, in which he gives us a picture of the court of Claudius, and more particularly of Messalina, the Emperor's wife. The bold and shameless profligacy of that abandoned woman, and, indeed, the general licentiousness of female manners at Rome, present the sex in a most degraded light ; and would fill the breast of the reader with unmingled horror, were it not for the rare examples of virtue which here and there break upon us, from the beautiful pages of that author. Of this description is the affecting portrait which he has drawn of Agrippina returning to Rome with the ashes of her dead lord, the elegant and all accomplished, the gentle, yet heroic Germanicus. The account of her arrival at Brundisium, is drawn with the hand of a master ; the whole scene is touched with a skill and felicity so exquisite, and the various objects which he introduces, placed before our eyes in so strong and fine a light, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of extracting the passage for the sake of those readers in the country who may not have the book.

“ Agrippina pursued her voyage without intermission. Neither the rigour of the winter, nor the rough navigation in that season of the year, could alter her resolution. She arrived at the island of Corcyra, opposite the coast of Calabria. At that place she remained a few days to appease the agitations of a mind pierced to the quick, and not yet taught in the school of affliction, to submit with patience. The news of her arrival spreading far and wide, the intimate friends of the family and most of the officers who had served under Germanicus, with a number of strangers from the municipal towns, some to pay their court, others carried along with the current, pressed forward in crowds to the city of Brundisium, the nearest and most convenient port.—As soon as the fleet came in sight of the harbor, the sea-coast, the walls of the city, the tops of houses and every place that gave even a distant view, were covered with spectators. Compassion throbbed in every breast. In the hurry of their first emotions, men knew not what part to act : should they receive her with acclamations ? or would silence best suit the occasion ? Nothing was settled. The fleet entered the harbor, not with the alacrity usual among mariners, but with a slow and solemn sound of the oar, impressing deeper melancholy on every heart.



“ Agrippina came forth, leading two of her children, with the urn of Germanicus in her hand, and her eyes stedfastly fixed upon that precious object. Men and women, relations and strangers, all joined in one promiscuous scene of sorrow, varied only by the contrast between the attendants of Agrippina and those who now received the first impression. The former appeared with a languid air, while the latter yielding to the sensation of the moment, broke out with all the vehemence of recent grief.”

I know not how this description may have affected others ; but for my own part, I confess that I was unable to read it without a gush of tears. I beg you, my reader, to pause with me a moment, and examine the structure of the passage. With what address are we prepared for the appearance of Agrippina ? How natural every circumstance, how skilfully selected, how impressively combined ! First, the news of her arrival, spreading with such eagerness far and wide, brings before us that ardent and universal love of the people for the noble and virtuous Germanicus, which drew upon him the hatred and jealousy of the court of Tiberius ; that hatred and jealousy which were suspected to have hastened his death :—then *the friends of the family—the officers who had served under Germanicus*, whose sympathies we so readily conceive and so easily adopt—and a vast concourse of strangers from the municipal towns, anxious to shew their respect, rush together to Brundisium in a torrent, so full and strong, as to bear all before it—then, at the interesting moment, when the fleet come in sight, the spectators flying in crowds to the walls—to the tops of the houses—and every place that gave even a distant view—the breathless silence in which they watched the approach of the fleet to the shore—their anxiety to convince Agrippina of their respect and sympathy, and their uncertainty whether they should best do this, by a burst of acclamations or by respectful silence :—Then, instead of the usual alacrity with which mariners return from a distant voyage to their friends, even those rough and hardy sons of the storm are hushed by the awfulness of the scene—the fleet enters the harbor with a *slow and solemn sound of the oar*—and at this moment, of throbbing expectation—Agrippina comes forth—and how ? She comes forth—*leading two of her children—with the urn containing the ashes of Germanicus in her hand—and her eyes stedfastly fixed on that precious object !*—O ! what a subject for a painter of genius ! A general groan is heard—a promiscuous scene of sorrow follows—and then comes one of the most delicate strokes of a writer’s pencil—that, by which he distinguishes the retinue of Agrippina, from the surrounding crowd—to the first, the subject was not new—their tears and their strength were exhausted : they appear, therefore, as was most natural, with a languid air, and the deepest expression of sorrow, settled upon their faces—while the crowd, yielding to the sensation of the moment, *break out with all the vehemence of recent grief.*

Tacitus, then proceeds to describe the military procession which, by the order of the infamous hypocrite, Tiberius, escorted the ashes of Germanicus to Rome. Tiberius indeed, furnished the cohorts and prescribed the form of procession ; but it was nature that gave it its highest grace. When they advanced near Rome—“ The Consuls Marcus Valerius Messala, and Marcus Aurelius Cotta, who, a little before, had entered on their magistracy, with the whole senate and a numerous body of citizens, went out to meet the melancholy train. The road was crowded ; no order kept ; no regular procession ; they walked and wept as inclination prompted. *Flattery had no share in the business ; where the court rejoiced in secret, men could not weep themselves into favor.* Tiberius, indeed dissembled, but he could not deceive. Through the thin disguise, the malignant heart was seen.”

In this perfect stile—without one touch of the pencil, too many nor one too few—does this master of the art, finish up this fine piece of historical painting—I am sensible, that in turning the attention of the reader from Agrippina to Tacitus, I have digressed a little from the immediate subject of this number. I am still, however within the general range of these papers ; for one of my objects, is to endeavour to call off the attention of my readers, at least for an hour or two every week, from the painful bickerings of political party, to the pure and peaceful charms of literature ; and perhaps this will be better effected by incidental remarks, than by any series of set and formal dissertations.—Let us now return to Agrippina.

This noble lady, who has just been held up to us in the soft and melting light of widowed love and fidelity, makes a very different figure (and if not a more winning, at least a more glorious one,) in another part of the history.

The Roman army, under the command of Germanicus, was encamped in Gaul (now France) which was then, by right of conquest, a province of the empire. Leaving in this camp his wife and children, with the main body of the army, the Roman general crossed the Rhine with a strong detachment, and invaded Germany ; then defended by the genius and heroism of Arminius, a savage chieftain, whose character has been drawn and immortalized by the generous Tacitus. I am not about to follow Germanicus in this march—but if the reader wishes to see how the pencil of his orical truth can eclipse the brightest colours of fiction, in painting to the heart, let me recommend it to him (may I not add, to her ?) to pursue the historian’s account of this interesting expedition. Let it suffice for me to say, that Germanicus, victorious and successful in his grand object, divided his detachment into two parts ; and sailed with one of them on a new enterprize, he left the other, under the care of Cæcina, an able and experienced officer, to return to the camp on the banks of the Rhine.



The Germans, dispersed but not vanquished, rallied on the disappearance of Germanicus, and hovering over the division under the command of Cæcina, harrassed it on its march, and menaced it with daily extinction.

At this crisis, a report reached the camp on the Rhine, that the Roman army was cut to pieces, and that the Germans flushed with conquest, were pouring down to the invasion of Gaul. The consternation was such, that it was proposed to demolish the bridge over the Rhine. It was then that Agrippina, awakened from dreams of love, and of her husband's glory, displayed that counterpart of his soul, which inflamed her bosom. The particulars of the recent expedition were unknown to her: Germanicus himself might then be flying to the camp with the remnant of his vanquished legions, and the demolition of the bridge would cut off his retreat, and throw him, at once, into the hands of his savage enemies.—And even if he had fallen, did it become a Roman army, and one, too, over which, the genius of Germanicus had presided, to betray this dastardly and infamous terror before a horde of undisciplined barbarians? The imbecility of her sex vanished: all the hero *arose* in her breast; and springing to the field, at the head of the astonished legions, she not only prevented the demolition of the bridge but marched across it to the German bank, and scoured the country, to relieve any flying remnant of the Roman army, and repel the invaders, or dissipate the fears of the camp by proving the fallacy of the report. The report was fallacious; but the glory of Agrippina was the same. "Pliny," says Tacitus, "has left in his history of the wars in Germany, a description of Agrippina at the head of the bridge, reviewing the soldiers as they returned, and with thanks and congratulations applauding their valor. This conduct (pursues Tacitus,) alarmed the jealous temper of Tiberius—"What remains for the commander in chief, he said, if a woman can thus unsex herself at the head of the eagles—this woman towers above the commanders of the legions, and even above their general officer—she can suppress an insurrection, though the name and majesty of the Prince makes no impression." "These were the reflections, says Pliny, that planted thorns in the heart of Tiberius."

They plant a very different growth in my breast. O! when I read of such a wife as this—combining all that tenderness which dissolves the heart with love, with all that grandeur of character which inflames it with enthusiasm, it is then, indeed, I wish that I were a Germanicus. Where is the human being, so cold and subterranean, who would not glory in cherishing such a being through life; and, "even in death," to "lay close his lips to her's, and catch the flying breath!" But the noble Agrippina had few parallels in her age. Contrasted with the infamous court of Tiberius, she resembled the solitary star which sometimes breaks upon us through the chasm of a massy cloud and becomes the

brighter, from the blackness which surrounds it. To a picture of that degraded court, I have now, no disposition to descend: I turn with pleasure, from a moral hemisphere, overcast with such accumulated darkness, to that cloudless and starry firmament which adorns our own.

My pen, had here, launched into a tribute, whose sincerity I would seal with my blood, to the spotless purity and ingenuous simplicity of my fair country-women of America; but I erased the half-finished period, because I foresaw that it would draw upon me some sarcasm from the unthinking and the malicious; as if I were bent on seeking the admiration and favor of the fair, and endeavoring to gain, by a general courtship, what I have confessed that I have sought in vain by a particular one. To save the necessity of any brilliant sallies of this sort, to spare the needless effusion of wit, from those who I am sure can ill afford it, and to prevent the degradation of my real object, I here frankly confess that my purpose is to court the fair; nay, if I can, to draw them into a conspiracy with me; a conspiracy to bring about a revolution in this country, which I am sensible that I can never effect without their aid. I cannot better explain myself, than by describing a picture which I saw some years ago, in the parlour of a gentleman with whom I was invited to dine.

It was a small plate which represented a mother as reciting to her son the martial exploits of his ancestors. The mother, herself, had not lost the beauty of youth; and was an elegant and noble figure. She was sitting. Her face and eyes were raised; her lips were opened and her countenance exalted and impassioned with her subject. The little fellow, a beautiful boy, apparently about twelve or fourteen years of age, was kneeling before her; his hands clasped on her lap, and, stooping towards her, his little eyes were fixed upon her's and swimming with tears of admiration and rapture. 'Such' said I, to myself, 'is the impulse which a mother can give to the opening character of her child, and such the way in which a hero may be formed!'

I am sure that I am understood. *The virtues of this country are with our women and the only remaining hope of the resurrection of the genius and character of the nation rests with them* Need I assert that since the revolution this character has most wofully declined? Look to our public bodies and the question is answered. Where is the remedy? No national institution can be hoped for: it would cost money. How is the glory of the republick to be retrieved? How is the republick itself to stand? As to our men they are differently employed: how employed, through pity to them, I will not now say. But the mothers of the country, and those who are to become mothers have the character of the nation in their hands. O! if to their virtues and their personal graces, they would superadd that



additional culture of the mind which would fit them for this noble task and warm them in the enterprise, I should not envy Rome her Agrippina, her Aurelia, her Atia, her Julia Procilla, or Cornelia. May I not say thus much without offence? And will they not permit me, old and bachelor as I am, to point their efforts to this exalted object and aid them in the achievement of it? I am sure they will: and with such fair and candid interpreters of my motives, I shall, without fear of offence, pursue that course which seems to me best fitted to attain the object.

Nor have I any fear, that these remarks on the degeneracy of national character will give displeasure to those bright exceptions, the men of sense and virtue, who remain among us. On the contrary, I calculate on their co-operation, and look for the tribute of their assistance to the Old Bachelor. I am not about to write a course of heavy lectures. My object indeed is one, yet greatly diversified; and I shall cheerfully relieve the dullness and monotony of my own productions, by any virtuous sport of wit or fancy which may be furnished by another. If I shall be thought worthy of this assistance, any letter addressed to Doctor Robert Cecil, to the care of Thomas Ritchie, and lodged free of postage, in the office at Richmond, will reach me in ten days or a fortnight at the farthest, and meet with the notice which it shall merit.—I am well aware that this invitation may subject me to some impertinence from low and little minds: but I have long since learned to look on such impertinence and such minds without any other emotions than those of pity.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

...

TO MILO.

*"The Eagle suffers little birds to sing."*

FIRST and king of birds, what an honoured trait is this in thy character! Methinks I behold thee peacefully perched on thy rock, high from the reach of envy or malice, listening with tranquillity to the song of the wren beneath thee; thy generous heart feels no desire to interrupt his happiness, but the felon hawk pounces down upon him and stops his music forever.

Excuse me, my dear Milo, for not coming sooner to the point, and I will tell thee my reason for this apostrophe to the king of birds; I will inform thee in the simplicity of my heart—that verily thou mighest extract a moral from it.

Your essay in the last number of the Emerald I have perused, and am of opinion that it redounds but little to the honor either of thy head or heart: In the first place your respect for veracity

is called directly into question, for you assert that your inclination to write is as feeble as your capacity; did the rays of truth enlighten this declaration, the public would never have been troubled with your flimsy production.

You inform us you write for "the amusement (if not instruction) of Mr. Ardent:" Inasmuch as you have deviated from the truth in one point, misfortune and disappointment attends you in the next. After wading with you through a long string of nonsense, I find nothing in the end but my labor for my pains, and come out in the sequel as foolish as the Irishman, who followed the mail stage through mud and mire, merely to see when the big wheels would overtake the little ones.

The manner in which you commence your attack, seems prognostic of your *feeble capacity* as well as the weakness of your intellect, and the result proves that the *brainless simplicity* which you attribute to "Ardent," bounds back and rests upon you.

Passing over your *elegant* description of twanging arrows shot from ladies eyes, your *ingenious* discovery of drones *vulgarly* called Bachelors: your *facetious* display of lantern faces, chubby noses, &c. &c. we will examine your "three good reasons" for asserting that the ladies are without a *grain* of deception. I sincerely believe that their candor in spurning you from them, gave origin to the *bright* idea.

Your first "good reason" is, that their "incessant talking betrays their mental infirmities."

*"Away, no woman could descend so low."*

I cannot, Milo, in justice to the sex believe you; neither do I deem you capable of judging justly about mental abilities,

*"For all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye."*

The second "good reason" is, that "by a fair exhibition of their bodies, they show all its deformities!"—Shroud yourselves in blankets, ye fair offenders, lest ye again give pain to the jaundic'd eyes of this *moral Philosopher*.

The third and last "good reason" is, that "by every indulgence of passions, they never fail to show their greatest and most prevalent passion." And pray, Mr. Milo, what is this "greatest and most prevalent passion"? Is it friendship, or love, or ambition, or revenge?—or would you, by concealing it, entice suspicion to



throw her deadly arrows into the female bosom?—false, ungenerous Milo.

“ You blast the fair with lies because they scorn you ;  
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence ;  
Rather than make you blest they would die virgins,  
And stop the propagation of mankind.”

With a few trifling observations on “ which is the strongest passion,” for which poor Dr. Johnson is lugged in head and shoulders to be evidence, your essay is finished, to the no small satisfaction of all who have attempted to peruse it, as well as to the great “ amusement (if not instruction) of

ARDENT.”

---

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

### TRIBUTE TO MERIT.

NED was a serious wight, he us'd to dwell  
Snug in a garret, in a small close room  
With cobwebs crown'd, where many a tatter'd pane  
Gave gen'rous access to each passing breeze.  
For Edward by the potent arm of Mars  
Was made a pris'ner ; and to sum up all  
Pale penury wove her mantle round his form  
And glued misfortunes fast and thick upon him.  
A sweeter songster never sung than Ned,  
A better joke no being ever crack'd  
And finer feelings never warm'd a heart.  
Often when day descending to the west  
Has wak'd up darkness I have climb'd aloft  
To Ned's “ ærial citadel” and pass'd  
Hours, which else were heavy on my hands.  
With songs alternate and a game of crib  
We pass'd our hours, for Edward had a pack  
Of cards, with songs besmear'd, and greasy rhymes  
And philosophic reasonings profound.  
Old broken pipe stems and some grains of corn  
We honor'd with employ—they told our game.  
Thus, we each other knew, till, *evil hour*  
The fatal tidings came ; the maid be lov'd,

And would have wedded, broke her heart and died.  
 Poor Edward in a fit of frenzy laugh'd ;—  
 I saw the presage sad, and dropp'd a tear,  
 And many a tear since that, has friendship shed  
 Over the turf which shrouds his manly form.

H.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Editors,*

The following verses are the productions of a very young rhym-  
 er, his age I know ought not to be considered as an excuse for  
 his coming before the public, and therefore he begs you to re-  
 member that whether they are rejected or published, he was only  
 induced to submit them to your consideration at the solicitation of  
 some of his friends.

E.

WHEN Mary smiles, a ray of heavenly light  
 From her bright orbs, in splendor, strikes my sight ;  
 Millions of cupids wanton in her eyes,  
 Which in themselves unnumbered charms comprise.  
 Her cheeks with tints of roseate hue impress,  
 Her well turned, lovely neck, and snowy breast ;  
 Her taper arm and lovely little hand,  
 Cause Mary first in beauty's ranks to stand ;  
 But when proud passions, anger, hate or scorn,  
 Dart from her eyes and, cruel, plant a thorn  
 In some swain's breast, whose sighs, dare tell his love,  
 Who rash, presumptuous, attempts to prove,  
 The unfeigned ardor of his raging flame ;  
 I Mary, then, can scarce believe the same.  
 Her heart for passions ne'er was formed the seat,  
 Her lovely face t' exhibit them's unfit.  
 Anger and scorn ill suits her orbs of light,  
 And hate her cheek disfigures in my sight ;  
 Her head and mind the graces dwellings are,  
 Tenants to pride and scorn superior far ;  
 Peace, innocence and virtue, in her breast reside,  
 And gentle meek-eyed charity walks by her side.

EUGENIO.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

...

MARY still seems the chosen name,  
 Of all who feel the muses' flame ;  
 Oh ! tell me, beauty's potent Queen,  
 Has every bard my Mary seen ?

H.



## THE SAILOR.

WHEN on the gunnel of a ship,  
 Poor Jack was running with some flip :  
 There came a cruel cannon ball,  
 Which shot his foot off, *leg* and all,  
 Jack saw his expectation crost,  
 And cry'd—*D—n me the flip is lost.*

## DEATH.

*Definition of it—by Drew.*

IN the unbounded empire of human language, there is, perhaps no term to which such strange and preposterous ideas have been annexed, as to that of Death.

The *Orientalists* have spiritualized it into an angel, the *Moralists* have degraded it into a monster, the *Rhetorician's* art has subjoined to it the idea of personification ; while the *poet's* imagination has lent him "his meagre aspect, and his naked bones." All these ideas are, however, but the creatures of a prolific fancy, utterly devoid of any real existence in nature, and totally unfounded in fact.

To strike the passions, and animate the feelings, sentiments like these are undoubtedly judicious and appropriate ; but it is the province of philosophical disquisition, to disrobe realities of the trappings of fancy, and to present them to the world, in the genuine features of their native forms. While the embellishments of fancy are thus added to a mere abstraction of the mind, the enquirer is too apt to be misled in his investigations. Hence—

" *Death* and his image rising in the brain,  
 " Bear faint resemblance, never are alike ;  
 " Fear shakes the pencil, Fancy loves excess,  
 " Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades,  
 " And these the formidable picture draw."

But setting aside these things, as the creatures of a warm imagination, let us enquire what is Death ?

It is certain, that death must either have a *positive* or a *relative* existence. If the former, death must exist whether any thing die or not ; but this is absolutely impossible, for it supposes death, while it supposes nothing to die. If nothing were capable of dissolution or decay, it would be contradictory to admit any idea of death. It is the decay and dissolution of Beings, which give rise to the idea of death ; and therefore death can have no positive existence. If, then, death can have no positive existence, it can only exist in relation to those Beings, who are capable of undergoing *dissolution*, *privation*, or *annihilation* ; and therefore, in these relations it is, that we must look for every conception we have of death.

Thine your .

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines signed "William," are worth correcting ; in their present state they are inadmissible.

Those signed "Eugenio," we have inserted, they are no bad production, for a young votary of the muses

"In these cold climes, beneath these shifting skies,  
Where fancy sickens, and where genius dies ;  
Where few and feeble are the muses strains,  
And no fine frenzy riots through the veins :"

"Jaques's" essay on women, is not original.

## THE KNOT.

LOVE points his quivers true, and every week,  
HYMEN, comes loaded, with the luscious spoils.

MARRIED—In this city, Mr. Edward F. Bond to Miss Frances Hawkins.—Mr. Zachariah Anglian to Miss Jane Coburner.—Mr. John Jordan to Miss Wilhelmina Landeryoung.

.....

## THE KNELL.


"Heav'n lends us friends, to bless our present state ;  
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next."

DIED—On Sunday last, aged 48 years, Mr. Albert Seekamp, many years a respectable merchant of this city.

Departed this life on Thursday morning last, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. Samuel Heslip, a tutor in the Baltimore college, and nephew to the reverend Samuel Knox.

Same day—James Brown, an active and respectable member of the Society of Friends in Old Town.

At Sunderland, (Eng.) a woman named Hall, at the advanced age of 106. Her twin brother died about two years ago, aged 104, and her mother attained 108 years.

 Books, Hand-bills, Blanks, Checks, Cards, &c. &c. neatly and accurately printed, at the shortest notice, on moderate terms, at the Emerald Office, corner of South and Market-streets ; where the smallest favour will be thankfully received.

Mary seen.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

..... " WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE.

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
for the proprietors, at the corner of South and Market streets,  
Baltimore, every SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in  
town at Three Dollars a year....payable every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1811. No. 15.

---

*To the Editors of The Emerald.*

Gentlemen,

YOU mistake the value of your gem, if you suppose it arises from an exterior glare: precious stones, like precious metals, have other qualities than mere burnish to recommend them. Durability, strength, hardness, brilliancy, resistance to fire, scarcity—all serve to encrease the value of mineral substances. It is by analysis alone, that those qualities which render valuable silver, gold, platina, the onyx, the cornelian, the garnet, the sapphire, the *emerald*, are discovered. To give your gem brilliancy and intrinsic worth, I advise you to combine therein all the qualities which can test it against the ordeal of the critic's malice, and render it a durable prize in the hands of its possessor.

But, laying metaphor aside, I advise you to be more general in your *selections*, and invite your correspondents to branch out more largely in the wide field of literature. If the poet explore the regions of fancy; the novelist, of imagination; the moralist, the empire of ethics; assign each his limited sphere—nor exclude from your pages the details of history, the researches of the philosopher, or the ingenious inventions of the mechanist. The works of nature and art alike claim your regard.

Gentlemen—You must be well aware that, by confining your pages to that species of literature called *light reading*, you abridge the sphere of your usefulness, and narrow your rewards. By improving upon these hints, I have no doubt that public favour will be commensurate with the duration of your gem, notwithstanding the malicious prediction of a *lunar prophet*.

LECTOR.

...

If the maxim "*Fas est ab hoste doceri*," be admissable, it is certainly no crime to receive *instruction from a friend*. "Lector" is therefore, offered our hearty thanks for his advice. We have not however, space sufficient at present, to open so large a *field* as he recommends; but contemplate the enlargement of *The Emerald* in a few weeks, to sixteen pages; when, should he, or any other valuable correspondent favour us with their productions under such heads as he speaks of, they shall be cheerfully placed as *brilliant*s to enrich it. We anxiously hope that our correspondents will, in future, assist us, (not from any selfish motives in us, but) that every one into whose hands an *Emerald* falls, may find it an inestimable *treasure*.

Editors.

.....

#### SELECTIONS FOR THE EMERALD.

#### THE RIDGE ROAD; OR, NATURAL TURNPIKE.

IN a tour, which I took, says a writer in the *Washingtonian*, in the months of May and June last to the Falls of Niagara, I had the pleasure of seeing the great curiosity, called the Ridge Road, or Natural Turnpike; and I was the more agreeably surprised, as I had never before heard of it although I had resided within 30 miles of it for three years.

The western end commences at Lewistown, on Niagara River, seven miles below the *Great Cataract* and the same distance from the American Fort. In passing from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, by the falls, it may be proper to observe, that the country is a dead level till you come within a mile of Lewistown, when, emerging at once from a forest of gigantic oaks, you find yourself on the brow of a hill, where opens to your view a prospect, the most beautiful and sublime which the mind can conceive. Here lake Ontario first presents its boundless bosom to the eye till it meets the distant horizon beyond!—immediately before, and almost under your feet, on opposite sides of the River, are Lewistown and Queenstown; where commences at the foot of the



mountain, an immense champaign which extends to the lake in front, and to the east and west, as far as the eye can stretch, intersected by the river, which is boiling and wheeling and foaming through its narrow channel, on the left, and stretching away before you, till it gradually widens, slackens, and subsides into a placid stream, which, moving majestically along, till it empties into the lake—leaves the village of Niagara and the American Fort on the right, with Newark and that of the British on the left. The banks of this great outlet of the lakes are under high cultivation and seemingly alive with farms, stocks and herds, while industry is plying the oar and lifting the sail, on the bosom of its waters. This wonderful combination of such immense objects opening at once upon the view, while the tremendous roar of Niagara Falls is still thundering in your ear, and the solid mountain trembling beneath your feet, is calculated to produce emotions which no pen can describe. The mind is absolutely overwhelmed for the moment, and lost in amazement, in contemplating such a scene of beauty, sublimity, and grandeur.

The descent of the hill to Lewistown below, which by turnings and winding among the rocks, is made gradual, is about 170 feet: being the perpendicular height of the banks of the river, from the Falls to this place. \*—This hill was probably the boundary of Lake Ontario. It stretches along, in a circular line, from right to left, as far as the eye can reach. And at its base, from Lewistown below, commences the RIDGE, or *Nature's Great Turnpike*, running due east EIGHTY MILES, with this mountain on your right, and the lake on the left, through an extent of flat country, but little above the level of the waters. It is generally from six to ten feet high, and from three to four rods wide. It is a bed of gravel, such as is found on the shores of the lakes, intermixed with small shells, and so firmly compacted, that the hoof of a horse, or the wheel of a carriage, makes but little impression. Indeed it is like a solid pavement. Where the land is low, the ridge rises, so as to leave its surface nearly all the way a horizontal plane. In one place it runs through a low sunken marsh, about half a mile wide, where the ridge is thrown up twenty or thirty feet high, is

\* *Here were once the Falls of Niagara.—They commenced at the brow of this mountain. By the constant attrition of the waters, a channel has been cut through solid rock till the cataract has retreated about seven miles towards Lake Erie. It still continues to retreat and may one day disappear—after draining Lake Erie and leaving only a rapid river between lake Ontario and Huron. Above the falls the river is from three quarters to a mile wide; below, for seven miles through the channel cut in a rock, it is no more than sixty or seventy rods in any place. Truly, indeed, could Knickerbocker say, "Nature works on a prodigious great scale in this country."*

about eight rods wide, and as straight as a line could be drawn. The ridge is generally covered with large spreading oaks, whose foliage protects the traveller, in summer, from the rays of the sun, and frequently affords this thinly inhabited country a temporary shelter from the inclemency of the storm. Here is little under-wood to be seen; the earth is covered with rich herbage, and *nature*, as if to give variety and interest to the prospect, here and there presents an extensive *prairie*, or natural meadows covered with wild grass, which variegates and beautifies the scene.

That the waters of this lake once spread over this ridge, and a vast extent of country, now covered with timber, is evident, from its being so nearly on a level with them—from the hill before mentioned—from the dead level of the land,—and (what places it beyond all doubt) from the soil, which is found to be *alluvial*.

The enquiry will naturally arise—"How was this ridge formed?" It has no appearance of having been the work of man, nature alone could accomplish so grand a design.—It has been supposed, by some attentive observers, that this was formed by the waters of the lake, that when they were receding from their limits, they have made a bold stand, and, in process of time, threw up this ridge, by "their foaming fury." But can this be true?—Instead of being left straight, would it not have often varied its course and been sometimes indented by bays?—But this question is submitted for naturalists to decide. S. C.

.....

#### *Advice to the Fair.*

The committee of Health, says a Paris paper, having inquired into the cause, why *head, tooth and jaw-aches*, were more common and violent to the female than to the male sex: has finally discovered, that this excessive disproportion originated from wearing gilt, copper, or bad gold *earings* by the women; that the perspiration produced verdigrease, which entering the lymphatic part of the blood, occasioned violent pains that resisted common remedies.

After this important discovery, the officers of Health ordered their patients afflicted with the above complaints to relinquish their bad ear-rings, and substitute others made of good gold, and they had the satisfaction to see them recover without the aid of other remedies.

As such complaints are very common in this country, we believe, that their origin proceeds from the like cause, and it is for this reason the above advice is given, earnestly wishing that the fair sex may profit by it.



## IRISH LITERATURE

Having become a subject of considerable interest, it may be gratifying to some, to be informed to what extent the use of the Irish language prevails at present.

Dr. Stokes, E. T. C. D. who has paid a particular attention to this subject, gives the following statement as to the result of his enquiries.

L. P.

“To begin with the province of Leinster ;—In Louth, Meath, West-Meath, Irish is mostly spoken ; in Dublin, Kildare and Wicklow, scarcely any ; in the King’s and Queen’s counties, very few speak Irish ; in the south west part of Carow, a considerable portion speak Irish ; in Kilkenny the language prevails greatly ; in Wexford, it is very little used in the south-east part of the county, but it is pretty general in the north-west.

“In all the counties of Munster, the Irish language prevails beyond comparison, if we except the large towns, their immediate neighborhoods, and some of the country along the coast.

“The native language is more prevalent in Connaught, than in the west of Ireland : in this province, even the gentlemen often find it convenient to acquire the language, in order to be able to deal with the peasantry without an interpreter.

“In Ulster, there is a greater proportion of Irish speakers than is generally supposed.—Cavan and Monaghan contain many ; Tyrone, about half its inhabitants ; Donegal, more than half ; Armagh and Down, a few : Antrim a few along the eastern coast ; Derry, a few in the mountains to the south-west ; Fermanagh scarce any.”

.....

## THE FALSE PRINCE OF MODENA.

.....

*Translation of an Anecdote of the eighteenth century.*

OF all the imposters who under false names have shone more or less on the theatre of the world, one of the most remarkable, by the singularity of the circumstances which favoured his imposture, is a youth who made his appearance about the middle of the last century in the island of Martinique, under the title of *Hereditary Prince of Modena*. The following is a statement of the facts such as they have been reported by an eye-witness, who without pretending to explain them, simply relates what passed under his own observation. He deserves the more confidence, because never having shared in the credulity of those who were seduced by so singular an imposture, he cannot be suspected of exaggerating the inconceivable circumstances which might in some measure seem as an excuse for this credulity.

In the beginning of the year 1748, France being yet at war with Great Britain, a small merchant vessel bound from Rochelle to the Cul-de-sac Marin, a port of Martinique, was so closely pursued by the English cruisers which blockaded that island, that the captain seeing the impossibility of saving his vessel and cargo, determined on trying at least to escape captivity, by throwing himself and all his crew into his long-boat; they succeeded in reaching the shore in safety, but with the loss of all their effects.

Besides the crew, which was not numerous, this captain had on board with him a young man, of eighteen or nineteen years of age, whose features, without being beautiful or regular, were agreeable, his figure elegant although small, but who was especially remarkable by the fairness and extreme delicacy of his skin, which seemed to indicate an elevated rank in life. He called himself the Count of Tarnaud, son of a major-general, and the respect of the crew appeared to announce a still more distinguished situation. He had however sailed without any attendants; the only person who was particularly attached to his person was one Rhodéz, a young sailor of about 24 years of age, the captain's mate, with whom he had become acquainted during the passage. This young man seemed to enjoy his intimate confidence, but on the part of Rhodéz the intimacy did not amount to familiarity, and the most unequivocal marks of respect betrayed his consideration for the stranger.

The latter, when they reached the shore, had inquired for some reputable inhabitant of the island, at whose house he might find an asylum and assistance. The residence of an officer, named Duval Ferrol, who lived near the spot where they had landed, was pointed out to him. He went there, without any other recommendation than the misfortune he had lately undergone. He was received as is usual in America, and in all countries where the difficulty of communication between the inhabitants supports the exercise of hospitality, and established himself there with Rhodéz.

All sorts of attentions were shewn him; these he accepted, as if he rather conferred than received a favour. He eluded by vague answers the numerous questions addressed to him; and the mysterious conduct of Rhodéz supported and even increased a curiosity which was directed towards the young stranger with greater vivacity, in consequence of the captain's refusing to answer all inquiries respecting him. He merely said in confidence to the commandant of the *Cul-de-sac Marin*, that this youth had been brought to him by a merchant, who had recommended to him in private, but without giving any further instructions, to treat him with great respect, because he was a person of importance.\*

\* This captain's name was Mendavid; he was a very ignorant and stupid individual.



Every thing about the young man appeared indeed mysterious and extraordinary. He had arrived at Rochelle, as has been since learnt, some time before his embarkation. He was at that time accompanied by an elderly man who appeared to be his mentor.— Nobody knew by what conveyance they had come. They were both dressed with the greatest simplicity. On arriving at Rochelle, instead of stopping at an inn, they had hired a small apartment in a private house, and had immediately caused it to be furnished at their expense, at no great cost indeed, but comfortably. During their residence in that city, the young man had lived very retired, never going out, seeing nobody, living principally on shell fish and especially fresh-water cray-fish, which are scarce and dear at Rochelle.

The old man, on the contrary, was a great deal from home ; his chief business seemed to consist in finding an opportunity to embark his pupil, which was not an easy matter in consequence of the war. At last one had presented itself: when the youth set out to go on board, the woman at whose house he lodged having asked him what she should do with his furniture ; “ keep it,” answered he, “ to remember me.” His conductor who witnessed this act of generosity, had scarcely appeared to notice it. The present might be estimated at about five hundred livres ; but the most singular circumstance was that he who made it did not take with him, in money and effects, much more than the value of that sum ; and from the manner of his *debut* in the colony, it was not to be presumed that he had secured for himself any very certain resources there. However nothing seemed to give him uneasiness during the passage. His manners had constantly been dignified, without prodigality. When they found themselves obliged to betake themselves to their boat and coast along the island in order to escape the English, they had not had time to put any provisions on board, the crew were starving ; he purchased of a planter, whom they met in his pirogue, the provisions he was carrying to his plantation, and distributed them among the sailors, who, as will easily be believed, were filled with new respect for the young passenger, whose importance was already made known to them by the mysterious recommendation given to the captain.

Some of these details were soon spread about the island ; it was known from the sailors that their passenger had been sick on board ; that all kinds of attention were paid him ; that he had received them with great affability and goodness, mingled however with a little hauteur. During his indisposition, Rhodez, by the captain's orders, never left the sick gentleman ; and from this time dated the intercourse of confidence on one part, and of respect and services really extraordinary on the other, which existed between these two individuals.

There was in all this more than enough to kindle curiosity, ever on the watch in places where it can but rarely be excited and not

easily satisfied. Already it was known throughout the colony that a man of high birth had arrived at Martinique and lodged at Duval Ferrol's ; all the circumstances of his landing were mentioned ; his daily actions were the subject of conversation : facts were misrepresented, exaggerated, multiplied ; the imaginations of people were excited, without yet having a determinate object before them, and this young man, who had been only four days in the island, was already the subject of endless ridiculous suppositions, of romantic stories each more strange than the other, all repeated with equal assurance and received with equal avidity.

However, after a few days, Duval Ferrol informs the stranger that not knowing him and being himself a subaltern officer, he had been under the necessity of making his arrival known to the Lieutenant de Roi, commanding at the Cul-de-sac Marin, and that the latter requested to see him. The young man goes there, he presents himself by the name of count de Tarnaud and is well received ; but the commandant, having had notice of the rumours which are circulated on the subject of the stranger, and being determined to pierce through the mystery which envelops him, offers him a lodging in his house and the use of his table. Tarnaud accepts it all, and now we have him established at Nadau's ; this was the commandant's name.

[*To be continued.*]

.....

*" 'Tis not the tincture of a skin."*

THE following verses from the pen of SELECK OSBORN, are founded on the story of an English gentleman and lady, who were on their passage to the East Indies, in one of the vessels of an English fleet. For some particular reason they left the vessel, and went on board the Admiral's ship, leaving two young children in the care of a negro servant, about eighteen years of age. In a violent storm, the ship containing the two children, was fast sinking, when a boat arrived from the admiral's ship for their relief.—The crew eagerly crowded to the boat, but the negro lad finding there was only room for himself or the two children, generously put them on board, and remained himself on the wreck, which, with the generous boy, was immediately engulfed in the ocean.

Tremendous howls the angry blast !

The boldest hearts with terror quake !

High o'er the vessel's tottering mast

The liquid mountains fiercely break !

*Each eye is fix'd with wild despair,*

*And Death displays his terrors there !*



Now plunging in the dead abyss,  
 They pierce the bosom of the deep—  
 Now rise, where vivid lightnings hiss,  
 And seem the murky clouds to sweep :  
*Thro' the dark waste dread thunders roll,  
 And horrors chill th' affrighted soul !*

See on the deck young MARCO stands,  
 (Two blooming cherubs by his side,  
 Entrusted to his faithful hands ;)   
 "A mother's joy—a father's pride."  
*Tho' black his skin as shades of night,  
 His heart is fair—his soul is white !*

Each to the yawl with rapture flies,  
 Except the noble, gen'rous boy :  
 "Go, lovely infants, go," he cries,  
 "And give your anxious parents joy—  
*"No mother will for Marco weep,  
 "When fate entombs him in the deep !*

"Long have my kindred ceas'd to grieve,  
 "No sister kind, my fate shall mourn—  
 "For me will no kind bosom heave,  
 "No bosom-friend waits my return !"

*He said—and sinking sought the happy shore,  
 Where toil and slavery vex his soul no more.*

The editor of The Press adds the following affecting circumstance, something similar to the above, which happened in Pennsylvania.....In the year 1803, a son of James Silverwood, about twelve years of age, was bathing in the Susquehannah, a few miles below Sunbury. The river was unusually high, and the lad was swept by the flood into the impetuous current ; he felt that his most vigorous efforts would be feebleness itself, opposed to the overwhelming weight of waters which bore him from the shore. He shrieked loudly ; his screams pierced the ears of his mother ; she flew to the river's bank, and saw her son floating away with the current. Two labourers stood beside her. The one was a white man—the other a black. The wretched mother tore her hair and implored assistance. "He will die !" said the white man. "If he does," said the black, "*I will die with him.*" Upon which, he plunged into the river, and buffeting the waves with lusty sinews, he seized the sinking boy—"in one hand he bore him, and with the other, dashed the saucy waves that thronged and pressed to

rob him of his prize." He brought him safely to the shore, and sunk exhausted at the mother's feet!...What a scene for a painter! What a subject for a poet! To complete the picture—see the father give freedom to the slave who had saved the life of his son, and see the grateful community throng to deck with the civic wreath, the cap of liberty of him who had preserved the life of a citizen!

### APHORISMS.

VIRTUES, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.

It is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in a public coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet, and eat a mess of rice together.

The man of shew is vain: The reserved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination—The one is more frequently respected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato; the other a Cæsar. Vide Sallust.

What Cæsar said of "*Rubicundos amo; pallidos timeo*;" may be applied to familiarity, and to reserve.

Modesty often passes for errant haughtiness; as what is deemed spirit in a horse proceeds from fear.

The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be amitted into company.

.....

### SCRAPS.

A countryman who had dropt from his cart a keg of rum, rode back a few miles in hopes of finding it. On his way he met an Indian, whom he asked if he had seen his keg of rum on the road? The Indian laughed in his face, and addressed him in the following words. "What a fool you are to ask an Indian such a question. Do not you see that I am sober? Had I met with your keg, you would have found it empty on one side of the road, and Indian Tom drunk and asleep on the other."

A wag reading in a country newspaper an advertisement for two smart *devils*, of good *morals*, in a Printing-office, observed, "that in his opinion, there were already *devils* enough among the printers."

The Laird of M'Nab was writing to one of his friends from Edinburgh Coffee House, when a gentleman of his acquaintance



observed, that he was setting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar. "D—n your blood!" exclaimed the Highland chieftain, "how can a man write grammar *with a PEN like this.*"

---

### THE FASHIONS.

To the Ladies who have manifested an enterprising spirit in modern Fashions, the following late modes in the higher circles of London, as reported by a passenger in the November packet, are respectfully submitted by a wight of the *Stickee* :

*The Grecian Slipper*—consisting of a sole and heel, confined to the foot by ribbands, which lead from the edges of the sole through each division of the toes and tie round the ankle.

*The net-work Silk Stockings*—in open meshes, not less than a quarter of an inch square, with *Toe-Stalls*, adopted to the modern Slipper.

*The Doe-Skin Pantaloons*—These are obscured by a cob-web muslin robe with a lace tail.

*The divorced Pudding Bags*—have now assumed a regular conical form, and are so admirably arranged that their apices crowned with carnation coloured cylindrical projections, three eighths of an inch high and half an inch in diameter, are made to look to opposite points.

*The arm pit Tassals*—dangle from the ends of a silk cord that draws the fore and hinder parts of the shoulder strap into contact just in the hollow under the arm.

*The back slope*—which is simply cutting out that part of the dress which formerly covered the spine and shoul<sup>r</sup> blades, in a direct line from the Tassels already mentioned, until it meets in a point the corresponding line of the other side at the *os coccygis*.

It must not be omitted to apprise our Fair Fashionables, that in addition to the above improvements, it was in contemplation to adopt at the last birth night, to be denominated the *English Dock*, a black bushy Ostrich Feather, six inches long, inserted at the lowest point of the back slope and to stand at right angle to the back.

---

### THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

In the following little poem, which, (though written by an American) made its first appearance in England, the reader will observe, that "Ledyard" is not the only man, who can appreciate the worth of the female sex.

#### WOMAN.

THE dreadful toil of Battle o'er,  
When the Warrior, bath'd in gore,

Seeks his native home again,  
 And leaves the carnage glutted plain,  
 Where in one promiscuous heap  
 The friend and foe unconscious sleep,  
 And by the pale moon's feeble ray  
 The War-fiend wings his gloomy way,  
 Smiling upon the horrid sight  
 With all a demon's curst delight ;—  
 What meed can soothe such dreadful toils  
 But Woman's love but Woman's smiles ;  
 Reclin'd upon her heaving breast,  
 Each deadly thought is hush'd to rest !

When o'er the billowy ocean borne,  
 From home and social pleasures torn,  
 The seaman ploughs the wat'ry waste  
 Amid the desolating blast,  
 Whilst the dark spirit of the storm,  
 Rises his fear-inspiring form,  
 And Death in ghastliest shape appears,  
 Till e'en the hardy seaman fears,  
 As 'midst the lightning's livid hue  
 The pointed rock assails his view ;—  
 Say all his dreary danger o'er,  
 And gain'd again his native shore,  
 What can reward such dreadful toils  
 But Woman's love, but Woman's smiles !

Yes, Woman ! dearest boon of Heav'n !  
 To thee, alone to thee, was given  
 To lull each bitter woe to rest,  
 That ever pain'd the human breast ;  
 Thy lovely smile and soothing pow'r  
 Can chase pale sorrow's gloomy hour ;  
 Thy lovely smile and sparkling eye,  
 Can give a purer zest to joy ;  
 Thy converse sweet can aid impart,  
 To cheer the mourner's drooping heart,  
 Can give each blissful feeling birth  
 And raise a paradise on earth ;  
 Each woe's forgot, repaid each toil,  
 By Woman's love, by Woman's smile

.....

*The monster Death still points his fatal dart,  
 And lets it fly to pierce the aching heart.*

**DIED**—On Thursday morning last, after a short illness, in the 82<sup>d</sup> year of his age, *George Matthews*, long a respectable and useful citizen of this place.



# THE EMERALD.

---

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

---

.....“ WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE.

---

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
for the proprietors, at the corner of South and Market streets,  
Baltimore, every SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in  
town at Three Dollars a year....payable every four months.

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1811. No. 16.

---

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE TIMES.....No. I.

.....  
BY VIRGIL VIBRATE, ESQUIRE.

.....

AMONG the various species of ephemeral writings intended either for amusement or instruction, none more particularly call for, or deserve the attention of the public than those which profess to expose and correct the follies of the day. Man, from his nature, is liable to fall into error. The most sagacious and penetrating mind can never hope to escape without being sometimes, nay, frequently, deceived; and therefore the project of assuming a privilege of presiding over the manners of the day, cannot be deemed either chimerical or absurd. It is to be supposed, that in so flourishing and populous a city as Baltimore, it will never be found a task of difficulty to discover personages of celebrity, whether derived from virtuous or vicious sources, will justify our selecting them as examples to be either zealously pursued or carefully avoided. I believe I judge correctly, when I state it as my opinion that, among the fashionable and polite circles of our cele-

brated metropolis, there are to be found numberless opportunities of exercising our talents at criticism, and that the vices and follies of the youth of Baltimore, are sufficiently numerous to call for correction and restraint.

With these sentiments and under these impressions, I have resolved to come before the public in the character of a censor ; not for the purpose of meanly exposing defects in the characters of individuals, whether their detection be beneficial to society or not, but with the design of pointing out those deformities in the general characters of our citizens, which if treated in a lenient and delicate manner may in time be totally eradicated. Such is my intention and design ; and as I will be enabled, having at present a considerable deal of leisure, to furnish the editors of *The Emerald* with one or two papers every week, I trust the plan I have here given a brief and simple sketch of, may meet their approbation as well as that of their readers.

In my next number, I shall edify the public by a short and concise history of my life ; although not very eventful, it may afford food both for reflection and amusement : and, however insignificant I may be with regard to intellectual qualifications, I trust my advice and criticisms may in time prove in some degree beneficial to the society of which I now constitute an unworthy member.

V.V.

.....

#### THE FALSE PRINCE OF MODENA.

.....

*Translation of an Anecdote of the eighteenth century.*

[CONTINUED.]

RHODEZ, who never quitted him, took up his quarters there also, and thus appeared to acknowledge a sort of voluntary dependance, which by the by, he did not seek to dissemble.

Young Tarnaud had now been two days at the commandant's ; the latter had company to dine with him. When they were just seated at table, the young man perceives that he has forgotten his handkerchief—Rhodez leaves his seat and goes for it. All the guests stare at each other ; a white man wait upon a white man ! This in the islands is an unheard of thing, a dishonourable thing, unless it were a prince, or at least the governor of the colony.—The poorest planter would not consent to do it ; and Rhodez, of a good family, well educated, acquainted with the customs of the country, would certainly not commit himself to such a degree for a man of ordinary rank. Who can this stranger be ? What con-



idential information can Rhodéz have obtained from him? How is this mystery to be unravelled?

The company are seated; in the midst of the dinner Nadau receives a letter from Duval Ferrol:

"You desire of me," writes he, "information respecting the French passenger who lodged some days at my house; his signature will tell you more than I could do. I herewith send you a letter which I have just now received from him."

Nadau looks over the letter enclosed in that of Duval; it contains nothing but thanks, expressed in a style bad enough—but what confounds him is that it is signed D'Este, and not Tarnaud. As soon as dinner was over, he takes aside one of his guests, to whom he communicates the contents of the packet. His friend sets off immediately for the house of the marquis d'Eragny, whose plantation was at a short distance. The marquis was still at table with several other persons who dined with him. They were speaking of the stranger; the new comer states what has just happened. At the name of Este every body was astonished—they endeavour to find out who it can be, and at last, after consulting the court Almanack, it is decided that the stranger can only be Hercules Rinaldo d'Este, hereditary prince of Modena and brother of the duchess of Penthièvre. Nothing more easy than to ascertain the fact—one of the company, by name Bois-Ferme, the commandant's brother-in-law, declares that the preceding year he has several times seen the prince of Modena; another of the company has seen him when with the army; they resolve to clear up all doubts about the matter; in the meantime they must finish their wine. Towards evening the whole troop mount their horses, and arrive at the commandant's as he is going to supper. They look attentively on the stranger. Bois-Ferme declares that it is certainly he. It is true that Bois-Ferme never spoke a word of truth, even when he was drunk. But the other officer says the same thing; they approach the commandant. "You have in your house," say they to him, "*the hereditary prince of Modena?*" Scarcely had the company taken their seats, when the sound of instruments was heard out of doors; it proceeded from some French horns which Bois-Ferme had brought with him. *They drank the health of Hercules Rinaldo d'Este, hereditary prince of Modena*, to a flourish of the music. The person, in whose house this scene was performed, appeared at first surprised, embarrassed; then expressed dissatisfaction at such a piece of indiscretion.

"My lord," say they to him, "you cannot conceal yourself from us; we know who you are." He then leaves the table, takes the commandant aside and says to him: "I did not expect in so distant a country, to be recognized so soon. Inform those gentlemen that I insist on being *incognito*; and that I am for every body the count de Tarnaud." Nadau communicates to all present the prince's orders; every one takes leave with promises of

keeping the secret, and you may suppose how well they perform their engagement.

Our colonies, and particularly Martinique, were at that time in a very critical situation. The island was blockaded by the English and provisions were scarce; none could be procured but from the neutral islands of Curacoa and St. Eustatius. These supplies, in their own nature sufficiently precarious and burdensome, were rendered still more so by the advices of some of the principal officers, who sought in the public misery for means to increase their private fortunes. At the head of these was the marquis of Caylus, governor-general of the windward islands, residing at Martinique; he was a man of extravagant habits, whom the embarrassment of his affairs forced into the hands of a crowd of designing people who led him into speculations, of which the profits were for them and the odium for him. It was he who was the principal subject of accusation; his subalterns, whom he watched with jealous severity, took part with the multitude in their animosity against him, which was moreover excited by the scarcity now beginning to be felt to an alarming degree. Discontent was at its height and waited only for an opportunity of declaring itself. It is easy to imagine what an affect was produced on the minds of people thus prepared, by the news of the arrival of the pretended prince.

Every body was engaged in calculating the advantages which would result to the colony from this event. No one asked; what business has a prince of Modena at Martinique? Why has he come in such a manner? What does he mean to do? or if such questions chance to be made, there are answers ready to all of them. Besides four or five persons pretend to have seen him at Paris, and whether they believe it or not, declare that this is the man. In short they all need the indulgence of hope, and their wishes are too keen to admit of doubt.

Nadau who fancies that his fortune is made, and moreover excited by individual resentment against the governor, hastens to lay before his guest the complaints of the whole colony; unveils to him the tricks of the speculators to raise the price of provisions, informs him of the monopoly they exercise in this necessary branch of trade, and paints in vivid colours the misery which is consequent to it. The prince grows warm, gets into a passion, swears that he will put a stop to such scandalous proceedings, that he will cause to be punished those who thus abuse the king's confidence. In the meantime, if the English should attempt to land, he will place himself at the head of the inhabitants to repel them.

Nadau fails not to repeat this conversation. Enthusiasm and confidence are excited by it. The fermentation even reaches Fort St. Pierre where the marquis of Caylus then was, and who laughed at this cabal which he expected to annihilate with a single frown. However, reports were coming to him from every quarter. He gives orders to the commandant of the *Cul-de-sac Martin* to



send the count de Tarnaud to him, or if he is a person of rank to bring himself. Nadau answers that the person at his house is, beyond all doubt, the hereditary prince of Modena ; that the prince is sick and cannot go to St. Pierre. The governor, on receiving this message, despatches the captain of his guards accompanied by another officer, and charges them with a letter for the count de Tarnaud, by which he invites him to come to St. Pierre. The count or prince, which you please, reads the letter and says to the envoys : " Tell your master that I am to all others the count de Tarnaud, but to him, Hercules Rinaldo d'Este. If he wishes to see me let him come half-way ; let him, in four or five days hence, go to Fort-Royal ;\* I will be there."

The messengers had their doubts when they set out on their errand : they returned persuaded. The marquis himself began not to know what to think of the matter. " There is no doubt about its being the prince," said the captain of the guards :—" G\*\*d (this was the officer who accompanied him) was struck with his likeness to the duchess of Penthièvre his sister, and especially to the duchess his mother. Besides Nadau is so sure of the fact that he must have proofs of it ; if he conceals them, it is in order to lay a snare for you. Take care what you are about."—The governor, borne along by the general conviction, and perhaps disturbed by the consciousness of his own improper conduct, at last gives up the point. He goes into his drawing-room where the company were expecting the result of his message. An officer had just been laying a wager that the pretended count de Tarnaud was not the prince of Modena ; the governor told him he had lost.†

[To be continued.]

\* *Fort-Royal is seven leagues from Saint Pierre, and the same distance from Cul-de-sac Marin.*

† *The officer who laid this wager, was the narrator of this anecdote.*

---

*Baltimore, February 1811.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

YOU will no doubt be surprised at receiving a letter from a perfect stranger, but more so, when I inform you I was once, your most virulent and decided enemy. Along with others, I joined in ridiculing your publication, without ever having perused a single page of it ; and, without reflection, freely and unreservedly, criticised a work I had never examined. Curiosity led me the other day, to take up one of the numbers of the Emerald. From the pleasure I experienced in perusing it, I was irresistably led to enquire for the others, and after reading the whole of them, I very wisely, (in my own opinion,) resolved on sitting down, and

writing a solemn and formal recantation of all my erroneous assertions, with respect to the character of your entertaining little work. I was terribly puzzled about fixing on a mode of procedure, but with the opportune assistance of a lucky idea, I determined on writing you a familiar letter, and, making my first appearance, in form of an apologist, for ever having been induced, through mere fun, to attempt depreciating the worth of a Magazine which I had never taken the trouble of reading. This, however, is not at present, my only intention; I sometimes, scribble little essays for my amusement, and, having now a number laying by me, ready, and prepared for publication, would prove, if you have no objection to receive me as such, a voluminous, if not a valuable correspondent; and by dint of hard labour, might in time flatter myself, with the hope of being one day, thought an useful contributor.

If you are inclined to give my present communication a favorable reception, and to listen indulgently, to the regret I now express, for former delinquency, I hope to see an invitation, to transmit a specimen, of my scribbling powers, which will be gladly accepted and attended to by, Dear Sirs,

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY QUIZZ.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

### TO ARDENT'S APOSTROPHE.

"THOU king of birds!"—Though thy flight is oft beyond the ken of smaller birds, yet, thy insatiate maw, resistless to a towering will, bends down thy pride on little things below. But oh, how fond! if thy descent should light on things which *seem* contaminate; as oft thy beak's ingulph, ere thy false taste convince thee of thy error. Ye too, ye felon-hawks! (as a species of the former, though more a nuisance and pestiferous in thy nature) beware the fowler! who perchance may intercept thy flight, and send thee early and deserved death!

"Excuse me dear Ardent," in adopting this peculiar mode of address, for, little as it is to the purpose, it may have its desired effect, by being more easily understood by its author. "That verily thou mightst extract a moral from it;" as I apprehend you to be a chymist in morals. But if, instead of properly analysing you decompose and mingle with it, your own false jargon and malevolent inferences, (as in a former piece) it will have the same appearance to your *obfuscated* brain.



Our gentle readers will pardon a forced simile while I proceed in answering a slanderous tongue, though it were more worthy of my silence; yet nature dictates self defence. even when *curs* attempt to bite, and such I shall esteem thee, Ardent.

“Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.”

Had you been led by love of truth as you feigned yourself to be, in making your attack, or could you more wisely have concealed your design, some credit would redound to support your tottering honour. But you have given a palpable manifestation, that hypocrisy was the primary principle by which you were actuated; in which you justly have “your labor for your pains.” In expectation of concealing your intentions under the cloak of an *advocate* for the fair; your soul took fire at the idea of such an opportunity to recommend yourself to their notice, and boldly ushered forth *your* strongest passion. Vain attempt to rise! even those poor souls to whom every species of deformity belong, would never stoop to so lame a defender. But if *you* will not, my worthy readers will do me justice in believing that my remarks were not intended to include the whole sex, nor to asperse any individual; such only, whose folly and dissipation lead them into many contingent misfortunes. And though no person can be justly charged with fault for any natural deformity, yet incidental circumstances, dependant measurably on our own conduct, tend frequently to stamp those blemishes, which vanity and ignorance appear to take some pains to exhibit to the world.

It is not astonishing that Ardent, should risk his character, by such an effort of hypocrisy, since he has made manifest his lack of sense, (without intention by the by) in declaring himself the most loving, though the most whimsical knave in existence.

Love like *his*, founded on external charms, seeks only the gratification of the senses, which is ever changing its object for novelty. On the contrary, when it is founded on virtue, accompanied with all the amiable qualities of the head, heart, and mind enlarged, that affection can not die, it remains immutable, as long as that virtue lasts on which it is built.

Respecting *your* opinion of my essay, I am unconcerned, but your attempt to make the ignorant believe my remarks, the language of disappointment, and therefore untrue, is what alone induces me to honour you with a little contempt, for,

“Slander that worst of poisons ever finds,  
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.”

Come down thou braggart, from that falsely obtained eminence, and henceforth know,

“Who aspires must down as low,  
As high he soar’d obnoxious first or last,  
To basest things. Revenge at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.”

Your splenetic answer to Milo, came to my hands, at too late a period, to be attended to in due time. You will be elated, no doubt, with the pleasing hope of victory, without a blow. And so was Clodius when in ambush he attacked

MILO.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

### THE MONITOR.

THERE are some persons who take a peculiar pleasure in reading the *seducing* works of deistical and atheistical writers ; and who, at the same time, will foolishly permit their children to peruse those *heathen* productions of irreligion, alledging it as a reason, that by shewing their children the little dependance they have on the power of the arguments in favour of the doctrines contained in such books, it will tend to excite their disgust of all such attempts to lessen in the minds of men the ideas we have of the supremacy, omnipotence and omniscience of the Deity ; but on the contrary, say they, if we forbid their perusal, the prohibition will of itself, be sufficient to excite in the minds of youth, a desire to know the contents of a work they are so peremptorily forbidden to read, and the idea of their parent's having expressed his fear of their seeing them, will tend to add strength to the inculcations of immoral doctrines and precepts therein contained.

This is the argument in favour of permitting youth to peruse the works of Volney, Paine, Voltaire, &c.

But, let parents beware how they thus indulge their children—Youth is a season in which impressions are most easily received, in which the desires and passions are high and ready to seize on any thing that offers a view to their gratification. The ideas of religion communicated to their mind through the medium of these infernal doctrines, may be lasting, and if not soon eradicated, will “grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength,” and when too late, the parent will perceive his son, through *his* folly, hurrying on with a fatal swiftness to perdition.

But, if a father, when his permission is asked by his son to read any of the abovementioned works, would examine him with respect to his opinions of religion, and thence infer his capability of resisting the influence of the pernicious doctrines of deism, he would then perceive whether he might with safety to his son's eternal welfare, indulge him in the perusal of those books : if not, he



might temper his refusal by informing his child, that he feared not the truth of these doctrines, but he doubted his son's capability of distinguishing between the fallacious appearance of truth, and its realities: he would either, by these means, stop his son effectually from endeavouring to peruse them by stealth; or if otherwise, the youth would keep in his mind his father's words, and consequently would not be so prone to receive any impression from the stolen opportunities he had seized on for reading any work of the above kind.

EUGENIO.

[To be continued.]

.....

## A CONCISE DESCRIPTION OF BABYLON.

THE word BABYLON signifies confusion, or mixture. It was the capital of Chaldea. "A famous city, built four square, *sixty miles* in circumference, *fifteen* on each side. The walls were *eighty seven* feet thick, and *three hundred and fifty* feet high, on which were built *three hundred and sixteen* towers, or according to other accounts, *two hundred and fifty*, three between each gate, and seven at each corner. There were *one hundred* gates, twenty-five on each side, all of solid brass. From these ran *twenty-five* streets crossing one-another at right angles, each *one hundred and fifty* feet wide, and *fifteen* miles in length. A row of houses faced the wall on every side, with a street of *two hundred* feet wide between them and it. Thus, the whole city was divided into *six hundred and seventy-six* squares, each of which was *four and an half* furlongs on every side. All around those squares, stood the houses fronting the streets, and the empty space within served as gardens and for other needful uses."

The prophet calls *Babylon* the golden city, *Isaiah* xiv. 4. The glory of kingdoms, the beauty of Chaldea's excellency.—*Chapter* xiii. 19.

.....

## APHORISMS.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does an highwayman's in regard to money.

Trifles discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the discovery of a man's character, to say he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his sleeve.

It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one so disgusted with an artful character.—We hate the confinement of standing centinels, in our own defence.

A fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk ; nor, in short, laugh, nor cry, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction !

There are very few persons who do not lose something of their esteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

The silly excuse that is often drawn from want of time to correspond, becomes no one besides a cobbler with ten or a dozen children dependant on a tatching end.

---

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

---

.....

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

### *LIFE IS SHORT.*

Man's life, like any weaver's shuttle flies,  
Or, like a tender flow'ret fades and dies,  
Or, like a race it ends without delay,  
Or, like a vapour, vanishes away.

Or, like a candle, it each moment wastes,  
Or, like a vessel under sails, it hastes,  
Or, like a post, it gallops very fast,  
Or, like the shadow of a cloud, 'tis past.

Our castles are but weak, and strong the foe,  
Our time's but short, our death is certain, too,  
But, as his coming is a secret still,  
Let us be ready, come death when he will.

E. A. D.

.....

### *DESPAIR.*

See yon poor wretch amid the ocean,  
His wave fraught bark tost to and fro,  
Despairing eye the dread commotion,  
Threat'ning soon to end his woe.

Vainly with their rage contending,  
Wave after wave against him rise ;  
On him alone their fury spending,  
All hope from mortal aid defies.

He feels his strength fast, fast decreasing,  
And sees how vain his struggles are ;  
Resigned at last each effort ceasing,  
Awaits his fast in dumb despair.

Just so, on life's tempestuous sea,  
My heart was wreck'd in passion's tide,



Amid the waves of misery,  
 I vainly strove my bark to guide.  
 Wave after wave I bade defiance,  
 And thought at length to reach the shore,  
 In human strength I placed reliance,  
 Nor knew how frail its aid before.  
 But useless now, is each endeavour,  
 To strive against fate's stern decree,  
 My bark has sunk, and soon forever !  
 Despair's dark waves will close o'er me !

CHARLOTTE.

.....

## A SONG.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,  
 All underneath the birchen shade ;  
 The village bell has told the hour,  
 O what can stay my lovely maid ?  
 'Tis not Maria's whispering call,  
 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,  
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,  
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear,  
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
 His little faithful name to cheer,  
 At once 'tis music, and 'tis love.

And art thou come, and art thou true;  
 O welcome dear to love and me,  
 Now let us all our vows renew,  
 Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

.....

## L O V E.

*Man* loves, but to *possess* ! and if unblest,  
 His sickly fancy languishes, expires !  
 But *Woman* clasps chimera to her breast,  
 Small aliment her *purser* flame requires !

She, like the young Camelion, thrives on air,  
 Content no greater sustenance to gain,  
 Takes every tint from the lov'd object near,  
 Clings to her griefs, and glories in her pain :

Of *poorest* flow'rs, *she* forms triumphant wreaths !  
 Her world contracted to one little space,  
 Enough for her to breathe the air he breathes,  
 To steal a look, unnotic'd at his face !

By happy accident to touch his hand,  
 Bear on her heart a ringlet or a glove ;  
 To sacrifice each wish to his command,  
 Live but in him, and only live to love !  
 .....

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers are respectfully informed that the next number of *The Emerald* will complete the first four months of its publication, when, according to the terms, *one dollar* will be due from each subscriber. For their encouragement, notwithstanding the irregularity with which they received their numbers, the Editors tender their sincerest acknowledgments.—The expenditures attending the publication of *The Emerald* have hitherto equalled the emoluments ; yet, their confidence in the liberality of the citizens of Baltimore, induce the Editors to continue it, and add to its present size, *four pages* weekly, which will give correspondents full space for their communications, and its readers a greater variety for their amusement.

The terms will then be *one dollar*, per quarter, payable at the expiration thereof. Should the patrons of *The Emerald* not feel inclined to join with us in the adoption of this plan, they are respectively requested to send their names to this office.

In future, *The Emerald* shall be delivered every Saturday.

A few complete sets of *The Emerald* may be had at the office, and any deficiencies to subscribers made up.

“ *T. Quiz* ” we hope will continue his essays—notwithstanding he may have attempted to *Quiz* us.—We like humor, and should rather be “ *quizzed* ” than *cudgelled*.

“ *Eugenio* ” on any subject will be acceptable—the rising generation may be benefited by the present.

“ *V. V esq.* ” whose first number appears to day, we have no doubt, will attach his readers to “ *The Times* .”

*Errata*.—In “ *Milo* ”’s last essay, for *passions* read *propensity*, for *dictated*, read *debated*, for *divert*, read *divest*.

#### COURT OF HYMEN.

Pray gentle Cupid hither rove,  
 And with thy barbed shafts of love,  
 Wound the beauteous cruel fair,  
 That I the plighted prize may share.

MARRIED—On Saturday night last, in this city, Mr. SAMUEL RAY, to Miss MARGARET RICHARDS.—Mr. RICHARD P. BOWEN, of Baltimore county, to Miss MARY ASKEW of Kentucky.—Mr. WILLIAM D. CONWAY, to Miss SARAH MALSBY.—Mr. COLLINS AUSTIN, of (Conn.) to Miss MARY MILLER, of this city.



# THE EMERALD.

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,  
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,  
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE :  
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE.

THE EMERALD is printed and published by BENJAMIN EDES,  
for the proprietors, at the corner of South and Market streets,  
Baltimore, every SATURDAY, and delivered to subscribers in  
town at Three Dollars a year...payable every four months.

VOL. I. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1811. No. 17.

## THE FALSE PRINCE OF MODENA.

.....

*Translation of an Anecdote of the eighteenth century.*

[CONTINUED.]

This was the decisive blow ; the incredulous were silent, the others triumphed. The governor seemed to have lost his senses : he wrote word that he should go to Fort-Royal, began his journey, then changed his mind, and returned to Saint Pierre.

The prince (for we must call him so) pursues his excursion followed by a court of seventeen or eighteen gentlemen. He arrives at St Pierre, traverses the streets as in triumph, sends notice to the Jesuits that he intends to lodge with them, and on his way chooses precisely the road which passes before the governor's house. The latter, who was looking through the blinds exclaims on seeing him pass : " it is absolutely the picture of his mother and sister ; and immediately as if attacked with a vertigo he leaves Saint Pierre and returns to Fort Royal, leaving the field to his adversary, who joked at his flight and said to those who mentioned it to him ; " your general is a runaway ; but I will catch him for you ; I will fetch back his ears."\*

Now then the prince was established at the Jesuits' covenant.—  
He no longer concealed himself ; he had formed his household.—

\* When runaway negroes were caught, it was customary at Martinique to cut off their ears.

The marquis d'Eragny is his grand equery ; Duval Ferrol and Laurent Dufont, (this was he who recognized him at the same time as Bois Ferme,) are his gentlemen ; Rhodéz, his page. He holds his court, has regular audiences, to which go on the one hand the crowd who have petitions to present against the government, and on the other the principal officers of the colony who come to pay their respects to the prince ; among these are M. de Ranche, the intendant, and one Martin Ponsable, local governor of Martinique, who having always done every thing with money or for money, saw nothing better to get himself into favour than to offer his purse together with his services. The prince turned his back without making him any answer. This was not the first offer of the kind he had refused ; and besides, a particular circumstance at this time enabled him to despise them.

The duke of Penthièvre possessed at Martinique considerable sums of money, which were entrusted to a confidential person charged with laying them out to advantage. This gentleman had not been among the last to present himself before his master's brother-in-law. The prince had received him very well, had conversed with him in private for half an hour, after which both cash and cashier were placed at his highness' disposal.

If any doubts had yet existed respecting the principality, no more would have been necessary to dissipate them. Liewain, this was the agent's name, had the reputation of being a prudent and honest man ; he had resisted with spirit and ability the marquis of Caylus' attempts to engage him in his speculations ; he would not, it was said, have allowed himself to be so grossly taken in by a lad of eighteen. He was moreover intimately acquainted with the affairs and connexions of the house of Penthièvre ; in order to convince him, the prince must necessarily have communicated to him details of a very particular nature ; he must even had very cogent reasons for giving him in such a manner the disposal of his money. Thus the arrival of a prince of Modena at Martinique, which could at first be only explained as the frolic of a youth, now assumed in the eyes of the wiseacres of the island, all the appearance of a political mystery.

The prince had yet been only three days at the Jesuits' ; he had shown himself on horseback and on foot in all the streets ; had walked about, leaning effectually upon his equery ; had supped at the countess de Rochechouart's ; had played at cards ; had been in the society of the ladies, polite, but cold, lotty and embarrassed \* This was attributed to etiquette. If any chanced to think otherwise, they took good care not to say so. The Jesuits were proud of the honour done to their convent, the Dominicans jealous, so that in order to content them, the prince, on his return

\* He soon got rid of his embarrassment. It is supposed he met with some assistance on the occasion.



from a little excursion to Saint Pierre, did them the pleasure to take up his residence with them.†

The reception they gave him was even more magnificent than that of the Jesuits.‡ A table of thirty covers was every day served up for the prince ; to which he caused to be invited by his gentlemen the different persons whom he wished to favour. He ate his repasts in public, with trumpets sounding ; and but for a balustrade which was erected in the middle of the hall, he would have been in danger of being crushed by the crowds who pressed in to behold him.

Never had Saint Pierre exhibited such a scene, never was disorder more complete and at the same time more gay. All action of the government was suspended, but its absence was as yet perceptible only by the cessation of the tyranny it had exercised.—Songs, epigrams in ridicule of the chief officers were showered upon them, and these gentlemen thought it the wisest way to bear the joke patiently. Provisions appeared again in abundance ; and lastly the news of peace arrived to crown the general intoxication.

However vessels had been a long time before this despatched to France. The prince had written to his family,§ and had given his letters in charge to a merchant-captain in the employ of Liéwain. No answers arrived, and the prince seemed to be very uneasy on this account. The governor, on the other hand, had sent off the engineer Des Rivières to the minister, to give him an account of what had happened and to ask for instructions. Des Rivières had been gone six months and did not return ; but he might make his appearance from day to day, and the prince showed no uneasiness about the matter. In the meantime he amused himself with braving the governor, who had tried in vain to be restored to his favour, and with playing boyish tricks on M. de Ranche, whom he caused to ride full gallop over the fields in a heavy rain, with his laced coat, his wig and his white silk stockings.|| He made love to all the women, committed every excess in eating and

† They say too that he was afraid of remaining longer exposed to the piercing eyes of the old father principal of the Jesuits, a man of sense and experience, who had lived a long time in Italy.

‡ This affair cost the Dominicans forty-two thousand livres.

§ Liéwain, who acted as his secretary, declared to the writer of this account, that while writing with his own hand to the duchess of Penthièvre, his eyes were red and filled with tears.

|| The prince was ill when the festival of the Corpus Christi took place. It was customary for the shipping in the harbour and the forts to salute the procession with their great guns. The governor, from respect for the sick prince, forbade the salute's being fired. He sent every morning to inquire about his highness' health. One day at the Dominican church, where the latter had

drinking, abandoned himself to every whim that came into his head. One day he put on the blue ribbon, which would have been the most ridiculous thing in the world, even if he had been the hereditary prince of Modena. He supported this silly proceeding by a story still more silly, which was not the less credited on that account.

[To be continued.]

come to hear mass, the governor sent him word that he had come to the sacristy in order to ascertain with his own eyes the state of his health. "Does he take me for a relick?" Said the prince. The messenger took back no other answer.

On the octave of Corpus Christi, the prince, having perfectly recovered, expressed an inclination to see the procession. The marquis of Caylus, on being informed of this determined to join in it, hoping to be taken notice of; accordingly he was so by every body, except his highness, who did not go to the procession. He was told that the marquis went there only on his account. "I rejoice, said he, that I have been the means of inducing the Jew to perform an act of religion."

One day the intendant, who was in the habit of putting himself quite at his ease wherever he was, was cleaning his teeth at table; the prince sent him word in a loud whisper by a servant, that it was impolite to do so. On another occasion he covered his coat, with the froth of a bottle of champagne. These were certainly princely diversions.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

"I have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it."

TO MILO.

My dear fellow,

ALTHOUGH I had laid my pen aside, without any desire or intention of resuming it, I cannot resist the impulse of addressing you; and let me exhort you to profit by the present—for indeed, and indeed, Milo, I am ashamed to waste time on so trifling a subject.

Your last essay in *The Emerald*, really astonished me. Had you sat down and coolly reflected on what you were about to do, trust me, I am willing to believe, you would not have exposed yourself by such a display of ill-natured nonsense. The passions, with all the restraint we can put on them, have still force enough to lead us into error, but when we give them the reins, they infallibly hurry us into trouble.

This is amply verified in your last production: nettled at the little reproof bestowed upon your vanity, you fly into hysterics, and from your obstupefacted noddle, gushes forth a flood of silliness, almost bordering on ideotism.



As I confess myself unable to maintain an *equal* controversy with the prolific effusions of your unsettled brain, you must not be angry, if I offer you a plan of proceeding; the adoption of which, will not fail to render your future essays more interesting: Whenever you attempt to write for "the amusement, if not instruction of others," let reason side with you, divest yourself of prejudices and passions, and endeavour to understand fully, the subject you are about to handle. Should you, by *chance*, ever produce any thing worth perusal, you will, doubtless, have gratitude enough to thank me for this advice.

As to your last address to *Ardent*, preserve it, that nothing may have been made in vain. When the *theatre* opens in this city again, present it to the *managers*; it will be an excellent thing in the hands of Hamlet, whilst interrogated by the inquisitive Polonius—"What are you reading, my lord?" With what propriety will not the moody prince then exclaim—"Words! words!! words!!!"

*Do not be angry, my dear "champion,"*

Passion and headstrong pride, are baneful foes;  
Renounce them Milo, look thro' reason's eye,  
And, with discrimination, learn to judge.  
Banish your self-conceit, and show mankind,  
Tho' you know nothing, yet you wish to learn.  
And, tho' reproof is bitter to the taste,  
Swallow it, boy! 'twill do thy stomach good;  
'Twill physic spleen and venom from thy brain,  
And make thee less detested than thou art!

I remain, your loving and whimsical friend.

ARDENT.

.....  
FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Editors,

I HAVE attentively perused the several series of your Emerald, and I assure you, they afforded me much pleasure and gratification: they contain much that a liberal man ought to commend, and but little that a fastidious critic need condemn. As to the plan, or principle of the work, there can be but one opinion; and it now remains with those characters who are able to blend instruction with amusement, whether it shall succeed, or fall to the ground. Some men may perhaps think it a waste of time to read, and too much trouble to write for it; and many worthy characters in Baltimore, in all probability, know it only by name.—But, surely any publication which has the means of promoting virtue, and disseminating knowledge, ought not to be considered in any other light than as an important and valuable publication. If those who are buried in the maze of politics would devote a

portion of their time to such works as these, they would be performing a duty, and conferring a benefit on the rising generation.

We now live in an enlightened age—let those who have received a great proportion of this light communicate it to our youth; and as the *press* is the best way to disseminate it, and a publication such as the *Emerald*, a good vehicle to communicate it, let those who have the ability embrace it.

A great many of our young ladies and gentlemen take the *Emerald* and read it, whereas, if they had it not, perhaps would *not read at all*; therefore, in this respect, it may be of peculiar utility—by painting virtue and pure morality—by recording great and good actions of worthies, now entombed, it may stimulate them to do likewise.

The encouragement of such a work in the city of Baltimore, may therefore, in my humble opinion, be the means of doing much good, and can do no harm—it will enable those who have genius to exercise it.

I am myself young in years and experience, and merely send the present essay for publication, in the hope that it will induce some of our citizens to come forward and exert themselves in so laudable a cause.

*Your most obedient, &c.*

RECIPIENT.

.....

#### FOR THE EMERALD.

WILL any one have the effrontery to deny that *Woman* was made for *modesty*, and *modesty* for *woman*? If there be, I must differ from his opinion, as I believe that modesty with a prudent demeanor more ornaments and embellishes a female, than all the frippery that art or ingenuity can invent; and *vice versa* with immodesty and imprudence. Amongst discreet females who ennoble human nature, we can recognize the fair sex, who delight not in man nor the discord of nations or societies, the sympathetic sex, whose souls melt at human woe, and who are precipitate to alleviate the sorrows of children of affliction, the reverential sex, who appear in social worship with reverence and godly fear, with becoming modesty and solemn seriousness; but alas! what a contrast between them and the votaries of fashion, in houses of public worship.

“When they in splendid robes to church repair,  
To see, be seen, and say a formal prayer,  
The painted images in pews abound,  
Peep thro’ their fans and eye the beaux around  
Then listen to the anthems solemn sound;  
Their breasts swell’d out, their necks and elbows bare,  
Their eyes half screen’d with curls of golden hair:  
Hence, while the parson utters hymns of praise,



*The impious fop with lustful eyes surveys  
Their charms expos'd, and covets still to gaze,  
While they unsham'd against all sacred rules,  
Dart am'rous glances at the am'rous fools."*

Would to heaven this was only a poetical fiction! but alas! it is too true; nay, only the thousandth part of the degrading tale is told. When a young woman is taught to adorn and beautify her person and physiognomy in order to gain admirers, and to select a husband from the number, she is of course led mechanically to pollute the house of God—as well as the play-house. *Pollution* it undoubtedly is, and it is more the fault of the parents and teachers than the delinquent herself; for she, no doubt, thinks it her prerogative to exhibit her charms at every place and opportunity to advantage, according to the *fashion*: hence, she is the virtual cause of virtual fornication\* being committed in the church at divine service, and—but I must cease to delineate: the concomitant evils are too indelicate to be named. The appearance of the votaries of fashion is calculated not only to compel the bad man to sin in this manner; but are formidable and fiery darts in the hands of Satan to pierce with anguish, to entice, if not pollute the good man, who is by nature, prone to such evils. The present generation have become adepts in the most unhallowed sensuality, systematical cruelty, *refined debauchery*, and fashionable delicacy, which, the antecedent generation, were they to arise from their tombs, would blush to witness.

*"Could they behold their daughters thus adorn'd,  
By fops admired, but by good men scorn'd!  
Disgusted with the sad, the hateful sight,  
They'd fly down from the realms of light;  
Reprove with frowns their vile degen'rate race,  
And then return unto their heav'nly place."*

If we may judge of the next generation by the present, we must conclude that they will approximate to a state of sensuality and debauchery that will naturally assimilate to barbarism! that is, if our children imitate the present vices and fashions of their parents, and in addition, loosen the reins to the domination of their unhallowed passions as we have done before them. A practitioner in the arts of seduction could not desire more opportunities for his deleterious designs than is given him in this our day. I am grieved to behold female innocence and beauty brought to the verge of destruction. But I would ask, how can a young woman, unconscious and unguarded, who has never been apprised of her danger by her parents, the only persons who ought to admonish

\* The words of our Saviour, expressed to us in holy writ, are, that he who looks on a woman to lust after her, hath already transgressed.

her on so delicate a subject; how can she, I ask, escape pollution, when opportunity, importunity, and the invincibility of seduction are all combined against her? She parleys and reasons with her seducer, but alas, in vain! his sophistry is paramount to all her artless logic; while the female who has been taught in the maternal school of experience, when the adept at seduction appears with all his wiles, views him with scorn: and, as she considers the smallest attempt on her chastity, or the least insinuation stamped with the signature of indelicacy, as an unpardonable insult, she replies to the same with magnanimous contempt and execration, and frowns the reptile to his native insignificance; telling him at the same time, that she would sooner sacrifice a thousand lives, than forego her untarnished chastity. The monster will then shrink from the virtuous fair one with self-condemnation, mingled with reverential admiration, as an owl from the face of day.

The intention of this essay is to shew the rising generation the depravity of the age, that they may guard against it. I therefore trust no umbrage will be taken at the plainness of my remarks; nor do I fear there will, unless by those fashionable females, who may more properly be called affected prudes; they may be *apparently* shocked and petrified with horror at the bare mention of some expressions I have used—yet forsooth, these very *modest* fair ones, at the moment they affect a blush, and perhaps reprobate what they consider the indelicacy of my phraseology, are not ashamed to appear in the midst of young men, both privately and publicly, *clothed* in so lascivious a manner, and assuming such wanton attitudes, as to cause the burning blush of shame to tinge the cheek of

#### THE BEHOLDER.

.....

*Memoirs of the late Alexander Adam, L. L. D.*

*Rector of the high school of Edinburgh.*

DR. ADAM, it appears, was born in 1741, the son of one of those little farmers who then abounded in Scotland, but are now swallowed up in the vortex of monopolists, or rather *pluralists*. His father, though poor, had the honest ambition, so creditable to Scotchmen, of giving his son a liberal education; and the son appeared no less ambitious of profiting by this paternal attention. "Having gone through the routine of the Latin language, as it was then usually taught in a parochial school, Mr. Adam turned his steps towards Aberdeen, with the intention of contending for a Bursary, an exhibition of small value." Being, however, unsuccessful, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and here comes the economical anecdote, and which we shall give in his biographer's own words: "His studies were continued with unremitting vigour, and his finances so straitened, that in his anxiety to go forward to the grand object of his career, he even abridged his portion of the



necessaries of life. He entered the Logick Class, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, 4th Nov. 1758, and about that time began to assist young Mr. Maconochie (now a lord of session, by the title of lord Meadowbank) in that capacity which is commonly styled a private teacher. For his services he received only one guinea in three months; yet, as he had no other method of raising a sixpence, he contrived to subsist upon this sum, and in a manner that will now appear incredible. He lodged in a small room at Restalrig, in the north-eastern suburbs; and for this accommodation paid four pence per week. All his meals, except dinner, uniformly consisted of oatmeal made into porridge, together with small beer, of which he only allowed himself half a bottle at a time. When he wished to dine, he purchased a penny loaf at the nearest baker's shop, and if the day was fair, he would despatch his meal in a walk to the meadows, or Hope Park, which is adjoining the southern part of the city; but, if the weather was foul, he had recourse to some long and lonely stairs (the old houses in Edinburgh have all common staircases, mostly of an unconscionable height, one in particular being fourteen stories) which he would climb, eating his dinner at every step. By this means, all expence of cookery was avoided, and he wasted neither coals nor candle, for when he was chill, he used to run till his blood began to glow, and his evening studies were always prosecuted under the roof of some one of his companions. The youths of Scotland have hitherto been remarkable for parsimony and perseverance; but no man was ever more completely under the influence of a virtuous emulation, than Mr. Adam. The particulars of his conduct, which are here related, have not been exaggerated in any manner, for he frequently told the same story to his pupils. At a convivial meeting between Mr. Adam and Mr. Luke Fraser, another of the masters of the high school, the latter, who was very sceptical as to Mr. Adam's parsimony, took the trouble of bringing together upon paper, the various items of his friend's expenditure, and actually found, that in six months it did not amount to two guineas !"

Dr. Adam's merits as a scholar, a teacher, a grammarian, and an author, were undoubtedly high; and, during the forty three years he held the rectorship, by his talents and assiduity he raised the school (especially the higher class, which it was his immediate province to teach) from the very lowest state to the zenith of prosperity; and he was enabled for many years to live and entertain his friends in a style of excellency, perhaps not inferior to the learned lord, his former pupil.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

### THE MONITOR.

UNBELIEF in the superintending providence of God, and human accountability, is a principle which opens the door to every

vice. It is an inlet to those evils which mar our happiness in the present life, and blast our hopes in the future. It breaks down every barrier, erected for our preservation and peace, and, like an overwhelming torrent, sweeps away, in its course, every vestige of religion and morality, and all the felicities of social life. The noble faculties of the soul are perverted, and man is reduced to a state of brutal degradation. With contemptuous indifference, he tramples on the laws of his God, and sets Heaven at defiance; with cool calculation, or premeditated malice, he invades the rights of his fellow men, oppresses or defrauds; and when passion or phrenzy dictate, lifts a remorseless hand against their lives, or his own.

Urge him to the practice of moral duties from the beauty of virtue or the fitness of things: attempt to dissuade him from vice by pointing out the deformity of its nature and tracing its evil effects; warn him from the path of iniquity by a judgment to come, a day of awful retribution;—he hears you with stoic insensibility, with affected pity for your credulity, or glories in his shame. He answers all your admonitions, like a true disciple of the grand deceiver; “*ye shall not surely die; ye shall be as Gods.*”

The nature of this principle is opposed to all salutary restraint. According to the divine economy, reason and revelation are given us for the government of our passions, and for the guide of our conduct in life. But this sentiment permits one to follow his inclinations, however absurd; heedlessly to pursue the path of pleasure, without any feeling of present remorse, or fear of a future judgment. All denunciations of divine wrath in the scriptures, and all human regulations, designed for the suppression and punishment of vice, are considered as arbitrary abridgments of our liberty, as unwarrantable restrictions upon the conscience and conduct of men. It is, in one word, invading the divine prerogative; denying his right to interfere in the concerns of the world, in finally chastising the rebellious. Thus the divine government is prostrated, and our enjoyments, liberties and lives, exposed to the ruthless invader.

This principle, which from its nature, is at war with a superintending providence, and undermining the foundation of human virtue and safety, is, in its influence, very extensive. It does not simply embrace one course of gross wickedness, but its name is “*Legion.*” It is the source of a thousand errors in sentiment and practice, which, in various ways, hasten the period, and accumulate the load of human miseries. P.

.....

#### APHORISMS.

No accidents are so unlucky, but what the prudent may draw some advantage from them; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.



Often should we be ashamed of our best actions, were the world to witness the motives which produce them.

Better it is to appear to be what we are, than to affect to be what we are not.

For the loss of some friends we regret more than we grieve; for the loss of others we grieve, yet do not regret.

What seems to be generosity is often ambition disguised; overlooking a small interest, in order to gratify a great one.

Those who apply themselves much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

.....

*Baltimore, February 22, 1811.*

LAST night was clear; the twinkling stars appeared to rejoice; there was not a cloud to hide their borrowed splendor. How little did I expect this would have been so cheerless a day. No: I anticipated the gladdening beams of the morning sun, and the more pleasing radiance of the countenance of my friend; but the unexpected storm has deprived me of both. How frail and fleeting are our earthly joys! they blossom with the rising dawn, and wither ere the setting sun. Had I made my calculations like a philosopher, I would have called into view, those contingent causes of disappointment: but then, the pleasure I felt from anticipation would have been chilled to a dubious indifference. So then, though I might have been said to act with more philosophic prudence; yet upon the whole, should have been no happier; that is, I should not have been so happy last night, nor so wretched to-day.

PHILO.

---

## THE BOWER OF FANCY.

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

### ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

WHEN excellence as such we mourn,  
Is summon'd to the silent urn,  
How prompt we find the tributary tear,  
What sighs to waft the untimely bier!

Adieu! dear friend the task be mine,  
With peaceful lays to deck thy shrine,  
T' assist the oblations of a weeping train,  
Who crowd the consecrated fane.

See blooming youth forgets to smile,  
And gaiety forbears the while,

In dissipation's crooked path to roam,  
To shed the tear on Mary's tomb.

But they who knew her best, can tell,  
Her virtues, for they shone full well;  
Each blest beholder caught the kindly rays,  
E'en envy's self was often heard to praise.

But what avails the sad account  
Of virtues to a large amount  
Since Heav'n in righteous judgment deem'd it just,  
To lay them silent in the dust.

But ah! my thoughts surmount the spheres,  
They'll flourish thro' eternal years;  
Heav'n gave her faith to trust his holy word,  
And lean upon her Saviour God.

O.

.....

## TO ANNA.

MY dearest Anna why these sighs,  
That throb beneath that panting breast,  
Ah tell me where your sorrow lies?  
That I may ease and give you rest.

Why let those beauteous charms decay—  
Some hidden grief I can discover;  
Why throw life's pleasures all away,  
Come and confide in me your lover?

T. F. K.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The present number of *The Emerald* completes the first four months of its publication. Our patrons and correspondents are therefore invited to accept our thanks for their favours, whilst we respectfully solicit a continuance of them. The next number will contain sixteen pages, with a prospectus, which our friends are requested to make use of in behalf of

*The Editors.*

Several essays on hand shall appear in our next, having come too late for the present number.

"V.V" "*Eugenio*," and "*T. Quiz*," are politely referred to promises in their last essays.

The 6th number of the "*Old Bachelor*," next week.

Any of our subscribers who may have been neglected by the carriers, can have their deficiencies made up, by sending to this office.



# THE EMERALD.

.....  
BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.  
.....

---

VOL. I. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1811. No. 18.

---

## FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Pleasant & Co.*

YOU have not for some time been much troubled with any scroll of mine ; for, observing that your correspondents were numerous, I thought it prudent to give place to those who might, perhaps, be more pleasing to you, and as acceptable to your readers. I cannot, however, do so great violence to myself as not to tell you, that as a friend to *The Emerald*, I feel a sincere solicitude for its success ; and, although the circulation of your first sheets was narrow and limited ; those of a later date have obtained a wider and more general spread. Your readers and patrons encrease with every number—and however formidable the prejudices which have opposed this work, they are found to give way to its obvious utility ; and if properly conducted, it will soon triumph over them all.

It has been said that a publication of this kind can never prosper, with less than the aid of an Addison, or a Steele. Admitting this remark as correct, will such objectors say, that *genius* and *virtue* had descended with those characters to the grave? Will it be said that there now remains none, who, like them, can correct the follies of the day?—that there is no magic left that can tame the *savage* perversity of the public manners?—that the fields of literature and virtue are so utterly desolated, as not to contain a solitary pen, which has sufficient nerve to expose the hideous deformities of vice, or to exhibit the charms of virtue in its native attire? I will answer for myself as an individual—I am far from cherishing an idea so unworthy : and had a thousand such thoughts haunted and disturbed my quiet, they would have instantly expired on the perusal of the first essay in your 16th number. V. V. has committed himself as a critic and censor, and promises to edi-

fy us with an account of his own life. Elated with anticipated pleasure, I come forward to add my invitation to the editors, and hope, that as V. V. has leisure, he will be found not to want either inclination or ability, in exercising his powers of criticism or censorship; and although he is as yet, merely *autogeneal*, public estimation may recreate him.

PHILO.

.....  
FOR THE EMERALD.

### TIMOTHY QUIZZ.....No. I.

NOW then, Timothy, you are to enter upon the official duties of a periodical essayist—take care how you execute them, they are burthensome and troublesome, and may prove too weighty for your *pen* to bear!—

This was the sentiment and mental observation, that the perusal of your invitation to continue the exercitation of my scribbling faculties, brought forth or caused to arise in my breast. Immediately afterwards I hailed what I considered in the light of an fortunately auspicious omen—I had, unheedingly used the word *pen*, instead of the term *back*, and on reflection, discovered that if my *pen* was too fragile to support them, it must needs dash them away from its black and inky channel in streams of humorous nonsense, and spread them over the superficies of the paper above which it is usually wielded. Just as I had concluded on commencing a train of lucubratory scribbling, Sam made his appearance—but hold! I must inform you who this illustrious personage is, for you will find he is to make a conspicuous figure in some of my future numbers.

Sam Scratch was born in Philadelphia, of reputable, but poor parents; that is to say they made but little money, because they always retailed various kinds of renovating cordials in their shop, at proper prices, without either cheating those whom ebriety had rendered completely incapable of detecting the grossest species of imposition, or breaking through the terms of that license, the obtaining of which the laws of the state had made a requisite preliminary to the vending, in retail, of spirituous liquors. His father and mother died in the year 1802, leaving Sam fifty-four dollars, *in cash*, and about three times that insignificant sum in *debt*!—for Sam was a buck of the *haut bon ton*, in his own me-



thod. He very commonly was in the habit of inviting himself to dine with innkeepers in the *family way*, who always had the impudence to charge him in the same unconscionable manner they generally imposed on strangers. To avoid imprisonment and the long and sharp fangs of the LAW, that

*Omonstrum horrendum ingens informa....Vir.*

From the trammels of which it is as difficult to extricate ourselves, as it was for the victims entangled in the labyrinth of Dedalus—he emigrated to Baltimore, where poverty has made him as pale as herself. He has read a great deal, and takes great delight in the works of Johnson, whose style he has imbibed so strongly as to be made the laughing stock of all those who are incapable of appreciating the extent and value of his mental acquirements.

The moment he entered, I perceived he was brimful of news.—Well, Sam, said I, diminish the ponderosity of your budget by admitting me into the secret that so visibly oppresses you. Immediately he put his left leg about one foot beyond his right one, and drawing himself into a stiff and nearly perpendicular position, exclaimed,——but in my next number I will give his answer.

T. Q.

.....

COMMUNICATED FOR THE EMERALD.

## THE WIZARD.

A TALE OF THE 14th CENTURY.

*“How now, Ye secret, black and midnight hags, what is't ye do?”*

THE storm raged dreadfully—now peals of thunder shook the deep and strong foundations of the mouldering fabric. Antonio sat beneath the shelter of a projecting buttress and calmly eyed the warring of the elements, whose contention, marked with every soul-harrowing characteristic, seemed to forbode the dissolution of all nature.—The vivid lightning, with forked playfulness, wreathed in shining volumes round the blasted oak. The fell hyena howled in unison with the predatory wolf—Horrid and inscrutable were the feelings that agitated the bosom of Antonio, for he was a *murderer*!—his hands were yet crimson with the current he had made to flow from his *father's* bosom, and while the jarring passions that tore his rugged soul contended for the mastery, he was in totality insensible to every external circumstance.—While absorbed in

reflections of the most insupportable nature, a sudden and mysterious light illumined the area, at the entrance of which he had thrown his tired and weary limbs. It proceeded apparently from a taper, carried by an unseen hand—and came from the eastern quarter of the building. Slowly and dimly it moved along the surface of the ground, shedding a pale and dubious light scarcely sufficient to enable the eye of Antonio to discern the outlines of the surrounding objects. Its progress was arrested by a mandate from a tall and spectre-like figure, who followed the luminous appearance—In a moment it became stationary in the centre of the court, and upon the performance of some scarcely visible enchantments by the unknown, the light it formerly diffused was increased to so dazzling a brilliancy, as instead of facilitating, to form an obstacle to our hero's capability of observing with attention the consecutive occurrences. His curiosity was highly excited to become acquainted with the nature of his marvellous visitor and the igneous phenomenon which had so forcibly drawn his attention. He received a dreadful satisfaction—he saw rites and witnessed enchantments, that the ear of man could not hear and be alive.—The events of that dreadful night were stamp'd on his memory, and years of penitence were insufficient to efface them.

*To be continued.*

.....

## THE TIMES.....No. II.

.....

*BY VIRGIL VIBRATE, ESQUIRE.*

....

IN my last number I promised to gratify the public by a short and concise history of my life. The performance of this assumption has been attended with difficulty, and executed with reluctance. In summing up those events, which were so remarkable as to have caused me to retain them in my memory, I had to encounter impediments that in some instances were insuperable, and obstacles, whose importance was almost sufficient to induce me to lay aside my pen. To one that has never attempted, but in imagination, to arrange in a correct and regular order the various adventures by which his existence has been chequered, to write his own biography may appear a task neither difficult or tedious: his intellectual eye seems always capable of taking in, at one range,



every circumstance necessary for the completion of his design, and until, an endeavour to carry his intentions into effect has convinced him of its difficulty, to sketch the history of his life, almost invariably appears to be a matter of facility.—I had myself, until the present moment, imagined that I could not possibly find any thing to hinder me from proceeding without interruption, in the account of my principal adventures ; but I now am satisfactorily convinced that there are few undertakings attended with greater trouble or mental fatigue than the production of our own biography. Some little research has however enabled me to complete the following short account of the principal circumstances of my life, which, although by no means interesting, may have a beneficial tendency when considered in an instructive point of view ; and as this is my only object at present, and shall be throughout the whole of my lucubrations, I trust, the introducing myself before the public in the way I have fixed on, will not be thought unpardonable by the generality of *my* readers.

My parents were both born in the city of D . . . . , in the southern extremity of Ireland ; and the occupation by which my father earned a comfortable subsistence for himself and his family, was that of a *cordwainer* ; a branch of trade that, whatever may be urged against its humility, has, beyond a doubt, been the cause of elevating more than one of its members to a height of prosperity and respectability not inferior to that enjoyed by the richest persons in society, my father was a conspicuous instance of the truth of this opinion : seven years hammering at the *lap stone* filled his pockets with money, and the elegant mansion he purchased with the most genteel and fashionable circles of the little town in which he resided. One year's living in *splendour* and *dissipation*, was however sufficient to convince him that happiness is not always a concomitant of wealth ; and it was about the period at which satiety had commenced the palling of his appetite and predeliction for the pleasures and amusements his wealth had enabled him to procure, that I first saw the light.

The 2d of February, 1772, witnessed my introduction to the world ; a day that I have in the course of my life, much oftener curst than blest ; for, from the moment of my birth, it seemed as if Providence, for some hitherto undiscovered purpose, had thrown over my destiny a black and dismal cloud. When I was but three

weeks old; I was bitten by a dog so severely, on the thigh, as to endanger my life at its very commencement. At the age of two years and an half, I was, while amusing myself in the street, thrown down and considerably injured by a horse; and just as I had completed my seventh year, I fell from an apple-tree and broke my right arm.—Were I to enumerate every other accident that has befallen me since that period, I would inevitably tire the patience of the most phlegmatic reader. Suffice it to say, that I have the marks of various kinds of contusions on my body, that it would puzzle me extremely to recollect the causes of, and numberless remarkable scars, the accidental origin of which has long since escaped my memory.

The only education I received was from the teacher of a grammar-school, in the town where I was born. The precepts of this worthy gentleman I have always treasured in my memory with scrupulous attention; and while I live, the paternal care and anxiety he took in, and expressed for, my welfare, shall ever be remembered by me with gratitude and reverence. I was under the sole and entire management and direction of this worthy man for nine years, during which time, I became acquainted, through the extraordinary assiduity and attention he bestowed on my education, with the Latin and Greek languages, and the different branches of the mathematics. He taught me the latter without the least compensation from my parents, who desired that I should not be forced to worry and fatigue my brains with so abstruse and intricate a subject; and how far this idea was consistent with good sense, I shall have occasion hereafter to illustrate.

As no circumstance worthy of being mentioned occurred during the time I remained at school, I will carry the reader through the time of my stay there, and bring his attention to the period at which I became emancipated from the restraints of a teacher, if I can apply so strong a term to my departure from a character whom I venerated and respected as a parent, and admired and esteemed as a friend.

I was then just entering my eighteenth year, and as free from the touch and pollution of guilt and the various branches of the *fashionable* vices as a child of three years old. My parents congratulated me on the completion of my studies, and for my amusement and gratification gave a dinner-party and ball to my youthful



acquaintances. The evening of that day is particularly marked on my memory ; were I to live for ages, I should never allow my imagination to lose sight of it ; for, on that evening the first occurrence that deserves the stamp of importance among my various adventures took place.

*To be continued.*

.....

### DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

A FREE man is obliged to take a musket on his shoulder, and fix to it the infernal bayonet : he is dragged from his cottage, to train him to battles which his soul abhors. The ploughman quits his plough and handy craftsman his work shop, the young man deserts the himenial altar, he abandons an infirm father, a mother, an afflicted family : he goes to swell the crowd of combatants, whose hearts are gradually opened to licentiousness, ferocity and violence.

Here are an hundred thousand opposed to as many of the opposite party ;—they draw near each other in a vast plain, which will soon be covered with blood. What a prodigious number of men compacted against each other, spreading their moving phalanx, are ranged in combined order to put each other to death ! Blind instruments, they silently await the signal ; fierce through duty, they are ready to destroy their fellow creatures without resentment or anger. They have sold their blood at a mean price, and their commander will set as little value on it.

The majestic sun rises, whose setting so many unhappy wretches will never behold. Alas ! who would have expected such a slaughter ?—The earth is covered with verdure ; mild spring with her azure veil, embraces the air ; nature, smiles as a tender mother : the glorious sun diffuses his beneficent rays, which gild and mature the gifts of the Creator ; all is calm, all is harmony in the universe.

Wretched mortals, alone, agitated with gloomy phrenzy, carry rage in their bosoms ; they meet to slaughter each other on the verdent field. The enemies approach, the promised harvest is trodden under foot—death flies. What a horrible tumult !—All nature groans in an instant with the fury of man. Hark to the thundering noise of those horrible instruments of human revenge ! Emulous of, and more terrible than the thunderbolt, with their roar they drown the plaintive groans of the dying ; they repel soft pity, wishing to make a passage into the heart ; a cloud of smoke from gun powder arise towards the Heavens, as if to hide a collection of such horrors. The fury of devils, the torments of hell, seem united in this space. Tygers, bears, lions, impelled with voracious hunger, are not inspired with such ferocious and ill-founded cruelty. Behold those rivulets of blood ;

here twenty thousand men are sacrificed to the caprice of one ; behold them fall one upon another, nameless, unthought of, unregretted, in oblivion.

Thus perish those unhappy mortals ; the skies resound with their lamentations ; trampled on by horses, by their countrymen, whom they vainly implore, they expire a thousand different ways, in the most horrible agonies ; while others yet more to be pitied, preserving a remnant of life, and consumed by thirst, the most intolerable of all torments, cannot yet die ; others forgetting death, surround them, fall furiously on their mutilated comrades, and, without compassion or pity to their wounds, unmercifully strip their mangled trembling limbs.

Is this *man* ? This sublime creature, endowed with the feeling heart, and with that countenance that smiles erect towards Heaven, who has such conceptions, who cherishes the soft emotions of pity and generous transports of benevolence, who can admire virtue and greatness, who can weep with sensibility ? Is it *his* hand that can erect the standard of victory on heaps of carcasses with an odious triumphant joy ? Where is the victory ? I see nothing but tears and blood. Where is the triumph ? Plunder does not enrich ; the tears of mankind will never make an individual happy ; for what ambition sweeps in its unbridled career, fleets from the usurper's hand.

.....

#### THE OLD BACHELOR...No. VI.

*Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala, sævior armis, Luxuria incubuit.*

JUV. SAT. VI v. 29.

*We suffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,  
For Luxury, more fatal far than arms,  
Hath hatched her baneful brood.*

THE maxim, *dulce bellum inexperto*, that war is sweet to him who has not tried it, cannot apply to our country. We have tried it. The vestiges of desolated towns—the ruins of houses perforated with cannon-balls—our fields still marked with the breast work, the line of circumvallation, the traces of bursted shells—and, here and there, in our cities the still animated body of a poor old soldier, maimed, seamed with scars, hobbling on his crutch or stick, and reduced, not by the ingratitude of his country, but the unfeeling rapacity of speculators, to beg his bread—these spectacles are enough to remind us that war has been this way, and to prevent any wish, on our part, for a renewal of the visit.

And yet how strange is the condition of humanity ! for it seems as if it were only amid the direful calamities of war ; that man can be seen to advantage ; as if all the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar were necessary, to keep his virtues and talents awake. The remark is not confined to America, "Mankind" it is said



truly, "is pretty much the same in every age and nation." In all of them, the season of war has ever been that of talents and virtues on their grandest scale ; and the heavier the pressure of the occasion, the higher have those noble properties risen. Such were the occasions on which Leonidas fought and Demosthenes spoke. Such in every country have been the most splendid epochs of orators and heroes. It is not my purpose to enquire, at this time, with minute curiosity, why the dormant powers of man require this excitement of injuries and insults to waken them ; nor why the energies of his mind seem so dependent on the tumult and impulse of his passions. It will be more useful to examine the mournful collapse which follows this state of high exertion and marks the state of peace ; and to enquire whether no remedy exists either to prevent or remove it.

This is not a topic of light and fruitless speculation ; nor one which relates merely to the literary ornament of the nation. On the contrary it is a topic which is connected with the very existence of the republic ; for it is only by a state of constant preparation against both foreign and domestic ambition, that we can calculate on the continuance of that existence, and that preparation can certainly, be, in no way maintained but, by keeping the heart pure and stout and the mind enlightened and alert.

If those effects cannot be produced in a state of peace ; if they can by no possibility exist but in a state of war, then peace is a curse, and war a comparative blessing. But this conclusion is by no means necessary—because the premises themselves, I am persuaded are not true. It seems to require no great penetration to discover why wars of uncommon duration and violence have been, always, followed in every country by a declension of virtues and talents. Have they been wars of foreign conquest ? The first fruits are an influx of wealth into the victorious nation ; such as that which in the latter years of the Roman republic, lined the bank of the Tiber with gardens and villas—and then the process is plain and easy—luxury—indolence—ignorance—multiform vices—imbecility—subjection. Or has the war been one of internal defence ? It has left the country desolate, although victorious.—Then follows, first the necessity of struggling for subsistence.—Neither honest labour nor sly speculation can find time for liberal study. The first, leads the warrior slowly to independence and obscurity—but preserves the heart. The latter leads rapidly to wealth and distinction—but is too apt to corrupt the heart, and debase the understanding. Such is the first state of things to which the return of peace directly conducts. But the long continuance of peace and prosperity internal and external, leads regularly on to national wealth—and then, as in the case of wars of conquest, follows luxury with "all her baleful brood."

It may be useful for us to enquire in which of those stages we now are ; is it still the stage of poverty and struggle for subsist-

ence---is it independence---or wrath of luxury? This question will be variously answered as put to different states, and even different parts of the same state. In some parts of the U. States for example, there is in their great cities a profusion of wealth and consequently of splendor and luxury, little, if at all, inferior to what are met with in the circles of foreign nobles and princes.---- And the consequences are such as invariably wait on wealth and luxury: "a refinement in vice" which pollutes and degrades the character, both moral and intellectual and keeps it down by a species of Circean enchantment---a dissoluteness of manners so deep and so widely spread, that the soul of a Virginian recoils with horror from the recital of it. At the same time it is not the immediate possessor of this wealth to whom the greatest mischief is done---it is that motley and multitudinous troop of sharpers, loungers, sycophants, detractors, and all the ministers of vicious gratification, which that wealth generates; which battens on the very superfluities of the rich, and then contributes to spread the taint through circles that can feel the impulse of provoked passion, although they have not yet felt the incitement of wealth. Hence the most opulent of a city are, in general, in the first instance, the most exempt from low and groveling vices. Their indulgence in elegant luxuries permitted by law, and their secret indulgence in others which the law cannot punish, because it cannot prove, throws into circulation that wealth which forms the nutriment of vice, in ranks less enlightened and proud of character: but as vice once introduced, has a pressure, like water, in every direction, it must eventually in the final ruin of any society, which permits it to flourish without opposition.

It is not unworthy of remark, that overgrown wealth and genuine republicanism, seem to have a natural antipathy to each other; wealth and aristocracy, a natural sympathy and alliance. Wealth begets a pride which can very illy brook that principle of equality which is the basis of a republic; a pride which pants for distinctions in society; which retreats fastidiously from the approach of poverty and humility, and with all the squeamishes of the courtier poet, *hates the profane vulgar and keeps them at a distance*. I know that there are exceptions to the remark---rich men who are really republican at heart, and proud men who find it politic to affect to be so. Exceptions, however, imply and prove the rule; and the largest and most opulent cities on the continent, furnish ample illustrations of this aristocracy of the heart which wealth so naturally creates---a consideration which in the esteem of a sincere republican, might abate something of that insatiable thirst for wealth which has sunk so much the honour of this country.

As yet, however, so far as I am informed, neither the wealth, nor consequently the luxuries and vices of the cities, to which I have referred, have spread to any serious extent through the surround-



ing country. On the contrary, even in those states in which the metropolis is the most vicious the people of the country still remain pure and uncorrupted.

The strong discrimination which exists in some other states between the people of the country, and those of the town, in point not only of manners and principles, but of information also ; the insurmountable barrier which stands between them and the political considerations by which that barrier is kept up by the nobles, are inconceivable by any Virginian who has not seen them. I merely hint at this subject as one worthy the curiosity of the American traveller ; it is contrary to the purpose of these papers to pursue it further.

I come now to Virginia. Among them, in comparison with some of the other states, there are few, if any instances, of overgrown wealth. There is little, therefore, of the splendor of luxury among them, and the morals of the people are in certain respects, comparatively chaste and pure. But there is a species of property which has given to the Virginians a cast of character little less ruinous than wealth and luxury could impart ; and which has spread the mischief first in that quarter, where it is last to be found in the Northern states. I speak of slavery, which has poisoned this commonwealth, and particularly the country, so deeply ; which by exempting the young men from the necessity of labour, has rendered them idle, and subjected them to all those mischiefs which indolence generates as certainly, and fatally, as wealth and luxury lead forth *their* train.

Look at the young men of this country ; how are they engaged ? “ and where will you find them ? ” Will it be in the silence of retirement and study, following the long diverging tracks of knowledge and wisdom ? Will it be in the enraptured walk of history, fixing their emulation by the bright examples of ancient and modern excellence ? Will it be hanging over the midnight lamp and exploring the deep and well stored mines of science with all that constancy and perseverance, by which alone great men are made ? O ! no : but having shewn by these interrogatories where they ought to be found, I have no disposition to press the inquiry where they may be : for my object is to serve and not to wound them. They, indeed, are but little to be blamed.

It is the legislative and parental neglect of those means which are necessary to ward off the consequences of a long and prosperous peace—it is this, that is in fault. For I am firmly persuaded that those pernicious consequences flow from no defect in the human character which makes them inevitable : that by a wise policy, by a well directed education, they might not only be intercepted ; but that the very principle from which our vices spring, the love of distinction from some cause or other, might be wielded in such a manner as to make us all that the warmest patriot could wish.

FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Editors,*

I HAVE been in existence twenty-one years, and during this time can say that I have scarcely lived one. From seven to fourteen, the greatest part of my time was idled away in all kinds of frivolous sports and pastimes.—Here I cannot refrain from making a few remarks upon that criminal indulgence in parents towards their unthinking children and of which I am myself such a glaring example. If I came home with doleful complaints of my tutor's severity, I was heard as though all was gospel, was promised I should be taken away from such harsh treatment and a sugar plumb or a kiss was the recompence; instead of this had my dear old parents given me a severe reprimand or a few stripes, I should have been a very different man from what I now am, but alas! I was their only chick and sooner than have given *me* a stripe they would have done penance on themselves; they are now no more, and have left me a handsome fortune, but totally destitute of that, which is far preferable, a good education.

I have now just as much sense as to be convinced that I have none at all. I have already engaged a tutor to instruct me and intend to seclude myself from the world for at least four years; indeed he was candid enough to inform me that it will require fully that time to fit me to launch out into the society of respectable and enlightened men; at this I heaved a sigh and cursed my stars for having played the fool so long, he saw my severe application; then drawing his chair near to mine, laid his hand on my shoulder and thus began, "my dear friend you are now arrived at the age which pronounces you man, you are free, free to act either as a jolly, illiterate, good humoured man, or as a respectable, intelligent one; if the first, you will be caressed and flattered by the illiterate, profligate spendthrift, in short by all those who prefer idleness and revelling to industry and virtue, who would rather live upon you than procure a respectable maintenance by industry; but mark, if poverty, disease, or any other calamity should come upon you and you require a friend, you may look around but you will find none, they will desert you as does the buzzard the exhausted carcase for richer prey. Should you have any vices or foibles, such men as these will be the first to expose them; in the day of adversity they will pretend to pity but not relieve; on the contrary, if you will be persuaded by me, follow a different course and associate with men of worth, virtue and talents, you will then experience what you would have never found before—happiness; but in order to secure the esteem of such men, it is necessary to procure their respect, and this can only be done by shewing yourself worthy of it, both in morals and education. Had your mind been properly directed, had you received a good education, you would have been qualified to have done credit to yourself and honor to your situation; but this not being the case, you have only to apply yourself



with double assiduity ; be not discouraged my friend, every day that you suffer to pass in listlessness will only make bad worse—perseverance overcometh many obstacles.”—He made a short pause, I siezed his hand, promised compliance, and requested him to attend me at six in the morning—he embraced me affectionately, smiled in my face with a look of satisfaction, and wished me a good night.

Many men there are who, if they had improved their talents, might be ornaments to society, but instead of this are a disgrace to it. I hope I shall escape the gulph into which so many have precipitated themselves, but of this I am not certain.

W.

### THE FALSE PRINCE OF MODENA.

.....

*Translation of an Anecdote of the eighteenth century.*

[CONTINUED.]

IT must be acknowledged too that there were some surprising things about him: In the midst of the most absurd, childish gambols, his actions preserved a sort of dignity. Never, whether with women, whom he was extravagantly fond of, or in the unpleasant situations he afterwards found himself in, did he for an instant lay aside the character of boldness and pride which he at first assumed. He always showed himself disinterested, liberal without profusion, living on the purses of others as he would have done on his own, without seeking to amass for the future, without throwing away his money like a man who has but a short time to enjoy it. His education, which was far from finished, appeared to have been commenced with attention and even with a degree of refinement. He had confused ideas on the subject of the different sciences, and spoke, though not well, French, Italian, and German ; he had some acquaintance with the Latin language, but it was very slight. He wrote too very ill, but drew tolerably, and rode very well on horseback. His mind yet unformed had vivacity and correctness ; and if we except the ridiculous fables and vague discourses with which he was obliged to support his pretensions, he always answered the serious things which were said to him with great sense, dignity and precision.\* As to the goodness of his head

Soon after his arrival at Martinique, before he left the Cul-de-sac Marin, he was amusing himself in a court-yard with chasing a guinea-hen, which was shut up there for his amusement ; when the cure of the parish made his appearance in order to harangue him, and at the same time to ask of him some assistance for his church, “ What good can I do to it,” asked the youth. “ It is tumbling down my lord, and ought to be rebuilt.” “ I am not

and the firmness of his character, he gave daily proofs of both by the manner in which he managed his household, composed of people picked up by chance, and who detested each other. Without entering into their quarrels and their jealousies, he obliged them to live with decency towards each other; he forced them to respect him, notwithstanding the familiarity in which they lived with him, and the pranks they were witnesses of, every hour in the day; and this respect which he had inspired them with, was retained by them to the last moment. There are people destined, in a manner, by nature, to play a part which fortune has not confided to them. The incredulous in the island, supposing that any such remained, might have asked themselves, if this is not a prince, what the deuce is he? and indeed the question would have been one very difficult to answer.

The most inexplicable thing perhaps in all this, was the serenity and tranquility he enjoyed. He never betrayed a moment of uneasiness. Far from dreading the arrival of the numerous strangers whom peace attracted to the island, he earnestly sought their acquaintance. The arrival of a new face was a festival for him; and among all these strangers, it was his chance that not one of them was able to give the lie to his pretensions. One gentleman had indeed seen the true prince at Venice, but it was some time before. He had met him at a shop where this prince had unmasked himself, after having broken, by way of amusement, about thirty thousand livres worth of looking glasses, which he had afterwards paid for. The person, who had been guilty of such a piece of extravagance, might very well have committed that of coming to Martinique; and a man's having played foolish pranks, was no proof of his not being the prince of Modena.

Des Rivières was not yet returned, and the rainy season was approaching. The prince began to be apprehensive about his health; people began to think that he cost rather too much money. He determined to take his departure; no objection was made to his doing so. After seven month's residence in Martinique, he embarked for France, in the merchant ship the *Raphael*, of Bordeaux, taking with him all his servants, besides a chaplain, and Garnier, the king's physician in the colony. On going on board, he hoisted the admiral's flag; the fort saluted him—he is off.

A fortnight afterwards arrives Des Rivières. At Paris, people had laughed at him and his prince of Modena. He was come back with orders to have his highness tried; but they were six months giving him these orders; and the people of Martinique who could not believe that what had appeared a matter of so much

*powerful enough," said he, "to build on the territory of the king of France." "My lord, we only ask you to lay the first stone." "Mr. parson," replied the prince, "when I lay the first stone, I also lay the last," and he returned to chasing the guinea-hen.*



importance to them, could be treated so lightly at Paris, said that the intention had been to give the prince time to leave the island, in order to avoid the necessity of confirming his visit to it, which was probably a mere youthful frolic. The marquis de Caylus, who did not choose to have been frightened for nothing, pretended too that there was something under all this; in the mean time, to show that his fright was over, he arrested Nadau and the principle adherents of the prince. But the latter had ordered them, when he went away, to suffer with patience, for his sake, whatever disagreeable occurrences might take place, which he had promised to recompense them for; they therefore bore their misfortune very patiently, and their calmness was not without its effect upon the rest of the colony. Besides, there were many obscure things in the account Des Rivières brought back. He had seen the duchess of Penthièvre, who had asked him, "Is he like me?" "As like as two drops of water, madam," answered Des Rivières. "It is a pity," resumed the duchess, "for he will be hanged." But Des Rivières declared that when she said this, she did not look as if she spoke seriously.

It is true likewise that the messenger sent by Liewain was come back; that he had heard at the duke de Penthièvre's and among his servants, Liewain called a madman, and his prince the lowest of blackguards; but he added, that when he was going away, he was called back by a footman who was sent to him by the duchess; that this lady had asked him many questions, with an air of interest; and the same footman had told him, when showing him out, that for some days past there had been much weeping at the hotel of Penthièvre. Whether all this were true or not, it was not the less probable in the eyes of the inhabitants of the colony. At the same time, Liewain had received an answer from the duke, who pitied him for having allowed himself to be imposed upon; but who, (in consideration that his conduct had proceeded from zeal for the family, and that his credulity was excusable, seeing that of the persons at the head of the colony,) consented to share the loss\* with him, continued him in his agency, and assured him of his protection. The duke's kindness appeared an additional proof; it must be added, moreover, that the minister, who cared little who was the adventurer that had played the part of the prince of Modena, had written word that the pretended prince was no other than a deserter from the *tartars*\* of the company of Noailles. People's minds, at first overcome by so terrible a catastrophe, had quickly recovered themselves. A tartar! said they; a man who has evidently received a good education, of a

\* *What Liewain had given amounted to about 50,000 crowns.*

\* *Tartar was the name given, in the king of France's household troops, to the servants who waited on the soldiers of those corps.*

noble and delicate complexion, with fine blue eyes, beautiful light hair, remarkable freshness, a skin like a woman's, hands, if possible, whiter still; this a tartar! a soldier's servant! nonsense; it cannot be a tartar, therefore it is a prince; and the minister does not know what he says, or rather does not choose to say what he knows.

(*To be continued.*)

.....

FOR THE EMERALD.

### ON PLEASURE.

PLEASURE's a goddess ev'ry fool doth praise,  
 And all her maxims every fop obeys:—  
 Nor fops alone—the youthful modish fair  
 Press to her shrine, and her true vot'ries are;  
 And more than these, for antiquated dames  
 Whose feeble joints can scarce support their frames,  
 With hoary-headed coxcombs—these and more,  
 Bow to the idol and her name adore.  
 The goddess leads them through enchanting ways,  
 Of feats, card-tables, dancing rooms and plays;  
 Alluring them with visionary joys...  
 All vain delights, and folly's fairest toys;  
 These to attain enamour'd youths still try,  
 Grasping at shadows, with each other vie;  
 Ev'n wrinkled age, here emulate the young,  
 While prattling nonsense pours from ev'ry tongue.  
 How spruce and blithe the aged fop appears!  
 Nor less jocund and gay the dame of years!  
 Prepar'd they are, so buxom and so fine,  
 At ev'ry place of merriment to shine:  
 Their agile movements make them puff and blow,  
 While panting on from place to place they go  
 In quest of *pleasure*, ambling to and fro. }  
 Now tho' their weary limbs may much complain, }  
 And sue for rest, alas! 'tis all in vain, }  
 Nor rest, nor hope of rest, can they obtain.  
 The mirthful crowd now gaily trips along, }  
 Of old and young—a multifarious throng, }  
 Alike deluded by the charmer's song. }  
 To keep the ranks some of them drain their wealth,  
 Their credit goes, and oftentimes their health  
 A sacrifice to PLEASURE—dreadful name!  
 For *misery* and *pleasure* are the same.  
 In folly's rounds thus desperate on they go }  
 Where *pleasure* bids, through infamy and woe, }  
 And end their races in the vale below.

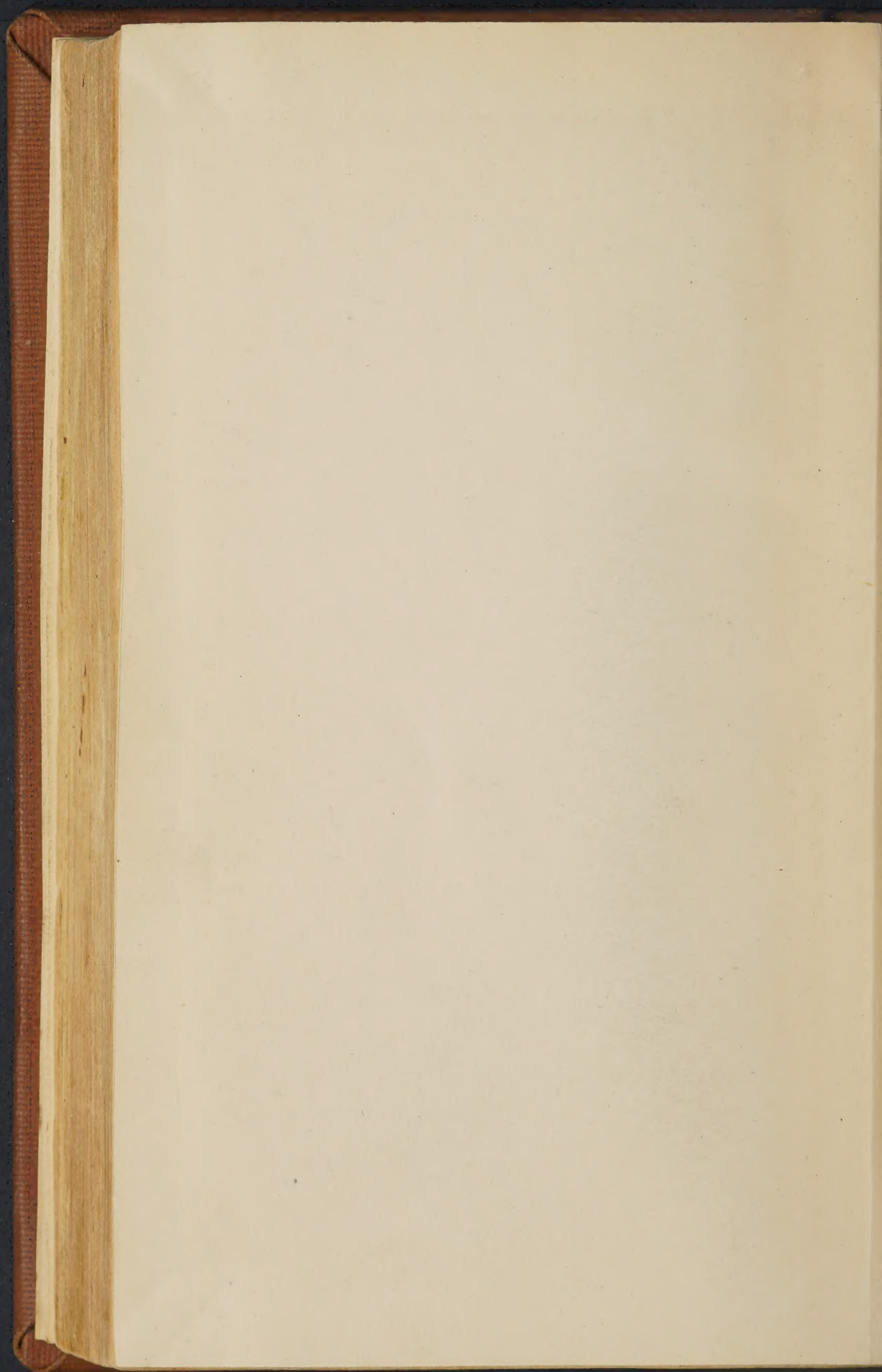














15086

1806171



